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Poems of History,

BY THE

MOST FAMOUS POETS OF ALL AGES;

RELATING TO

MOST NOTABLE NATIONS, ERAS, EVENTS, AND CHARACTERS OF THE PAST, FROM THE TIME OF ADAM TO THE YEAR 1883.

ILLUSTRATED.

CHOSEN AND ANNOTATED BY

HENRY A. FORD, A.M.

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PREFACE.

THE felt need for many years, of a convenient manual for poetic illustration in the reading and teaching of history, was the motive of this work. It is believed that it is the only compilation of its scope as yet published. The compiler trusts that it will be found useful, not only as an aid to historical study and instruction, but as a handbook of poetry for the lovers of poetry. The field of selection has not been exhausted; but most of the remarkable poems of this kind in several languages are here. Their original construction has seldom been disturbed, and in many cases even the authors' peculiarities of spelling, punctuation, and capitalizing have been retained. In a few instances poems of somewhat inferior character have been admitted, in the absence of others dealing with the same episode or hero of history. No poem, worthy in topic and style, has been denied a place for opinion's sake—from any religious, political, or national view held by the compiler; and the tolerant indulgence of the reader is bespoken for any sentiment that may not be his own. The notes have been very carefully prepared, and accord with the latest and best authorities. Abundant facilities for reference are afforded the literary or historical student, by the Index of Authors and the General Index at the close of the work.

The compiler returns grateful thanks to the large number of publishers and writers who have most kindly allowed him the use of their copyrighted poems.

DETROIT, April 21, 1883.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Study of History Commended—Robert Southey	10
BIBLE HISTORY:—	
Adam's Complaint—St. Theophanes	11
The Curse of Cain—Wm. Knox	12
The Destruction of Sodom—George Croly	13
JEWISH HISTORY:—	
Passage of the Red Sea—Bishop Heber	15
Song of the Hebrew Maid—Sir Walter Scott	16
The Burial of Moses—Mrs. C. F. Alexander	17
Jericho—Frank Foxcroft	18
The Song of Deborah and Barak—Rev. T. J. Conant, D. D	20
Jephthah's Daughter—N. P. Willis	22
Samson—Anonymous	24
Song of Saul before his Last Battle—Lord Byron	26
David's Lament for Absalom—N. P. Willis	26
The Destruction of Jerusalem (B. C. 586)—Robert Southey	28
The Maccabees—T. D'Arcy McGee	29
The Destruction of Jerusalem (A. D. 70)—Lord Byron	30
Palestine—Bishop Heber	31
ANCIENT EMPIRES:—	
The Cities of Old—H. Brownlee	32
EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN:—	
Address to a Mummy—Horace Smith	35
The Seventh Plague of Egypt—George Croly	37
Cleopatra Embarking on the Cydnus—T. K. Hervey	39
Cleopatra—W. W. Story	40
Antony and Cleopatra—Gen. W. H. Lytle	42
The Battle of Alexandria—James Montgomery	43
ASSYRIA:—	
Nineveh—Rev. E. H. Bickersteth	45
The Destruction of Sennacherib—Lord Byron	46
Sardanapalus—The Earl of Surrey	47
The Fall of Nineveh—Edwin Atherstone	48
BABYLONIA:—	
Belshazzar—Heinrich Heine	50
Vision of Belshazzar—Lord Byron	51
Overthrow of Belshazzar—Bryan W. Proctor	52
PALMYRA:—	
Palmyra—C. P	53
After the Triumph—Sallie Bridges	53
PHŒNICIA:—	
Tyre—Bayard Taylor	56
CARTHAGE:—	
Passage of Hannibal over the Alps—John Nichol	58
The Death of Mago—Lord Byron, after Petrarch	59
GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN:—	
Grecian Mythology—Wm. Wordsworth	61
The Pursuit by Theseus—Sophocles	62
Ulysses—Alfred Tennyson	63
The Spartan Mother—Sir E. L. Bulwer	65
The Spartans' March—Mrs. Hemans	66
Address of Leonidas to the Spartans—Richard Glover	67
The Spartans Nobly Kept their Oath—Geo. W. Doane	68
The Death of Leonidas—George Croly	68
The Inscription at Thermopylæ—Simonides	70
The Battle of Salamis—Æschylus	70
The Tombs of Platæa—Mrs. Hemans	72
Eucles Announcing the Victory of Marathon—Letitia E. Landon	73
The Political Demagogue—Aristophanes	74
Pericles and Aspasia—George Croly	75
Greece: 1822—James G. Brooks	76
Song of the Greeks—Thomas Campbell	77
Marco Bozzaris—Fitz-Greene Halleck	78
The Battle of Navarino—T. Campbell	80
TROY:—	
Nereus's Prophecy of the Destruction of Troy—Horace	82
The Farewell of Ajax—Sophocles	83
The Quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles—Homer	84
Combat of Hector and Achilles—Homer	88
Ulysses at Troy—Maginn's Homeric Ballads	90
MACEDON:—	
Caubul—Rev. E. H. Bickersteth	92
Alexander's Feast—John Dryden	93
PERSIA:—	
The Persian Invasion under Xerxes—Æschylus	96
Xerxes at the Hellespont—R. C. Trench	97
The Flight of Xerxes—Maria Jane Jewsbury	97
Harmosan—R. C. Trench	98
PARTHIA:—	
Parthia—Alexander Young	100
ROME:—	
Rome Entered—T. Buchanan Read	101
Rome—Lord Byron	102
Urbs Sacra Æterna—Oscar Wilde	103
On the Campagna—Mrs. R. H. Stoddard	103
Horatius—T. B. Macaulay	103
Virginia—T. B. Macaulay	109
Regulus before the Senate—Rev. Thos. Dale	116
Marius amid the Ruins of Carthage—Mrs. Child	118
Spartacus to the Gladiators—Mrs. M. Mitchell	119
Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon—Lucan	121
Cæsar's Lamentation over Pompey's Head—Beaumont and Fletcher	123
The Battle of Actium—Propertius	124
To the Republic—Horace	124
Titus before Jerusalem—Rev. H. H. Milman	125
The Arch of Titus—Sir Aubrey de Vere	126
In the Coliseum—Sarah B. Stebbins	127
Diocletian at Salona—Sir Aubrey de Vere	127
Alaric the Visigoth—Edward Everett	128

	Page
CHRISTIANITY:—	
The Nativity—Wm. B. Tappan	130
The Birth of Jesus Christ—Anonymous	130
Healing the Leper—N. P. Willis	131
The Widow of Nain—N. P. Willis	132
Healing the Daughter of Jairus—N. P. Willis	134
The Raising of Lazarus—Rev. Thos. Dale	135
Christ's Entry into Jerusalem—George Croly	137
The Crucifixion—George Croly	138
Stephen's Martyrdom—John Keble	139
The Conversion of St. Paul—John Keble	140
"To the Unknown God"—Anonymous	141
Mars' Hill—W. M. Praed	142
THE CRUSADES:—	
The Crusade—Thomas Warton	143
The Last Crusader—E. L. Bulwer	144
ENGLAND:—	
Cæsar's Invasion of Britain—Rev. E. H. Bickersteth	146
Boadicea—Wm. Cowper	147
Struggle of Britons against Barbarians—Wm. Wordsworth	148
The Saxon Conquest—Wm. Wordsworth	148
King Alfred's Will—Anonymous	149
Paulinus and Edwin—F. T. Palgrave	150
Godiva—A. Tennyson	150
Hastings—Rev. S. W. Duffield	152
Death in the Forest—F. T. Palgrave	153
The Barons at Runnimede—Sir Aubrey de Vere	154
Blackheath—Francis Bennoch	154
Wat Tyler's Address to the King—T. Campbell	155
Chevy Chase—Anonymous	156
The Murder of the Princes in the Tower—Shakspere	159
Cardinal Wolsey—Samuel Johnson	160
Wolsey's Fall—Shakspere	161
Elizabeth at Tilbury—F. T. Palgrave	162
The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet—A. Tennyson	163
The Cavalier's March to London—T. B. Macaulay	166
Riding Down—Nora Perry	168
To Cromwell, Fairfax, and Sir Henry Vane the Younger—John Milton	169
Marston Moor—W. M. Praed	171
Naseby—T. B. Macaulay	172
Blake's Victory—Andrew Marvell	173
The Battle of Blenheim—Joseph Addison	174
The Taking of Quebec—Oliver Goldsmith	176
Trafalgar—F. T. Palgrave	176
Slavery that Was—James Montgomery	179
The Abolition of the Slave Trade—Wm. Wordsworth	179
The Battle of Algiers—Robert Southey	180
The Battle of Isandlana—Stratford de Redcliffe	181
SCOTLAND:—	
The Battle of Stirling—Wm. Sinclair	184
The Death of Wallace—Robert Southey	185
Craigie Castle—Andrew Wanless	186
The Battle of Bannockburn—Thos. Campbell	187
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn—Robert Burns	188
The Captive King—James the First	188
The Battle of Flodden Field—Walter Scott	188
The Queen's Landing—Wm. Wordsworth	191
Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots	192
Death of Mary Stuart—Anonymous	192
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu—Sir Walter Scott	193
The Covenanters—Letitia E. Landon	194
The Covenanters: A Nithsdale Ballad—F. Bennoch	197
Battle of Killiecrankie—Robert Burns	198
The Pass of Killiecrankie—Wm. Wordsworth	198
The Burial March of Dundee—W. E. Aytoun	199
Rullion Green—John Stuart Blackie	200
The Widow of Glencoe—W. E. Aytoun	201
The Battle of Prestonpans—David M. Moir	202
The Tears of Scotland—Tobias G. Smollett	204
IRELAND:—	
The Celts—Thomas D'Arcy McGee	206
The Death of Oscar—From the Gaelic	207
The Boyne Water—T. Crofton Croker	208
The Siege of Limerick—Robert D. Joyce	209
A Ballad of Athlone—Sir Aubrey de Vere	210
The Surprise of Cremona—Thomas Davis	211
The Famine of 1847—"Grace Greenwood"	213
WALES:—	
Taliesin's Prophecy—Mrs. Hemans	215
The Triumphs of Owen—Thomas Gray	215
The Norman Horse-shoe—Walter Scott	216
FRANCE:—	
Roland at Roncesvalles—Rouget de L'Isle	218
The Ballad of Agincourt—Michael Drayton	220
Jeanne D'Arc—F. T. Palgrave	221
Ivry—T. B. Macaulay	222
A Song of the Huguenots—T. B. Macaulay	224
St. Bartholomew's Day—Robert Southey	225
Hervé Riel—Robert Browning	226
Fontenoy—Thomas Davis	230
Destruction of the Bastile—S. T. Coleridge	231
The Last Banquet—Edward Renaud	233
Barrere's Speech on the Fall of Robespierre—S. T. Coleridge	235
La Marseillaise—Rouget de L'Isle	237
The Marseilles Hymn (translation)—John Oxenford	238
Bonaparte—Alfred Tennyson	240
The French at Ratisbon—Robert Browning	240
The Gauls and Franks—Béranger	241
The Battle of Waterloo—Lord Byron	242
The Charge at Waterloo—Walter Scott	244
The Two Grenadiers—Heinrich Heine	244
Napoleon's Farewell—Lord Byron	245
Napoleon at St. Helena—J. G. Lockhart	246
The Death of Napoleon—Isaac Maclellan	247
Popular Recollections of Bonaparte—"Father Prout"	249
Napoleon's Midnight Review—Theodore Martin	250
The Revolution of 1848—Béranger	251
The Hero of the Commune—Margaret J. Preston	252
In Memoriam—Joaquin Miller	254
Louis Napoleon—Oscar Wilde	256
THE NETHERLANDS:—	
Overthrow of the Turks—J. A. Van der Goes.	257
GERMANY:—	
Des Deutschen Vaterland (The German's Fatherland)—Ernst Moritz Arndt	259
Der Wacht am Rhein (The Watch on the Rhine)—Max Schneckenburger	260

	Page
The Legend of Frederick Barbarossa—Anonymous	261
The Hussites before Naumburg—From the German	263
The Destruction of Magdeburg—Goethe	263
Death of the Bavarian General Tilly—Wm. Herbert	264
The Battle of Prague—From the German	265
Song of Victory after the Battle of Prague—Gleim	266
Hohenlinden—Thomas Campbell	267
The Battle of Eylau—Isaac Maclellan	268
Blücher's Ball—Adolf Ludwig Follen	269
After the Battle of Leipsic—Herklots	270
Lützow's Wild Chase—Charles T. Körner	270
Bingen on the Rhine—Caroline E. Norton	272
The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim—Wm. Wordsworth	273
Ode on the Rhine's Returning to Germany from France—Horace Binney Wallace	274
The Steeds of Gravelotte—Karl Gerok	274
Kaiser Wilhelm—"C. P."	275
SWITZERLAND—	
William Tell—Anonymous	277
Arnold von Winkelried—"Grace Greenwood"	279
The Battle of Murten—Veit Weber	282
The Subjugation of Switzerland—Wm. Wordsworth	283
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY:—	
The Siege of Vienna—Wm. Wordsworth	284
Andrew Hofer—Julius Mosen	284
War-song of the Magyars—"Grace Greenwood"	285
ITALY:—	
Venice—Lord Byron	287
Captain Loredan—Edward King	288
The Extinction of the Venetian Republic—Wm. Wordsworth	290
The Recantation of Galileo—Francis E. Raleigh	291
Rienzi's Address to the Romans—Mary Russell Mitford	292
The Piedmont Massacre—John Milton	293
Italy—Wm. Cullen Bryant	294
Italia—Oscar Wilde	295
The Siege of Rome—Lord Byron	295
Garibaldi—Mrs. E. B. Browning	297
Garibaldi—Anonymous	298
Garibaldi in Piedmont—Phœbe Cary	299
A Tale of Villafranca—Mrs. Browning	301
Mother and Poet—Mrs. Browning	302
SPAIN:—	
Lamentation of Don Roderick—J. G. Lockhart	306
The Sally of the Cid from the Castle of Alcoces—Robert Southey	307
Count Candespina's Standard—George H. Boker	309
The Battle of Muret—Constantina E. Brooks.	311
"From Merciless Invaders"—Anonymous	313
The Armada—T. B. Macaulay	313
The Spanish Armada—Robert Southey	315
Battle of Corunna—Wm. L. Bowles	317
Burial of Sir John Moore—Charles Wolfe	318
Talavera—Robert Southey	319
PORTUGAL:—	
The Fall of Goa—Du Bocage	321
Torres Vedras—Robert Southey	321
DENMARK:—	
The Bard—Adam G. Oehlenschläger	323
King Christian: A National Song—Johannes Evald	324
Battle of the Baltic—Thos. Campbell	325
NORWAY AND SWEDEN:—	
Song of Harold Harfarger—Sir Walter Scott.	326
Charles XII.—Samuel Johnson	326
The Battle of Pultowa—Robert Southey	327
The Veteran—Esaias Tegnér	328
Battle Song of Gustavus Adolphus	329
RUSSIA:—	
A Thousand Years—Bayard Taylor	330
Peter the Great—Anonymous	332
The Storming of Azof—From the Russian	333
The March to Moscow—Robert Southey	334
Borodino—Anonymous	335
The French Army in Russia—Wm. Wordsworth	336
Alma—Richard C. Trench	337
By the Alma River—Mrs. Mulock-Craik	337
The Charge of the Heavy Brigade—A. Tennyson	338
Balaklava—Alexander B. Meek	340
The Dirge of Nicholas—William S. Daniel	341
Emancipation of the Serfs—Hezekiah Butterworth	342
Sic Semper Liberatoribus!—Emma Lazarus.	344
POLAND:—	
The Downfall of Poland—Thomas Campbell.	346
To Kosciusko—John Keats	347
The Varsovienne: Polish War Song—Casimir Delavigne	348
Poland—Alexander Young	350
The Polish Insurrection: 1833—A. Tennyson.	351
SERVIA:—	
The Battle of Kossovo—E. L. Mijatovice	352
TURKEY:—	
The Song of Lepanto—Luis de Gongora	353
The Siege of Famagusta—James Montgomery	353
The Last Redoubt—Alfred Austin	354
The Massacre of Christians in Bulgaria—Oscar Wilde	356
MONTENEGRO:—	
Montenegro—A. Tennyson	357
INDIA:—	
The Last Day of Tippoo Saib—Bryan Waller Procter	358
The Mutiny of the Sepoys—G. W. Chapman.	359
After Cawnpore—F. T. Palgrave	360
The Defense of Lucknow—A. Tennyson	362
ARABIA:—	
Mahomet—S. T. Coleridge	365
The Battle of Sabla—Taafer Ben Alba	365
ABYSSINIA:—	
Magdala—"C. P."	366

Page

UNITED STATES:—

Vinland—James Montgomery 368
Sonnets on Columbus—Sir Aubrey de Vere .. 369
The Fountain of Youth: A Dream of Ponce de Leon—Hezekiah Butterworth 370
The Jesuit Missionary—Levi Bishop 372
Pocahontas—Mrs. Hemans 373
The Pilgrim Fathers—John Pierpont 374
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—Mrs. Hemans 375
The Treaty Elm—T. B. Read 375
Indian Names—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney 377
Alabama—Charles T. Brooks 378
Red Jacket—Fitz-Greene Halleck 378
Daniel Boone—T. B. Read 380
Betty Zane—T. Dunn English 381
The Old Thirteen—Charles T. Brooks 382
An Ancient Prophecy—Philip Freneau 383
The Boston Tea Party—Pennsylvania Packet. 384
The Battle of Lexington—Sidney Lanier 385
The Concord Hymn—Ralph Waldo Emerson. 386
Bunker Hill—Geo. H. Calvert 387
Seventy-six—Wm. C. Bryant 388
Independence—Freeman's Journal 389
The Fourth of July—Charles Sprague 386
The Battle of Trenton—Anonymous 390
Nathan Hale—Francis Miles Finch 391
Washington at Princeton—Miss C. F. Orne ... 392
Molly Pitcher at Monmouth—Wm. Collins ... 393
Caldwell of Springfield—F. Bret Harte 394
The Little Black-eyed Rebel—Will Carleton .. 395
The Death of Jasper—Robert M. Charlton ... 397
Andrè's Last Moments—Thos. B. Bradley 398
Arnold's Departure—Philip Freneau 398
Song of Marion's Men—W. C. Bryant 399
To the Memory of the Americans who Fell at Eutaw—Philip Freneau 400
The Battle of King's Mountain—Anonymous. 401
The Fall of Yorktown—Henry A. Clark 402
On Disbanding the Army—Col. D. Humphreys 402
The Hessian Debarkation—Philip Freneau ... 403
Washington—Eliza Cook 403
Mt. Vernon—Rev. Wm. Jay 404
Reuben James—George H. Calvert 405
Battle at the River Raisin—Levi Bishop 405
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie—James G. Percival 406
Old Ironsides—Oliver Wendell Holmes 407
The Spirit of Rhode Island in 1842—Bishop George Burgess 408
Le Marais du Cygne—John G. Whittier 409
John Brown—Phœbe Cary 410
The Virginia Scaffold—Edna Dean Proctor .. 411
Battle Hymn of the Republic—Julia Ward Howe 412
The Fall of Fort Sumter—A. D. L 412
Apocalypse—Richard Realf 413
Bethel—A. J. H. Duganne 414

Page

The Battle of Bull Run—Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 415
Capture of Fort Donelson—Anonymous 416
The Cumberland and the Merrimac—T. B. Read 416
Kearny at Seven Pines—E. C. Stedman 418
Rodes's Brigade Charge at Seven Pines—W. P. C 419
The Crossing at Fredericksburg—George H. Boker 420
Keenan's Charge—George P. Lathrop 451
The Black Regiment—George H. Boker 423
The Hero of Fort Wagner—Phœbe Cary 424
Lookout Mountain—George D. Prentice 425
The Battle Above the Clouds—Rev. Theron Brown 427
Farragut's Bay Fight—Henry Howard Brownell 429
Sheridan's Ride—T. Buchanan Read 429
The Kearsarge and the Alabama—T. B. Read 431
The Song of Sherman's Army—Charles G. Halpine 432
Surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia —Florence Anderson 434
The Death of Slavery—Wm. Cullen Bryant .. 435
Abraham Lincoln—James Russell Lowell 437
The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face—Henry W. Longfellow 439
Chicago—Edward Renaud 439
A Dirge—D. Bethune Duffield 441
Peter Cooper: Private Citizen—Joaquin Miller 441

MEXICO:—

Monterey—Charles Fenno Hoffman 443
The Martyr of Monterey—Rev. J. G. Lyons .. 443
Buena Vista—Albert Pike 444
Maximilian at Queretaro—Margaret J. Preston 445

SOUTH AMERICA:—

The Spanish Conquests in America—Frances Brown 447
Balboa—T. Buchanan Read 448
To the South American Patriots—Thomas Noon Talfourd 449
Simon Bolivar—John G. Whittier 450
Freedom in Brazil—John G. Whittier 451

WEST INDIES:—

Toussaint L'Ouverture—Wm. Wordsworth .. 453
Emancipation in the West Indies—Wm. H. Burleigh 453

ARCTIC REGIONS:—

The Ballad of Sir John Franklin—George H. Boker 455

INDEX OF AUTHORS 459
GENERAL INDEX 463

POEMS OF HISTORY.

" Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more;
For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy,
Receive me from the court's polluted scenes;
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to your haunts, that I may nurse
My nature's better feelings; for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds!"
I spake, when lo!
There stood before me, in her majesty,
Clio, the strong-eyed muse. Upon her brow
Sate a calm anger. " Go, young man," she cried,
" Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
Express itself in strains so sorrowful sweet
That love-sick maids may weep upon thy page,
Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh, shame! shame!
Was it for this I wakened thy young mind?
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?
Boy! boy! deceive me not! What if the tale
Of murdered millions strike a chilling pang?
What if Tiberius in his island stews,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
Strong anger and contempt? Hast thou not risen
With nobler feelings, with a deeper love
For Freedom? Yes; if righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crime
And human misery, let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy, to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deigned to hear,
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BIBLE HISTORY.

[See also "JEWISH HISTORY," "BABYLON," and "CHRISTIANITY."]

ADAM'S COMPLAINT.

ST. THEOPHANES.

The following hymn is about eleven centuries old. Its author was born A. D. 759, of a distinguished Greek family, his father being a provincial governor. The young Theophanes entered a monastery on the very day appointed for his marriage, and became famous for his piety and the abundance and excellence of his hymn-writing. He is usually accorded the third place among the Greek Christian poets. He died in banishment in the year 818. The story upon which this poem is based is too familiar to need reproduction here.

THE Lord my Maker, forming me of clay,
By his own breath the breath of life conveyed;
O'er all the bright new world he gave me sway—
A little lower than the angels made.
But Satan, using for his guile
The crafty serpent's cruel wile,
Deceived me by the tree,
And severed me from God and grace,
And wrought me death, and all my race,
As long as time shall be.
O Lover of the sons of men,
Forgive, and call me back again!

"In that same hour I lost the glorious stole
Of innocence, that God's own hands had made;
And now, the tempter poisoning all my soul,
I sit in fig-leaves and in skins arrayed;
I sit condemned, distressed, forsaken;
Must till the ground, whence I was taken,
By labor's daily sweat.
But thou, that shalt hereafter come,
The offspring of a virgin womb,
Have pity on me yet!
Oh, turn on me those gracious eyes,
And call me back to Paradise!

"O glorious Paradise! O lovely clime!
O God-built mansions! Joy of every saint!
Happy remembrance to all coming time!
Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence plaint,

One prayer to him who made them all,
One prayer for Adam in his fall!—
That he who formed thy gates of yore,
Would bid those gates unfold once more
That I had closed by sin,
And let me taste that holy tree
That giveth immortality
To them that dwell therein!
Or have I fallen so far from grace
That mercy hath for me no place?"

Adam sat right against the eastern gate,
By many a storm of sad remembrance tost:
"O me! so ruined by the serpent's hate!
O me! so glorious once, and now so lost!
So mad that bitter lot to choose!
Beguiled of all I had to lose!
Must I then, gladness of my eyes,—
Must I then leave thee, Paradise,
And as an exile go?
And must I never cease to grieve
How once my God, at cool of eve,
Came down to walk below?
O Merciful! on thee I call;
O Pitiful! forgive my fall!"

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

WILLIAM KNOX.

[Genesis, iv.]

O, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod,
A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God!

All nature, to him, has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
And no vintage has grown and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.

And his offering may blaze unregarded by Heaven;
And his spirit may pray, yet remain unforgiven;
And his grave may be closed, yet no rest to him bring;—
O, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

GEORGE CROLY.

[Genesis, xix. 24-28.]

THE wind blows chill across those gloomy waves.
Oh, how unlike the green and dancing main!
The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves;
Stranger, here lie the Cities of the Plain.

Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now,
Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle;
On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all; but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood and pride and perjury;
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked and danced, and taunting spoke
Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne:
It came! The thunder on her slumber broke:
God spake the word of wrath!—Her dream was done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man; but she was quite imbued,
Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven!

'T was done! down poured at once the sulphurous shower,
Down stooped in flame the heaven's red canopy;
O for the arm of God, in that fierce hour!
'T was vain: nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin;
Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze;
The earthquake heaved! Then sank the hideous din;
Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

JEWISH HISTORY.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

BISHOP HEBER.

[Exodus, xiv.]

HE comes—their leader comes! The man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads. The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard, wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass a steep and slippery dell.

Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunts, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Nor dark to them, nor cheerless, came the night;
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its bless'd beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone; for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke, for light, their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.

Yet on they press, by reckless vengeance led,
And range, unconscious, through the ocean's bed;
Till, midway now, that strange and fiery Form
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendor blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.

"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" The ravenous floods they see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand:
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep:
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs passed,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast;
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

SONG OF THE HEBREW MAID.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Exodus, xv. 20, 21.]

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harp we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;

No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize:
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine appointed sacrifice."

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deuteronomy, xxxiv, 6. The Rabbins have a beautiful tradition that when the time had come for Moses to die, Jehovah drew his life gently away with a kiss.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's rown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beasts and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned walls.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With th' incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

JERICHO.

FRANK FOXCROFT.

[Joshua, vi.]

AROUND the walls of Jericho
The Israelitish army go.
With steady tramp, their spears in hand,
They follow out the Lord's command.
Six days, six journeys, now are past,—
The sun has risen upon the last.
Scarce had the first flushings of the dawn
Announced that weary night had gone,
When, forth from every well-known tent,
The mighty hosts of Israel went;
Thus early start they on their way,—
Seven rounds must be fulfilled to-day.

Within the walls of Jericho
In stern indifference wait the foe.
What care they for these haggard men
Who have commenced their march again?
How can they hope to overthrow,
In such a way, proud Jericho?

And so, with a laugh and a scornful glance,
They join the wild mazes of the dance,
And pass around the ruddy wine,
Rarest of all in Palestine.
The sounds of revelry rise high
Beneath the glare of the noonday sky.

Outside the walls of Jericho
Steadily on the warriors go;
Six of the rounds are already past,
And they have now commenced the last.
Throughout those ranks no sound is heard,
No merry jest, no cheering word,
There rises up no other sound
Than the steady foot-beat on the ground.
Now suddenly they turn about,
And with one voice the people shout;
Down fall the walls of Jericho,—
The heathen's power lieth low.

Low lie the walls of Jericho,
And through her halls her foemen go.
All hope for the city proud hath fled,
For all her boasted host are dead;
And the ringing pavement of the street
Echoeth naught but the foeman's feet.
Thus did firm faith in God's commands
Prove mightier than human hands;
Thus did the strong right arm of God
Scatter the heathen hosts abroad.
Thus did he great honor lay
Upon the name of Joshua.

In the long march of every life,
Where there is much of toil and strife,
Remaineth still some Jericho,
Some firm stronghold where lurks the foe.
And as the Israelites of old
Trusted the promise, we are told,
And had the patience to fulfil
The unknown mysteries of God's will,
So we, if we with patience wait,
Unbought by love, unmoved by hate,
Shall see the walls of error go,
As went the walls of Jericho.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.

REV. THOMAS J. CONANT, D. D.

[Paraphrase of Judges, v.]

THAT the leaders in Israel led on,
That the people willingly offered themselves,
Praise ye Jehovah!
Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes;
I, I will sing unto Jehovah;
I will sing praise to Jehovah, God of Israel.

When thou wentest forth, Jehovah, out of Seir,
When thou didst march out of the field of Edom,
Earth trembled and the skies dropped,
Yea, the clouds dropped with water.
The mountains trembled before Jehovah—
That Sinai before Jehovah, God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath,
In the days of Jael, the highways rested,
And the travelers walked through by-ways.
Rulers ceased, they ceased in Israel,
Until that I, Deborah, arose,
That I arose, a mother in Israel.

They chose new gods;
Then was war in the gates;
A shield was not seen, nor spear,
Among forty thousand in Israel.

My heart is toward the governors of Israel,
That willingly offered themselves among the people.
Bless ye Jehovah!

Ye that ride on white asses,
Ye that sit in judgment,
And ye that walk by the way,
Join in the song.

From amid the shouting of them that divide the spoils among the watering-troughs,
There shall they rehearse the righteous acts of Jehovah,
The righteous acts of his rule in Israel.
Then let them go down to the gates, the people of Jehovah.

Awake, awake, Deborah!
Awake, awake, utter a song!
Arise, Barak, and lead thy captured captive,
Thou son of Abinoam!

Then came down a remnant of nobles of the people;
Jehovah came down to me among the heroes;
Out of Ephraim those whose root is in Amalek,
After thee, Benjamin, among thy people;
Out of Machir came down rulers,
And out of Zebulun they that hold the musterer's staff.
And the princes of Issachar were with Deborah;
And as Issachar so was Barak;
He rushed on foot into the valley.

By the streams of Reuben
Great were the resolves of heart.
Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds
To hear the bleatings of the flocks?
By the streams of Reuben
Great were the searchings of heart.

Gilead abode beyond the Jordan;
And why did Dan remain in ships?
Asher continued on the sea-shore,
And abode in his havens.

Zebulun, a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death,
And Naphtali, in the high places of the field.

There came kings, they fought;
Then fought the kings of Canaan,
At Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo;
Spoil of silver they took not away.

From heaven they fought;
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.
The river Kishon swept them away,
That ancient river, the river Kishon.
O my soul, thou shalt tread down the mighty!
Then stamped the horses' hoofs
In the rush, the rush of their mighty ones.

Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of Jehovah;

Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof;
Because they came not to the help of Jehovah,
To the help of Jehovah against the mighty.

Blessèd above women be Jael,
The wife of Heber the Kenite;
Blessèd shall she be above women in the tent.
He asked water, she gave him milk,
She brought curdled milk in a lordly dish.
She stretched out her hand to the nail,
And her right hand to the workmen's hammer;
And with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote his head,
And she crushed and pierced through his temples.
At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay;
At her feet he bowed, he fell;
Where he bowed, there he fell down slain.

The mother of Sisera looked out at the window,
And cried through the lattice:
"Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?"
Her wise princesses answered,
Yea, she returned answer to herself:
"Have they not sped, divided the prey?
A damsel, two damsels, to every man;
A prey of dyed garments to Sisera,
A prey of dyed garments of embroidery;
A dyed garment of embroidery on both sides,
For the neck of the spoiler."

So let all thine enemies perish, O Jehovah!
But they that love him are as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

Harper's Magazine.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

N. P. WILLIS.

See Judges, xi. 30–40. It will be a relief to the reader, if he accept the decision of some of the latest and best Scripture scholars, that the damsel did not die by reason of her father's vow. She was simply condemned to perpetual virginity. Jephthah was the ninth judge of Israel, B. C. 1143–1137.

THE mighty Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,
And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise

Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest, and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow
Might quell the lion.

A moment more,
And he had reached his home; when lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep and a brow
Of light, to meet him. O, how beautiful!
Her dark eye flashing like a sunlit gem,—
And her luxuriant hair, 't was like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck,—he heeded not.
She called him "father,"—but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God, in agony.

She knew that he was stricken then, and rushed
Again into his arms; and with a flood
Of tears she could not stay, she sobbed a prayer
That he would breathe his agony in words.
He told her, and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened; and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said 't was well—
And she would die.

The sun had well-nigh set.
The fire was on the altar; and the priest
Of the high God was there. A pallid man
Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words—
And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face

Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.

The sun set—
And she was dead—but not by violence.

SAMSON.

ANONYMOUS.

[Judges, xvi. 23–30.]

NOON glowed on the hills, and the temple of Dagon
Now shook 'neath the gay, maddened revelers' tread;
For the champion of Israel had bowed to the pagan,
And the blood of the crushed grape flowed sparkling and red.

Feet chased flying feet, as in wild mazes bounded
Like roes of the mountain Philistia's fair girls;
Glad gushes of music from ruby lips sounded,—
There were wreathing of white arms and waving of curls.

Enthroned in the clouds rolling up from the altar,
The giant-like god of the proud nation stood;
There flesh did not fail nor scorching flame falter;
The still air was faint with the incense of blood.

And short prayers were muttered, and censers were swinging;
In gorgeous piles matted lay offerings of flowers;
Wild harps were complaining; gay minstrels were singing;
And a gong sounded forth the captive's lone hours.

But now comes a mock, mournful sound of condoling;
And forth in his darkness, all haggard and wild,
His shaggy brow lowering, his glazed eyeballs rolling,
The strong man was guided as lead they a child.

Now higher the laugh and the rude jest are ringing,
As throng the gay revelers round the sad spot
Where the captive's shrunk arms to the pillars are clinging ;
And altar and wine-cup and dance are forgot.

His right arm is lifted; they laugh to behold it,
So wasted and yellow and bony and long;

His forehead is bowed, and the black locks which fold it
Seem stirring with agony nameless and strong.

His right arm is lifted; but feebly it quivers,—
That arm which has singly with multitudes striven,
Beneath the cold sweat-drops his mighty frame shivers;
And now his pale lips move in pleading to Heaven.

"God of my sires, my foes are thine.
O bend unto my last faint cry,—
The strength, the strength that once was mine!—
Then let me die.

"I 've been the terror of thy foes;
I 've led thy people at thy call;
Now, sunk in shame, oppressed with woes,
Thus must I fall?

"O give me back my strength again!
For one brief moment let me feel
That lava blood in every vein,
Those nerves of steel.

"My strength, my strength, great God of Heaven!
In agony I make my cry,—
One triumph o'er my foes be given!—
Then let me die."

A light from the darkened orbs stole in quick flashes;
The crisp matted locks to long sable wreaths sprung;
The hot blood came purpling in fountain-like dashes,
And to the carved pillars his long fingers clung.

The brawny arm strengthened, its muscle displaying;
Like bars wrought of iron the tense sinews stood;
Each thick, swollen vein on his swarthy limbs straying
Was knotted and black with the pressure of blood.

One jeer from the crowd,—one long, loud peal of laughter,—
The captive bowed low, and the huge column swayed;
The firm chaptrel quivered; stooped arch, beam, and rafter;
And the temple of Dagon a ruin was laid.

Earth groaned 'neath the shock, and rose arching to heaven
Fierce, half-smothered cries as the gurgling life fled.
Day passed, and no sound broke the silence of even
But the jackal's long howl, as he crouched o'er the dead.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

LORD BYRON.

Saul was the first king of Israel, B. C. 1095–1056. After a long and troubled reign, he met his death at the defeat of the Israelites by the Philistines at Mount Gilboa. The victors made special pursuit of the king and the little band with him. After his three sons were slain, and he himself mortally wounded by the enemy's bowmen, Saul desired his armor-bearer to slay him, and upon his refusal fell upon his own sword, and so perished by suicide, as did also his faithful henchman, the armor-bearer, who quickly followed his example. The story of the battle is told in 1 Samuel, xxxi.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Thine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to all others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

David was successor of Saul upon the throne of Israel, B. C. 1056–1015. His son rose in rebellion against him, and with a formidable army joined battle with the royal forces in "the forest of Ephraim," at Mount Gilead, but was defeated with a loss of 20,000 men. In the pursuit that followed Absalom was overtaken and slain by Joab, contrary to the king's express command. See 2 Samuel, xviii.

THE pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judæa's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,

Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe.

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'my father!' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come,
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer.
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The calamity celebrated in this poem by the late English laureate, is the capture and burning of the Holy City by the king of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar II., B. C. 586, in war with Jehoiakim, king of Judah. The inhabitants were carried away to join others of the nation at Babylon in captivity, which lasted about fifty years longer. The conqueror was the same Nebuchadnezzar who was afflicted with strange madness for seven years (Daniel, iv. 29–37). He reigned forty-three years, until the year 561.

THE rage of Babylon is roused,
The king puts forth his strength;
And Judah bends his bow,
And points her arrows for the coming war.

Her walls are firm, her gates are strong,
Her youth gird on the sword;
High are her chiefs in hope,
For soon will Egypt send the promised aid.

But who is he whose voice of woe
Is heard amid the streets;
Whose ominous voice proclaims
Her strength and arms and promised succors vain?

His meagre cheek is pale and sunk;
Wild is his hollow eye,
Yet awful is its glance;
And who could bear the anger of his form?

PROPHET OF GOD! in vain thy lips
Proclaim the woe to come;
In vain thy warning voice
Summons her rulers timely to repent.

The Ethiop changes not his skin:
Impious and reckless still,
The rulers spurn thy voice;
And now the measure of their crimes is full.

For now around Jerusalem
The countless foes appear;
Far as the eye can reach
Spreads the wide horror of the circling siege.

Why is the warrior's cheek so pale?
Why droops the gallant youth
Who late, in pride of heart,
Sharpened his javelin for the welcome war?

'T is not for terror that his eye
Swells with the struggling woe:
Oh! he could bear his ills,
Or rush to death, and in the grave have peace.

His parents do not ask for food;
But they are weak with want:
His wife has given her babes
Her wretched pittance—he makes no complaint.

The coming hour is come;
Alas for Solyma!
How is she desolate,—
She that was great among the nations, fallen!

And thou, thou miserable king!
Where is thy trusted flock—
Thy flock so beautiful—
Thy Father's throne, the temple of thy God?

Repentance brings not back the past;
It will not call again
Thy murdered sons to life,
Nor vision to those eyeless sockets more.

Thou wretched, childless, blind old man,
Heavy thy punishment!
Dreadful thy present woes!
Alas! more dreadful thy remembered guilt.

THE MACCABEES.

T. DARCY M'GEE.

The Maccabean dynasty is not noticed in the canonical books of the Bible; but an entire book of the Old Testament Apocrypha is given to its history. Its founder was a priest of the Jews, who stood courageously against the tyrannies of Antiochus Epiphanes early in the second century B. C. His spirit descended to his five sons, of whom Judas Maccabæus was the most famous. All were conspicuous in the outbreaks and rebellions of the time. Mattathias was at first commander; but on his death (166 B. C.) Judas succeeded to the leadership, and overthrew a greatly superior force of the enemy at Mizpah, Bethsur, and elsewhere, recaptured Jerusalem, and instituted many reforms in the temple and its service. Jonathan Maccabæus was his successor, and likewise performed many valiant deeds. Simon, the second brother, was elected ruler of the Jewish commonwealth, and fully restored the independence of the nation, but was murdered by his own son-in-law, who desired his place. The Maccabees are justly celebrated among the foremost heroes of Hebrew history.

DARKNESS o'ershadows Israel all,
Woe and death and lamentation;
The heathen laughs on Zion's wall,
The temple all is desolation;
A dumb, demoniac shape of stone
Enthroned upon God's holy altar,
Where children of the faith kneel down,
And fearful priests through false rites falter.

Buried the Book of God; the spirit
  Of Moses and of David gone;
Lost the traditions they inherit,
  Their Sabbath scoffed and spat upon.
Meek recusants with bent neck bare
  Beseech swift death from fire and sword;
Of all deliverance in despair,
  Die, rather than deny their Lord.

But other men of hardier mood
  In Modin's mountains wandered free,
Their temple the o'erarching wood,
  The cave their solemn sanctuary;
Men who had sworn they would not die
  Like shamble sheep a willing prey,
Had sworn to smite the foe, though he
  Assailed them on the Sabbath day.

Their chiefs were Judas—Israel's shield,
  Her sword, her staff, her morning star,
The first in every fatal field
  To bear the burden of the war;
And Simon sage, the man of lore,
  Whose downcast eyes read coming signs;
Whose thoughts were spies, skilled to explore
  Afar the invader's dark designs.

O valiant Assidean chiefs,
  How well your Father's will ye wrought,
How lifted Israel from her griefs,
  And bore her on your shields aloft;
"She shall not perish,"—so you swore;
  "They shall not root us out of earth;
Our fathers' God we dare adore,
  And rule the realm that gave us birth."

O noble pair, with awful odds,
  Seron, Lysias, Nicanor, come!
Their trust is in their Syrian gods,
  But Israel's hope is in her Own;
How valiantly year after year
  Ye gird your loins for warfare grand!
How proud at last your flag you rear
  On a regenerated land!

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

LORD BYRON.

The Holy City, after repeated captures by the Romans, was finally taken and destroyed by the Emperor Titus, A. D. 70, after a long siege, during which the most awful miseries were endured by the devoted inhabitants. The old and infirm were ruthlessly slaughtered by the captors; all children under seventeen were sold into slavery; and the rest were dispersed to Rome and the provinces. The temple and city were so thoroughly demolished that Josephus says "no one visiting it would believe that it ever had been inhabited." For more than half a century Jerusalem disappeared from history, and was not rebuilt until the time of Hadrian, about A. D. 130.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,
  I beheld thee, O Sion, when rendered to Rome:
'T was the last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I looked for thy temple, I looked for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;

I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign;
And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,
Our worship, O Father, is only for thee.

PALESTINE.

BISHOP HEBER.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city? this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster at thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song;
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

ANCIENT EMPIRES.

THE CITIES OF OLD.

H. BROWNLEE.

WHERE are the cities which of old in mighty grandeur rose
Amid the desert's burning sands, or girt with frozen snows?
Is there no vestige now remains their wondrous tale to tell,
Of how they blazed like meteor stars, and how, like them, they fell?

Hark! hark! the voice of prophecy comes o'er the desert wide;
Come down, come down, and in the dust thy virgin beauties hide;
O "Daughter of Chaldea," thou no more enthroned shalt be;
For the desert and the wilderness alone shalt tell of thee.

Though old Euphrates still rolls on his everlasting stream,
Thy brazen gates and golden halls are as they ne'er had been;
Where stood thy massy, tower-crowned walls and palaces of pride,
The dragon and the wild beast now therein securely hide.

The besom of destruction o'er thee hath swept its way
In wrath, because thine impious hand on God's Anointed lay:
The "Lady of the Kingdoms," Chaldea's daughter proud,
Thy gold is dim, thy music mute, and darkness now thy shroud.

Lament, ye seas, and howl, ye isles, for Tyre's virgin daughter,
Who sits a queen enthroned upon the wide, far-flowing water;
Who said, "I am above all else with perfect beauty crowned;
And helm and shield in comeliness hang on my walls around;

"My merchant-princes bear the wealth of every land and clime,
The choicest things that earth can give, in sea or air, are mine;
The vestments of rich purple dye alone are made by me,
And kings that robe can only wear, the robe of sovereignty."

And haughty Zidon, she too stood enrobed in dazzling light,
The precious stone her covering was, with pearl and diamond bright;
The ruby and the emerald, the sapphire's glowing gem,
Blazed on her star-embroidered vest and on her diadem.

Thou "City of a Hundred Gates," through whose folding leaves of brass
Ten thousand men in armed array from each at once might pass;

Could not thy warriors and thy walls thee from the spoilers save!
Alas! alas! thy gates are down, thy heroes in the grave.

And where those sumptuous summer-homes, those bowers of kingly pride,
That rose amid the "palm-tree shade," far in the desert wide?
Where that gigantic structure, the Temple of the Sun?
Is thy day of beauty too gone by, thy race of glory run?

Imperial "Mistress of the World," where are thy triumphs now?
For dark and dim and lustreless are the jewels on thy brow;
The proud stream at thy feet rolls on, as it was wont of old,
And bears within its azure depths what time may not unfold.

The seven hills thy ancient throne, the brand of time defy,
But now the marble coronets in broken fragments lie;
The stately arch, the pillared dome, the palace and the hall,
No more behold in bannered pride the gorgeous festival.

Thy Cæsars and thy citizens, the emperor and slave,
Alike rest in the silent tomb or in the silent grave;
Even there thy noble ladies, in deeds of virtue bold,
And there is Messalina now, in her robe of woven gold.

And thou, belov'd Jerusalem, though desolate thou art,
Thy honored name enshrined shall be in every Christian's heart;
Though the harp of Jesse's son now lies neglected, mute, and still,
Yet Abraham's God can not forget his own most holy hill.

The silver trumpet yet shall wake in thee a joyous sound;
Thy golden altars be once more with sweetest incense crowned;
Yet not the blood of bulls or goats that shall be offered there,
But the sweet incense of the heart, in notes of praise and prayer.

The seven-branch lustre yet shall shed its rays of holy light
On every clustered capital, with sculptured traceries bright,
And he whose presence dwelt between the cherubim of gold
Shall to his bright pavilion come, as he was wont of old.

For Israel's king of David's line, the Crowned, the Crucified,
Who languished in Gethsemane and who on Calvary died;—
Yes, he shall come, and gather in of every clime and hue,
Barbarian, Scythian, Indian, Greek,—the Gentile and the Jew.

No light of sun or morn shall then again be needed there,
Nor cooling fountains cast their floods into the balmy air;
But he who is the light and life, in the temple-throne shall dwell,
His brightest crown Salvation is, his name Immanuel.

And down the streets of purest gold, bright as transparent glass,
Diffusing health and happiness o'er nations as they pass,
The everlasting streams of life their healing waters pour,
And he who tastes those crystal floods shall faint with thirst no more!



EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon!
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame.
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secresy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy head with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath thy leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within thy presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trumpet shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

GEORGE CROLY.

[Exodus, ix. 22-26.]

'Twas morn: the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery, below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,—
The bearers of the bow and spear,
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page,—
Helm, turban, and tiara shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.
There came a man:—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride:
His cheek with storm and time was tanned,
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near;
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.
He stooped not at the footstool stone,
He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words, "Be just, O king!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell;
All mute and moveless as the grave;
Stood chilled, the satrap and the slave.
"Thou 'rt come!" at length the monarch spoke,
(Haughty and high the words outspoke):
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band:

Go, reap the wind! Go, plough the sand!
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed!
What better, asks the howling slave,
Than the base life our bounty gave?"
Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to heaven the golden spears—
"King! thou and thine are doomed!—Behold!"
The prophet spoke,—the thunder rolled!
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said:
He raised his staff,—the storm was stayed:
"King! be the word of freedom given!
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"
There came no word.—The thunder broke!—
Like a huge city's final smoke;
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, king! the wrath is but begun!—
Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"
Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore!
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his shattered gaze
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague, the flame grew pale,
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of Fate;
Till men and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.
Still swelled the plague,—uprose the blast,

The avenger, fit to be the last:
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they? Ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of earth's richest zone
Gone! like a flash of lightning gone!
And lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Ingulfs the land the furious tide.—
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting!
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"
To heaven the sage upraised his hand:
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale,
Fled from its noon the vapors pale;
Broad burnt again the joyous sun:
The hour of wrath and death was done.

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was daughter of the king Ptolemy Auletes, born 69 B. C. By his will she was to take the throne jointly with her brother and husband, Ptolemy Dionysus. The latter was killed in a war caused by opposition to her claim, and she reigned alone, with a younger brother, a mere boy of eleven, as husband. After an inglorious career, in which her great abilities were made almost useless by her amours with famous Roman lovers, she perished by poison or the bite of an asp, through her own act, in August, 30 B C. Her embarkation on the Cydnus, on her way to meet Antony, is beautifully depicted in the following lines. It is one of the most noted incidents in her brief history, and has been a favorite theme for both artist and poet.

FLUTES in the sunny air,
And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo, like the desert's call,
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!—

The sky is a gleam of gold,
  And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,
  Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand,
  And the thousand tongues are mute,
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
  The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud and high
  Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,
  Like the flash of an eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
  Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,
  Away down the golden river!

Away by the lofty mount,
  And away by the lonely shore,
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
  Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh! for some warning vision there,
  Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
  And glad young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
  And hope and beauty blasted!
—That scenes so fair and gay
  Should be so early wasted!

CLEOPATRA.

W. W. STORY.

In this truly remarkable poem, the Egyptian Queen is represented as a believer in the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls indefinitely through the bodies of animals and men.

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets;
  They bar with a purple stain
My arms. Turn over my pillows;
  They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice wider,
  A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
  That over the garden flow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
  And in his arms I lay:
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
  Its music has died away.

The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor,
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep:
Reach down the lute and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with a dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the low, smooth Nile,
Through the slender papyra that cover
The sleeping crocodile;
The lotus lolls on the water
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh, for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild, fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together,
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flash across the light.

Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings.
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And he shrieks as he madly swings.
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With his bright, black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain,
Or, by the body of Isis,
I 'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape,
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted as in crucible
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald, clear skull of the desert,
With glowing mountains crowned,
That, burning like molten jewels,
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play,
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,

And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade;
Or, yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone.
Then I roused and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to meet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm, flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms;—
How powerful he was, and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild, triumphant cry,
And we met as the clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly;
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love, like his rage, was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times in our play drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert,
And ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them from limb to limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!

Come to my arms, my hero!
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

GEN. WM. H. LYTLE.

Cleopatra is chiefly renowned in history for her licentious connections with Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony. By the former, who came to Alexandria 48 B. C., to settle the quarrel over her succession to the throne, she bore a son, who was called Cæsarion.

Her relation with Antony was established several years afterwards, and was long maintained. After their defeat in the great naval battle of Actium, in a war with Rome brought on by his conduct, he heard that she had committed suicide, and accordingly fell upon his sword and mortally wounded himself. Learning too late the falsity of the report, he was carried to her presence and died in her arms. This tragic ending of the great Roman triumvir furnishes the theme of the following poem. Its author, one of the most brilliant young men of Cincinnati, was killed at the battle of Chickamauga. It is said that a knowledge of this poem among the Confederate officers caused unusual honor to be paid to his remains, which were carried within their lines, but were returned, under a flag of truce and with a distinguished escort, to the Federal camp.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O queen, enfold me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart-secrets
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
  Die the great triumvir still.

Let no Cæsar's servile minions
  Mark the lion thus made low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
  'T was his own that struck the blow;
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
  Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine—
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;—
  Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming; quick, my falchion,
  Let them front me ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
  Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

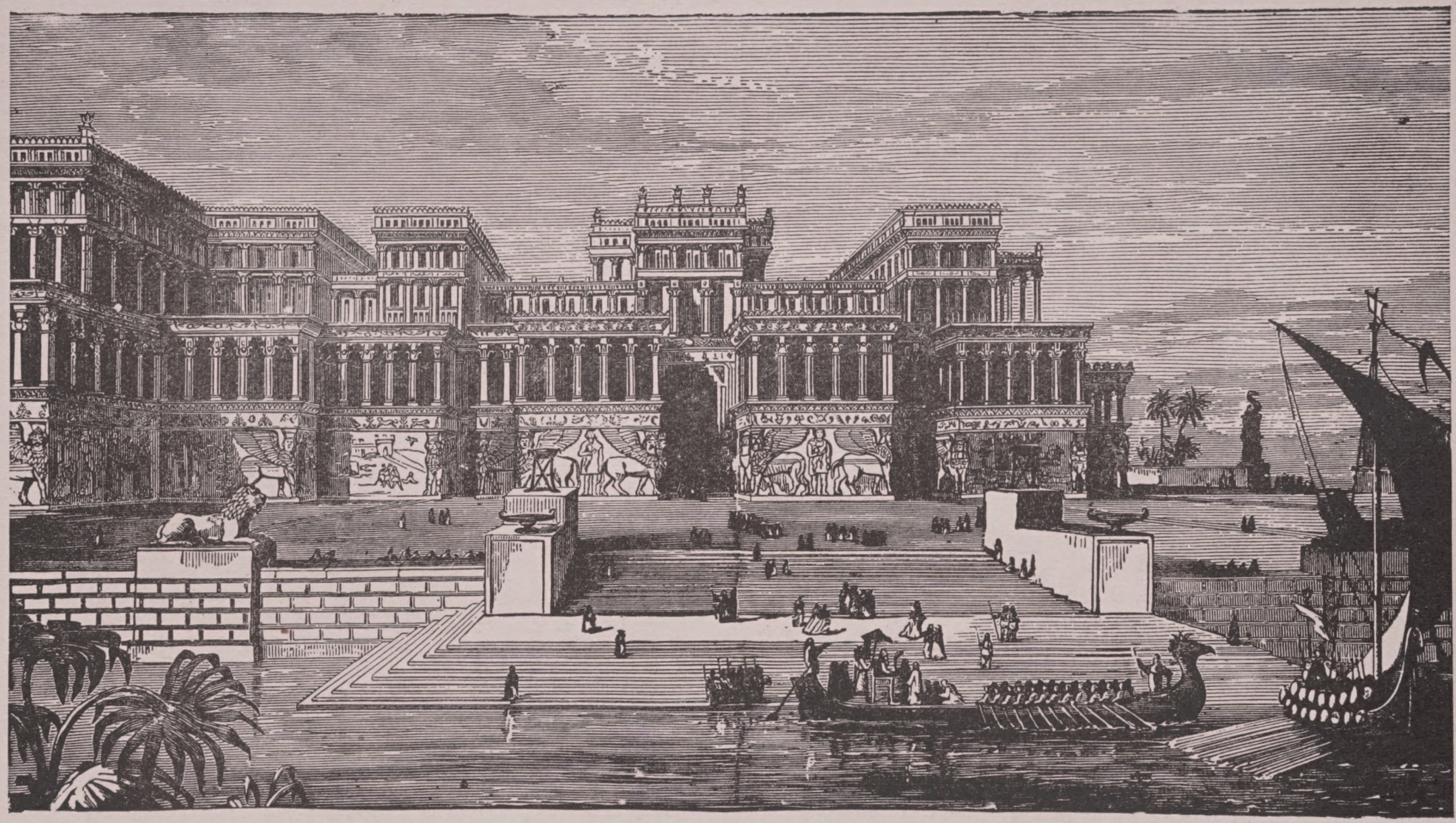
THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

In the early summer of 1798, Napoleon led his Egyptian expedition through Alexandria, which was easily captured, to Cairo, near which city he defeated the Mamelukes in the famous Battle of the Pyramids. The English, also then at war with France, destroyed the French fleet in the Battle of the Nile August 1 and 2, and Napoleon retired with a

large detachment of his army to Palestine the next February. But the French were not dislodged from Egypt until August, 1801, when a British force, led by Sir Ralph Abercromby (as the name should be spelt), defeated their attack upon the camp at Canopus, near Alexandria. Sir Ralph, though victorious, was badly wounded in the thigh, and died a few days after.

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.
As the sun's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams
Like a ray of heavenly fire:
Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.
Bright as Beauty newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from Ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.
Terrible soon grew the light
On the Egyptian battle-plain
As the darkness of the night
When the oldest-born was slain.
Lashed to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore;
Thus, with overwhelming pride,
Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Rolled upon the British host.
Dauntless these their station held,
Though with unextinguished ire
Gallia's legions thrice repelled,
Thrice returned through blood and fire.
Thus, above the storms of time,
Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the pyramids sublime,—
Rocks amid the flood of years.
Now the veteran chief drew nigh,
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valor beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breast.
Britain saw him thus advance
In her guardian angel's form;
But he lowered on hostile France
Like the Demon of the storm.
On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.
Then the mighty poured their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave!
'T was the Carnival of Death,
'T was the Vintage of the Grave.
Charged with Abercrombie's doom,
Lightning winged a cruel ball:
'T was the Herald of the Tomb,
And the Hero felt the call—
Felt, and raised his arm on high;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of France o'erthrew.
But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping Muse to tell,
Oh! 't would cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell!
Gashed with honorable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendor through the sky.



NINEVEH.

ASSYRIA.

NINEVEH.

REV. EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

Nineveh—also called Ninus, from its founder, known in the Bible as Nimrod—was the chief city and capital of the powerful Assyrian empire. It was built at a very early period, on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite the present Mosul, and is reputed by the classic and sacred writers to have been of vast extent—more than sixty miles around its massive walls and towers. The explorations made upon its site show that its palaces and public buildings were of great magnificence. It was captured and destroyed about 625 B. C., by the Medes and Babylonians, after several years' siege. In the time of Herodotus and Xenophon it was but heaps of ruin, and has so remained to this day.

WOE for the land of Asshur! she who sate
Queen of the nations, princess of the peers;
How sits she as a widow desolate,
In bitterness of soul and silent tears!
Great Nineveh is fallen! Pale with fears
She sits in her sepulchral greatness, hoary
With lapse of unknown centuries of years;
And strangers roam her haunts of sometime glory,
Deciphering with pain her once transparent story.

Woe for the land of Asshur! she who nursed
The world's forefathers in her golden plains,
And cradled by her mighty streams the first
Primeval race of heroes! What remains
Of all her trophies and colossal fanes?
Stern, shapeless heaps of ruin, mouldering slow
Beneath the fiery sun and torrent rains:—
Wild, heedless hordes about her come and go:—
An unloved spectacle of unlamented woe.

Woe for the land of Asshur! Greece hath bowed
Her head beneath the chariot-wheels of Time;
But sorrow, like a distant mountain-cloud,
Hath hung its lucid veil above her clime,
And only made her virtues more sublime.
All centuries have wept her fall, and sung
Her greatness and her grief in loftiest rhyme;
And, lingering still her haunted fanes among,
Depicted, from her age, her loveliness when young.

Woe for the land of Asshur! Salem lies,—
Salem, her former captive, lies in gloom;

And Zion, twice a widow, mourns and sighs,
And lingers, spectre-like, beside the tomb
Of her first bridal blessedness and bloom.
She mourns, but mourns in hope; for God hath spoken
The mystic number of her years of doom;
She waits the beacon-light, the Gospel token,
When stanched shall be her wounds, and all her chains be broken.

But woe for thee, O Asshur! Few bemoan
Thy giant desolations, void and vast;
No beauty smiles on thy sepulchral stone.
The solitary stranger stands aghast
At thee, but weeps not; and the fitful blast
Sighs in thy palaces. Nor canst thou borrow
Far hopes to cheer the present and the past;
No dawn shall glimmer on thy night of sorrow,
Its silence and its sadness hath no bright to-morrow.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Though gorgeous fictions have been passed along
The half-incredulous ages down to this,—
What boots it to relate, in idle song,
How Ninus and divine Semiramis
First founded yonder vast metropolis;
And left a lineage of kings, whose names
Stand tomb-like o'er oblivion's dark abyss,
Until, to hide his everlasting shames,
Sardanapalus lit his country's funeral flames?

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.

Sennacherib, son of Sargon, reigned in great splendor over Assyria from 702 to 680 B. C. He is much noticed in the inscriptions on the ancient monuments, one of which commemorates the attack on Lachish, in Palestine, mentioned in the Bible. During the reign of Hezekiah, thirteenth king of Judah, he besieged Libnah, where 185,000 of his army were struck with death in a single night, and he was forced with the remnant in haste from the country. See 2 Kings, xviii. He was finally murdered by his sons, while in the act of worshiping his favorite god. His palace at Koyunjik (ancient Nineveh) has been exhumed, and found to cover more than eight acres, and to have been superbly decorated with sculpture.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,

That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

SARDANAPALUS.

THE EARL OF SURREY.

Sardanapalus III. (Asshur-bani-pal, as found upon the monuments), son of Esarhaddon, became monarch of Assyria about 667 B. C., and is supposed by some to have been the last of her kings, though others name a successor. Under him the empire reached its highest greatness. Egypt was reconquered, and many nations and tribes overcome. The king built the finest palace in the land, established a royal library at Nineveh, and patronized music and the arts. He probably occupied the throne about twenty years. History has done his memory great injustice; and the Greek legends, resting upon a single poor authority, and representing him as weak and effeminate, dying at last in the flames of his palace and its accumulated treasures, fired by his own hand to escape capture by a besieging enemy, are now believed to be false. But as the old story is still found in the books, we make room for this little illustrative sonnet, by one of England's older poets.

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire
And filthy lusts that stained his regal heart,
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield vanquisht for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemèd strange;
And harder than his lady's side, his targe;
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change;

His helmet, far above a garland's charge:
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenched in sloth and womanish delight;
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honor and his right,
(Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with dread,)
Murdered himself, to show some manful deed.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

[Nahum, ii.]

THE days of old return—I breathe the air
Of the young world; I see her giant sons,
Like to a gorgeous pageant in the sky
Of summer's evening, cloud on fiery cloud
Thronging upheaved,—before me rise the walls
Of the Titanic city,—brazen gates,—
Towers, temples, palaces enormous piled,—
Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen!
In all her golden pomp I see her now,—
Her swarming streets, her splendid festivals,—
Her sprightly damsels to the timbrel's sound
Airily bounding, and their ankles chime,—
Her lusty sons, like summer morning gay,—
Her warriors stern, her rich-robed rulers grave;
I see her halls sunbright at midnight shine;
I hear the music of her banquetings;
I hear the laugh, the whisper, and the sigh.
A sound of stately treading towards me comes,
A silken wafting on the cedar floor;
As from Arabia's flowering groves, an air
Delicious breathes around,—tall, lofty-browed,
Pale and majestically beautiful,
In vesture gorgeous as the clouds of morn,—
With slow, proud step, her glorious dames sweep by.

Again I look,—and lo! around the walls
Unnumbered hosts in flaming panoply,—
Chariots like fire, and thunder-bearing steeds!
I hear the shouts of battle: like the waves
Of the tumultuous sea, they roll and rush!—
In flame and smoke the imperial city sinks!
Her walls are gone, her palaces are dust,—

The desert is around her, and within
Like shadows have the mighty passed away.
Whence and how came the ruin? By the hand
Of the oppressor were the nations bowed;
They rose against him, and prevailed; for he,
The haughty monarch who the earth could rule,
By his own furious passions was o'erruled:
With pride his understanding was made dark,
That he the truth knew not; and by his lusts
And by the fierceness of his wrath the hearts
Of men he turned from him. So to kings
Be he example that the tyrannous
And iron rod breaks down at length the hand
That wields it strongest; that by virtue alone
And justice, monarchs sway the hearts of men;
For there hath God implanted love of these,
And hatred of oppression, which, unseen
And noiseless though it work, yet in the end,
E'en like the viewless elements of the storm,
Brooding in silence, will the thunder burst!
So let the nations learn that not in wealth,
Nor in the grosser pleasures of the sense,
Nor in the glare of conquest, nor the pomp
Of vassal kings and tributary lands,
Do happiness and lasting power abide;—
That virtue unto man best glory is,
His strength and truest wisdom; and that guilt,
Though for a season it the heart delight,
Or to worse deeds the bad man do make strong,
Brings misery yet, and terror and remorse,
And weakness and destruction in the end:
So if the nations learn, then not in vain
The mighty one hath been, and is no more!



BABYLONIA.

BELSHAZZAR.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Belshazzar, or Bel-shar-uzur, was son of Nabonadius, the last king of the later Babylonian monarchy (6th century B. C.), and was associated with his father on the throne. His carelessness amid his revels, in conducting the defense of Babylon against the attack of the Medes and Persians under Cyrus, 538 B. C., enabled the enemy to divert the course of the Euphrates and march along its bed into the city. Belshazzar was among the slain. The marvels that preceded this event are related in Daniel, v. His father, leading a force to the relief of Babylon, was defeated, and after the capture of the city surrendered himself a prisoner, thus ending the monarchy. The first poem following, by the great German poet, is presented in the translation of Charles Godfrey Leland. The other poems are inserted, not only for their beauty and fame, but because they graphically set forth details not given in this.

MIDNIGHT came slowly creeping on;
In silent rest lay Babylon;
But in the royal castle high
Red torches gleam and courtiers cry.
Belshazzar there in kingly hall
Is holding kingly festival;
The vassals sat in glittering line,
And emptied the goblets with glowing wine.
The goblets rattle, the choruses swell,
And it pleased the stiff-necked monarch well.
In the monarch's cheek a wild fire glowed,
And the wine awoke his daring mood;
And, onward still by his madness spurred,
He blasphemes the Lord with a sinful word;
And he brazenly boasts, blaspheming wild,
While the servile courtiers cheered and smiled.
Quick the king spoke, while his proud glance burned,
Quickly the servant went and returned;
He bore on his head the vessels of gold,
Of Jehovah's temple the plunder bold.
With daring hand, in his frenzy grim,
The king seized a beaker and filled to the brim,
And drained to the dregs the sacred cup,
And foaming he cried, as he drank it up,
"Jehovah, eternal scorn I own
To thee. I am monarch of Babylon."
Scarce had the terrible blasphemy rolled
From his lips, ere the monarch at heart was cold.
The yelling laughter was hushed, and all

Was still as death in the royal hall.
And see! and see! on the broad wall white,
Letters of fire, and vanished in night.
Pale as death, with a steady stare,
And with trembling knees, the king sat there;
The horde of slaves sat shuddering still;
No word they spoke, but were deathlike still.
The Magians came, but of them all
None could read the flame-script on the wall.
But that same night, in all his pride,
By the hands of his servants Belshazzar died.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

LORD BYRON.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man,—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage:
They saw—but knew no more?

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

BARRY CORNWALL.

BELSHAZZAR is king: Belshazzar is lord:
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten; flowers blossom; meats steam; and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,—
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old!—
Bring forth! and we 'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!" And before him the vessels all shine;
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,—
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now what cometh? Look, look! Without menace or call,
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound."
They are read: and Belshazzar is dead on the ground.
Hark! the Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede 's on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

PALMYRA.

PALMYRA.

C. P.

This city, in the Bible called "Tadmor in the wilderness," occupied a fertile oasis in the desert of Upper Syria. It was probably in existence before Solomon, who is said to have built it, and no doubt greatly enlarged it. It was then a strong outpost of the Hebrew kingdom against the wandering tribes, and afterwards became an important commercial centre. Trajan subjected it to Rome, and the Persians then occupied it until the rise of the Syrian Odenatus, who drove them out in the third century A. D., and founded at Palmyra a great empire, which finally included both Syria and Mesopotamia. Aurelian reconquered and almost destroyed it 275 A. D. It has since been little but a superb ruin, inhabited by a few Arabs.

THE palms may wave, the palms may shed
Their shadows over thy silent dead;
But thou and all thy towers lie
In leveled ruin 'neath the sky:
O vanished city of the plain,
In dreams I see thee rise again!
I see her gay and bannered walls
A mirage 'neath the burnished skies,
Her fretted towers seem to rise;
A cool oasis 'mid the sand,
Shadowed with palms, she seems to stand:
But even as the city fell,
A vanished dream, a broken spell,
The mirage fades, and o'er the plain
Ruin and silence reign again!

AFTER THE TRIUMPH.

SALLIE BRIDGES.

Zenobia was wife of Odenatus, or Odenathus, Prince of Palmyra, and after his murder about 267 A. D., succeeded him as "Queen of the East." She was daughter of an Arab chief, and greatly renowned for her beauty, scholarship, and truly royal abilities. She maintained and increased the splendor of Palmyra, personally led her armies to fresh victories, and surrounded her courts with scholars like Longinus, the Greek philosopher. But her forces were defeated and her capital taken by the Roman emperor Aurelian; and she graced his triumph at Rome, marching in golden chains before the imperial chariot. Otherwise she was leniently treated, and given a villa at Tibur, where she peacefully passed the rest of her days with her children. This poem recites her supposed reflections after the triumph.

I, ZENOBIA, Queen of the wide East,
Even I have swelled a Roman monarch's march
Of triumph through his Rome! I, that did wear

Imperial purple in mine own far land,
Dragged royal robes in mockery through the dust,
Sweeping the way before Aurelian's car—
My conqueror's herald, that then smiled to see
His worthiest foe, a woman, and unqueened,
Thus stared at by the common crowd, whose shouts
Would hail his victor with as loud acclaim!
Gods! how they sneered because I reared my head,
Drooping with jewels, regally as he,
While German amazons wept tears of shame!
I, that did come of kingly loins, and bore
Three princes to their crownéd sire, did walk
Endiademed, the sceptred peasant's slave!
I, that had awed Armenia, and swayed
The restless Arabs with my white, strong hand;
That allied with the Persian, and have chained
My own ancestral Egypt to my throne!—
I bear these fetters, golden though they be;
They bind my flesh like tightened coils of snakes,
And crush my heart beneath their splendid weight!
O Tadmor of the desert! isle of palms!
Zenobia lost herself in losing thee!
And thou art lost in her that had the will
To make thee rival this proud, western state!
Soon shalt thou hide the glories of my reign,
Thy gorgeous beauty and thy gathered wealth,
Beneath entombing sands; no sovereign more
Shall raise thee to the height from which I fell!
O why was I so formed that clear disdain
Of female arts destroyed my power to win?
Sweet Cleopatra, with her eyes and lips,
Conquered her conqueror, kept her royal name,
And ruled the serf she purchased with a kiss!
I, too, perchance, if I had deigned to sue,
To smile, and deck myself with tender wiles,
Might thus have gained fame's immortality,
Mistress of the world's one master, whom this Rome
Will make a god, and leave me mortal still!
For I do know that I am beautiful,
And like dead Antony, Aurelian, too,
Is but a man! But I went forth to meet
My enemy the emperor like a king,
Or, as in other times, I rode beside
My noble husband, girded with my sword,

To strike swift terror thro' the great king's realm,
I headed mine own troops, forgot to be
A woman, till I should have thought alone
How it became a vanquished queen to die!
I loathe myself that I did dare to live
The Roman scoff to fill a Roman's pride,
Whilst my Palmyra shone beneath the sun!
Dreading no slaughter in the open field,
Yet trembling 'mid rude soldiers of the camp
To face a captive's grim and unchaste death,
Leaving my name to future ages scorn,
Whose history shall record on living page
That in their hours of like and worse despair
Great Cleopatra died, Zenobia lived!

PHOENICIA.

TYRE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Tyre, on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, was one of the chief cities of ancient Phœnicia. Its origin is not known; but it had reached great power, wealth, and renown by the tenth century B. C. Under king Hiram, supposed to have been one of Solomon's numerous fathers-in law, the city was much enlarged and embellished. The rich "Tyrian purple," made from the shells of the coast, became widely celebrated. The domination of the place frequently changed until 1516 A. D., when it was finally taken by the Saracens under Selim I., and almost destroyed. It has since been an unimportant town, and is now occupied by but three to four thousand inhabitants.

THE wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre,—
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland roars,
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long desire,
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every land,
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have blown,
Her colonnades of granite lie scattered and o'erthrown;
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire,
To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the waves,—
That thou thyself exalted, till kings became thy slaves?
Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will obeyed,—
Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore afraid,—
Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and thought them strong and sure,
And boasted midst the waters, "Shall I not aye endure?"

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy princely mart?
The pomp of purple trappings, the gems of Syrian art,
The silken goats of Kedar, Sabæa's spicy store,
The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward bore,
When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the sea
With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery!

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! thy glory is laid waste:
There is no habitation, the mansions are defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;

No workmen fell the fir-trees that glow in Shenir's vales,
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and sing:
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king:
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and discrowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

CARTHAGE.

PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL OVER THE ALPS.

JOHN NICHOL.

Hannibal was a common name in Carthage, no less than fourteen or fifteen persons bearing it becoming famous. The great and hereditary enemy of Rome is the most renowned. He was the son of Hamilcar Barca, also a brave and skillful leader. One of the most celebrated deeds of Hannibal was the crossing of the Alps 218 B. C., while marching an army to the invasion of Italy. The like had never been done before upon these mountains, but he accomplished it in fifteen days, in the face of tremendous difficulties. After one of the most remarkable careers recorded in military history, the famous soldier perished by suicide, taking poison 183 B. C., to escape falling into the hands of the Romans.

SCENE first;—The Pyrenees at Venus point,
Her temple shining o'er the waves that came
Rising and falling with the sounds that swell
The grand old choral music of the sea—
To greet her with a murmur from the East.
The next;—the broad blue waters of the Rhine,
That swirled betwixt us and the yelling Gauls,
Until our vanguard flashed upon their rear,
And freed the passage;—the long line of wharfs,
The glittering arms, horse, foot, and elephants,
Twisting their monstrous trunks in wonderment;
Last, the great cheer upon the further bank!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

What sights, what sounds, what wonders marked our way!
Terrors of ice and glories of the snow,
Wide, treacherous calms and peaks that rose in storm
To hold the stars or catch the morn, or keep
The evening with a splendor of regret;
Or, jutting through the mists of moonlight, gleamed
Like pearly islands from a seething sea;—
On down-swept heights, the war-cry of the winds;
The wet wrath round the steaming battlements,
From which the sun leapt upward like a sword
Drawn from its scabbard;—the green chasms that cleft
Frost to its centre; echoes drifting far
Down the long gorges of the answering hills;
The thunders of the avalanche;—the cry
Of the strange birds that hooted in amaze
To see men leaving all the tracks of men;—
Snow-purpling flowers, first promise of the earth;

Then welcome odors of the wood less wild;
Gray lustres looming on the endless moor;
The voice of fountains in eternal fall
From night and solitude to life and day!

THE DEATH OF MAGO.

LORD BYRON, AFTER PETRARCH.

No less than fourteen Carthaginians bearing the name of Mago are noted in history, and it is not easy to say which one Petrarch intended to celebrate in the following lines. It is pretty certain, however, that he meant the most famous of all, son of Hamilcar Barca, younger brother of Hannibal and Hasdrubal. He was with the former in the invasion of Italy 216 B. C., held high command at the battle of Cannæ, and carried news of the victory to Carthage. Sent to Spain to operate against the Scipios with Hasdrubal, he was severely wounded, and died on the return voyage to Carthage, whither he was ordered to assist in the defense of the city.

THE Carthaginian rose—and when he found
The increasing anguish of his mortal wound
All hope forbid, with difficult, slow breath
He thus addressed the coming hour of death:
"Farewell to all my longings after fame.
Cursed love of power, are such thine end and aim?
Oh, blind to all that might have made thy bliss,
And must ambition's frenzy come to this?
From height to height aspiring still to rise,
Man stands rejoicing on the precipice,
Nor sees the innumerable storms that wait
To level all the projects of the great.
O, trembling pinnacle of power on earth,
Deceitful hopes! and glory blazoned forth
With false, fictitious blandishments! O life
Of doubt and danger, and perpetual strife
With death! And thou, worse than this night of woe
That comest to all,—but ah! when none can know,
Hour singled from all years! why must man bear
A lot so sad? The tribes of earth and air
No thoughts of future ill in life molest,
And when they die sleep on and take their rest;
But man in restless dreams spends all his years,
And shortens life with death's encroaching fears.
O thou, whose cold hand tears the veil from error,
Whose hollow eye is our delusion's mirror!
Death, life's chief blessing! At this hour of fate,
Wretch that I am, I see my faults too late.
Perils ill-sought, and crimes ill worth the prize,

Pass on in dire review before mine eyes;
Yet, thing of dust, and on the verge of night,
Man dares to climb the stars, and on the height
Of heaven his owlet vision dares to bend
From that low earth where all his hopes descend.
What then avails me in this trying hour,
Or thee, my Italy, this arm of power?
Why did I bid the torch of ravage flame?
Ah! why as with a trumpet's tongue proclaim
The rights of man? confounding wrong and right,
And plunging nations in a deeper night?
Why did I raise of marble to the skies
A gorgeous palace? Vain and empty prize!
When with it my air-built dreams must lie
Gulfed in the ocean of eternity.
My dearest brother, ah! remember me,
And let my fate avert the like from thee."
He said, and now, its mortal bondage riven,
His spirit fled, and from its higher heaven
Of space looked down where Rome and Carthage lay,
Thrice blest in having died before the day
Whose wing of havoc swept his race away,
And had not saved by valor vainly shown
His country's woes, his brother's, and his own.

GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

[See also "TROY," "PERSIA," etc.]

GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IN that fair clime the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose;
And in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun
A beardless youth,[1] who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.

The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up toward the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light to share his joyous sport.
And hence a beaming goddess,[2] with her nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave),
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven
When winds are blowing strong. The traveler slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
The Naiad.[3] Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oreads[4] sporting visibly.

The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
Lacked not for love fair objects, whom they wooed

1 This is Apollo, or the sun, the god of prophecy, archery, and music, represented as a youth in the perfection of manly strength and beauty. He bears a lyre in his hand, sometimes a bow, and a golden lute, with a golden quiver of arrows at his back.

2 Diana, the exact counterpart of her brother Apollo, was queen of the woods, and the goddess of hunting Diana is one of the names under which the moon was worshiped.

3 The Naiads are represented as young and beautiful nymphs, who presided over rivers, brooks, springs, and fountains.

4 The Oreads, nymphs of the mountains, generally attended upon Diana, and accompanied her in hunting.

With gentle whisper.[1] Withered boughs grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard—
These were the lurking Satyrs,[2] a wild brood
Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God.[3]

THE PURSUIT BY THESEUS.

SOPHOCLES.

Theseus belongs to the early or legendary period of Grecian history—to the "heroic age." It is impossible to locate him definitely in time, or to say how much truth may abide in the old stories concerning him. He is usually said to have been son of Ægeus, king of Athens, and to have become himself king, after a remarkable series of adventures and exploits. As ruler, he was wise as he had been heroic. He is supposed to have combined the twelve petty commonwealths of Attica into one strong state. He tired of tranquil power, however, abdicated it to resume his wandering career of bravery, and finally lost his life by the treachery of king Lycomedes, of Skyros. In the splendid drama of Sophocles, "Œdipus at Colonus," Theseus, while still king, engages in the pursuit of some Thebans, who, although their people were allies of Athens, had seized and carried off the daughters of Œdipus. This incident is here presented, in the spirited translation of Anstice.

WAFT me hence and set me down
Where the lines of battle frown;
Waft me where the brazen shout
Of the Lord of War rings out
On the Pythian coast, or where
Flickering torches wildly glare;
Where on mystic rites have smiled
Ceres and her honored child.
Many a priest attends their shrine,
Sprung of old Eumolpus' line,
While discretion's golden key
Locks their lips in secresy.
Round the virgin sisters twain
Soon shall fall the crowded slain,
Theseus soon in mailèd might
Wake the terrors of the fight.

Now I ween in haste they glide
Œa's snowy rocks beside;
There beneath the western sky
Swift their straining coursers fly;
Rapid roll their whirling cars;
Fleeter speeds pursuing Mars;
Theseus' train is on its way,
Keen to grasp the destined prey;
Every bit like lightning glancing,
Every mailèd knight advancing,
Every charger's arching neck
Princely spoils and trappings deck.
Yours the vow for victory won,
Hippian Pallas! Rhea's son!

1 The Zephyrs were the genial west winds. They were brothers of the stars, and seldom visited the earth except during the shades of evening.

2 The Satyrs were represented like men, but with feet and legs of goats, short horns on the head, and the whole body covered with thick hair.

3 The horned and goat-footed Pan was the god of shepherds, and lord of the woods and mountains. What are called panic terrors were ascribed to Pan: as loud noises, whose causes could not easily be traced, were oftenest heard in mountainous regions, which were his favorite haunts.—WILSON.

Thou who, throned in coral caves,
Claspest earth and rulest waves!

Is the awful stillness past?
Have they closed in fight at last?
Answer, my prophetic soul?
Thou canst secret fate unroll.
Soon I ween shall warrior sword,
Wielded by Athena's lord,
Free the maid by sorrow bowed
Mocked and scorned by brethren proud.

So across my spirit's dreams
Joy anticipated gleams.
Might I, like the soaring dove,
Roam the aërial fields above,
Her who, borne on tempest wings,
Forth with nestling pinion springs.
Sweet it were from clouds on high
Battle's changeful tide to spy.
Jove! whose everlasting sway
Heaven's unchanging gods obey,
Grant to Athens' champions brave
Might to vanquish, strength to save.
Pallas! Jove's majestic child;
Phœbus! hunter of the wild;
Dian! still the woodland wooing,
Still the dappled stag pursuing,—
Archer lord and mountain maid,
Haste ye, haste ye to our aid!

ULYSSES.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The king of Ithaca belongs chiefly to the history of Troy, in whose siege by the Greeks he was greatly distinguished. When the Trojan enterprise was undertaken, the legend relates that Agamemnon visited Ithaca, and with some difficulty persuaded Ulysses to join the other Grecian chiefs. After the fall of Troy, the long voyage and wonderful adventures occurred which furnish the theme of Homer's "Odyssey." He reached home in the guise of a beggar, after twenty years' absence, and was recognized only by his old nurse and the dog Argus. Slaying the persistent suitors of Penelope, his faithful wife, he takes the throne, but was murdered sixteen years after, by his son Telegonus. The English laureate in this poem presents some supposed reflections of his old age.

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I can not rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,—
Myself not least, but honored of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil:
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

SIR E. LYTTON BULWER.

The strength and courage of the women of Sparta made a fitting complement to the martial character of the men. Instead of quiet home employments exclusively, they wrestled, danced in public, raced, threw the discus, and engaged in other athletic exercises, that they might transmit a vigorous constitution to their children. Until the seventh year they had charge of the child's education which was mainly intended to fit him for soldiership. When a Spartan mother parted with her son on the eve of a campaign, her customary injunction was, as she handed him his shield: "Come back with it, or on it;" or, in the terse, laconic style, "With it, or on it." In the following poem. the mother is supposed to have lost her son.

MY son, not a tear shall be shed,
Though my heart be as dark as the grave:
To weep would dishonor the dead—
For Greece hath no tears for the brave!

In thy fall thou hast triumphed, my son,
And all Sparta has conquered with thee;
The race of thy glory is run--
But thy country, thy country is free!

When thy hand gave thy father his shield—
As he left his last kiss on thy brow,
He said, "I go forth to the field—
But for Greece and for glory live thou!

"Yet, if Hellas her hero should claim,
Oh, remember thy breast is her wall!"
He said, and he went to his fame,—
He fell—as a Spartan should fall!

And when years had brought strength to thine arm,
And I gave thee the sword of the slain,

I felt not a moment's alarm,—
But I armed thee myself for the plain.

As I braced on thy helmet, I smiled
At the valor that flashed from thine eye:
I gave thee no lessons, my child,—
I knew that thou never couldst fly!

Away with each whisper of woe!
Thou hast met with the fate thou hast braved;
But thy feet were not turned from the foe,
And thy Sparta, thy Sparta is saved!

THE SPARTANS' MARCH.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The spirit of this poem will be better understood for an apprehension of the fact that the Spartan considered himself too brave to need the inspiration of martial music to impel him to the conflict. Thucydides says, "The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.'"

'TWAS morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines;
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly through his reeds and flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers,
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunter's choral strain
To the woodland goddess poured?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day.

And the mountain echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep blue sky;
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel groves, as on they passed,
Rung with no battle shout.

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes their path around
Sent forth Æolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death.

So moved they calmly to the field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne.

ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS TO THE SPARTANS.

RICHARD GLOVER.

The battle of Thermopylæ supplies the motive of the next three poems. Leonidas was king of Sparta B. C. 480, when the very existence of Greece was threatened by the immense army of the Persians under Xerxes. He hastened at once to Thermopylæ (the "warm springs"), a pass in the mountains from Thessaly into Locris and Southern Greece, with three hundred men—"a small number to fight," he said, "but enough to die." For three days the devoted band beat back two millions of invaders, with fearful loss to the assailants, but were finally taken in rear by means of an obscure mountain road, and but one man survived to tell the tale. A superb monument was reared to their memory by grateful Greece, and one of the finest inscriptions of all the ages was written in their honor by the poet Simonides.

"WHY this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O, my friends!
Why do we labor through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue! Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.

"Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
Is allowed to the many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows."
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, rapt a while in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

THE SPARTANS NOBLY KEPT THEIR OATH.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

'TWAS an hour of fearful issues,
When the bold three hundred stood,
For their love of holy freedom,
By that old Thessalian flood—
When, lifting high each sword of flame,
They called on every sacred name,
And swore, beside those dashing waves,
They never, never would be slaves!

And oh! that oath was nobly kept.
From morn to setting sun
Did desperation urge the fight
Which valor had begun;
Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain cliff to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valor's, Glory's grave.

O yes! that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly had been sworn,
And proudly did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn;
And firmly was the fight maintained,
And amply was the triumph gained;
They fought, fair Liberty, for thee;
They fell—TO DIE IS TO BE FREE!

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

GEORGE CROLY.

Historic truth requires the statement that Mr. Croly is mistaken in the supposition that the attack of the Persians was by night. Otherwise his poem is very well worth reproduction.

IT was the wild midnight,
A storm was in the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.
The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield,
Then, silent, gathered round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior word,
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roared,

And they rushed upon the foe.
The fiery element
Showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.
And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand:
Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased to moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant dying groan.
Anon a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still,
Like leopards in their play.
The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartans' bloody steel
On the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave;
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave.
But now the morning star
Crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war
From the hill began to blow:
Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup poured high;
Then, hand-in-hand, they drank
"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell,
He saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power
With chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.
They marched within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung:

To heaven the blaze uprolled,
Like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.
Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old:
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

THE INSCRIPTION AT THERMOPYLÆ.

SIMONIDES.

WHO at Thermopylæ stood side by side,
And fought together, and together died,
Under earth-barrows now are laid in rest,
Their chance thrice-glorious and their fate thrice-blest:
No tears for them, but memory's loving gaze;
For them no pity, but proud hymns of praise.
Time shall not sweep this monument away,—
Time the destroyer; no, nor dank decay.
This not alone heroic ashes holds;
Greece's own glory this earth-shrine enfolds,—
Leonidas, the Spartan king,—a name
Of boundless honor and eternal fame.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Xerxes, having turned the pass of Thermopylæ, penetrated and ravaged Attica, and burned Athens. The Greeks had meanwhile collected a formidable naval power, which he strove to blockade with his own fleet in the narrow strait of Salamis. His great army was arrayed upon the shore, and a lofty throne erected for him, to view the expected triumph in the sea-fight that ensued. Instead, he had the unspeakable misfortune to see his vessels routed and captured, and the fleet almost annihilated. The scene is vividly described by the famous tragic poet, who himself bore a courageous part in the action.

THE Persian chief,
Little dreaming of the wiles of Greece
And gods averse, to all the naval leaders
Gave his high charge: "Soon as yon sun shall cease
To dart his radiant beams, and darkening night
Ascends the temple of the sky, arrange
In three divisions your well-ordered ships,
And guard each pass, each outlet of the seas:
Others enring around this rocky isle
Of Salamis. Should Greece escape her fate,
And work her way by secret flight, your heads
Shall answer the neglect." This harsh command
He gave, exulting in his mind, nor knew
What fate designed. With martial discipline
And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,
Each mariner fixed well his ready oar.

Soon as the golden sun was set, and night
Advanced, each, trained to ply the dashing oar,

Assumed his seat; in arms each warrior stood,
Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war.
Each to the appointed station steers his course,
And through the night his naval course each chief
Fixed to secure the passes. Night advanced
But not by secret flight did Greece attempt
To escape. The morn, all beauteous to behold,
Drawn by white steeds, bounds o'er the lightened earth.

At once from every Greek, with glad acclaim,
Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes
The echo of the island rocks returned,
Spreading dismay through Persia's host, thus fallen
From their high hopes; no flight this solemn strain
Portended, but deliberate valor bent
On daring battle; while the trumpet's sound
Kindled the flames of war. But when their oars
(The pæan ended) with impetuous force
Dashed the surrounding surges, instant all
Rushed on in view; in orderly array
The squadron of the right first led; behind
Rode their whole fleet; and now distinct was heard
From every part this voice of exhortation:

"Advance, ye sons of Greece, from thraldom save
Your country—save your wives, your children save,
The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb
Where rest your honored ancestors; this day
The common cause of all demands your valor."
Meanwhile from Persia's hosts the deepening shout
Answered their shout; no time for cold delay;
But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impelled.

First to the charge a Grecian galley rushed;
Ill the Phœnician bore the rough attack,
Its sculptured prow all shattered. Each advanced,
Daring an opposite. The deep array
Of Persia at the first sustained the encounter;
But their thronged numbers, in the narrow seas
Confined, want room for action; and, deprived
Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each
Breaks all the other's oars; with skill disposed,
The Grecian navy circled them around
In fierce assault; and, rushing from its height,
The inverted vessel sinks,

The sea no more
Wears its accustomed aspect, with foul wrecks
And blood disfigured; floating carcasses
Roll on the rocky shores; the poor remains
Of the barbaric armament to flight
Ply every oar inglorious: onward rush
The Greeks amid the ruins of the fleet,
As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,
Spreading destruction; the wide ocean o'er
Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night,
With darkness on her brow, brought grateful truce.
Should I recount each circumstance of woe,
Ten times on my unfinished tale the sun
Would set; for be assured that not one day
Could close the ruin of so vast a host.

THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA.

MRS. HEMANS.

Platæa, in the western part of Bœotia, near Attica, was destroyed by the Persians 480 B. C., but the next year was the scene of a great victory by the Lacedæmonians under Aristides and Pausanias, over the same enemy, commanded by Mardonius. By this triumph Greece was finally saved from the yoke of Persia.

AND there they sleep—the men who stood
In arms before the exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep! The Olympic wreaths are dead,
The Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;
The Dorian voice of song is fled,—
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep, and seems not all around
As hallowed unto Glory's tomb?
Silence is on the battle-ground,
The heavens are loaded with a deathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,
But dimly seen through mist and cloud,
And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen! here thy beams
Are not as those the shepherd loves;
Nor look they down on shining streams,
By Naiads haunted, in their laurel groves:

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep
In shadowy quiet, midst its vines;
No temple gleaming from the steep,
Midst the gray olives on the mountain pines:

But o'er a dim and boundless waste
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,
Where man's departed steps are traced
But by his dust, amid the solitude.

And be it thus! What slave shall tread
O'er Freedom's ancient battle-plains?
Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
Where their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains:

Here, where the Persian clarion rang,
And where the Spartan sword flashed high,
And where the pæan strains were sung,
From year to year swelled on by liberty!

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,
Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,
Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven!

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave?
No vines festoon your lonely tree!
No harvest o'er your war-folds wave,
Till rushing winds proclaim, The land is free!

EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.

LETITIA E. LANDON.

Marathon was a village twenty miles northeast of Athens, on the plain of that name, between the mountains and the sea. Here, in the year 490 B. C., the Greeks under Miltiades, for the first time in a field-fight, defeated the Persians, an immense force of whom had invaded Greece. The tidings were swiftly borne to Athens by Eucles, and were received with the most demonstrative joy.

HE cometh from the purple hills,
Where fight has been to-day;
He bears the standard on his hand,—
Shout round the victor's way!

The sunset of a battle won
Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,
And fling them on his path;
Take from her braided hair
The flowers the maiden hath,
A welcome to the welcome one
Who hastens now from Marathon.

They crowd around his steps,
Rejoicing young and old;
The laurel branch he bears,
His glorious tale hath told,
The Persian's hour of pride is done;
Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brightened cheek;
She who all day hath wept
The wife and mother's tears
Where her youngest infant slept;
The heart is in her eyes alone,—
What careth she for Marathon?

But down on his threshold, down
Sinks the warrior's failing breath;
The tale of that mighty field
Is left to be told by Death.
'T is a common tale,—the victor's sun
Sets in tears and blood o'er Marathon.

THE POLITICAL DEMAGOGUE.

ARISTOPHANES.

The following extract, from an old Greek play called "The Knights," gives a vivid picture of the treatment a corrupt demagogue was likely to receive at the hands of the people, here represented by the chorus. It was a favorite device in the Greek drama to attack, under cover of satire, both public and private men, and the institutions of the State. This scene is laid in the market-place at Athens. The translation is Mr. Frere's.

CHORUS.—Close around him, and confound him, the confounder of us all;
Pelt him, pummel him, and maul him; rummage, ransack, overhaul him;
Overbear and outbawl him; bear him down and bring him under.
Bellow like a burst of thunder, "Robber! harpy! sink of plunder!
Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain, I repeat!
Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated."
Close around him, left and right, spit upon him, spurn and smite:
Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.
But beware, or he 'll evade you, for he knows the private track
Where Eucrates was seen escaping with his mill-dust on his back.

Cleon.—Worthy veterans of the jury, you that, either right or wrong,
With my threepenny provision I 've maintained and cherished long,
Come to my aid! I 'm here waylaid—assassinated and betrayed.

Chorus.—Rightly served! we served you rightly, for your hungry love of pelf;
For your gross and greedy rapine, gormandizing by yourself;
You that, ere the figs are gathered, pilfer with a privy twitch
Fat delinquents and defaulters, pulpy, luscious, plump, and rich:

Pinching, fingering, and pulling—tempering, selecting, culling,
With a nice survey discerning which are green and which are turning,
Which are ripe for accusation, forfeiture, and confiscation.
  Him, besides, the wealthy man, retired upon an easy rent,
Hating and avoiding party, noble-minded, indolent,
Fearful of official snares, intrigues, and intricate affairs;
Him you mark; you fix and hook him, while he 's gaping unawares;
At a fling, at once you bring him hither from the Chersonese,
Down you cast him, roast and baste him, and devour him at your ease.

Cleon.—Yes! assault, insult, abuse me! this is the return I find
For the noble testimony, the memorial I designed:
Meaning to propose proposals for a monument of stone,
On the which your late achievements should be carved and neatly done.

Chorus.—Out, away with him! the slave! the pompous, empty, fawning knave!
Does he think with idle speeches to delude and cheat us all,
As he does the doting elders that attend his daily call?
Pelt him here, and bang him there; and here, and there, and everywhere.

Cleon.—Save me, neighbors! O, the monsters! O, my side, my back, my breast!

Chorus.—What! you 're forced to call for help? you brutal, overpowering pest!

[*Cleon is pelted off the stage, pursued by the Chorus.*]

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

GEORGE CROLY.

One of the noblest characters of ancient history was Pericles, soldier, naval commander, statesman, and ruler. With his name is inseparably associated that of Aspasia, one of the most brilliant and beautiful women of her time, who lived with him, "not as a maiden, not as a wife." During their connection the house of Pericles was the centre of all the scholarship, distinction, and social and political power of Athens. She had great influence over him, and remained with him till his death, 429 B. C.

THIS was the ruler of the land,
  When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
  When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
  His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
  Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
  By nature's first great title—mind.

Resistless words were on his tongue,
  Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full-armed to life the portent sprung,

Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame:
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

GREECE:—1822.

JAMES GORDON BROOKS.

In 1820 the Greeks, although sadly degenerated from the classic standards, rose in rebellion against the unspeakable oppressions of the Turkish power. After nine years of struggle, marked by great barbarity on the part of the Turks and persistent courage on the side of the revolutionists, the independence of Greece was achieved, with the aid of some of the European powers. This poem depicts the situation in 1822.

LAND of the brave! where lie inurned
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burned
And blazed upon the battle's fray;—
Land where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore;—

Land of the muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rang,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sang,—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song!

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beamed on Marathon
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play:
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered, spear in rust:
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised, degraded, in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud chant of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom?
The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled;
And Fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead!
But 't is the dim, sepulchral light
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moonbeams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance!
Behold, thy banner waves afar;
Behold, the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief of high emprise,
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee, Greece, to rise
In might, in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!
His banner totters—see, it falls
In ruin, Freedom's battle-shroud!

Thy children have no soul to dare
Such deeds as glorified their sires;
Their valor 's but a meteor's glare
Which flames a moment, and expires.

Lost land, where Genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where Science raised her sacred fane,
Its summits peering to the sky,—
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky!
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And Freedom nevermore shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free!
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted;
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah, what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? be the combat our own!
And we 'll perish, or conquer more proudly alone;
For we 've sworn by our country's assaulters,

By the virgins they 've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us;
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we 've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or heighten your lives with its glory?
Our women—O say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we 've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lights up with emotion:
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon spring:
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
While our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Bozzaris was a Suliote, born in the mountains of Epirus, near the end of the last century. He was early engaged in conflict with the Turks, and became a leader in the outbreak of 1820. On the 20th of August, 1823, as the Turco-Albanian army lay encamped

upon the ancient battle-field of Platæa, it was surprised in a night attack by a greatly inferior force of Suliotes, and completely routed, with the loss of its camp, standards, and baggage. Bozzaris was struck down while bravely leading the charge. His remains were buried at Missolonghi, and his memory is honored by the title, "The Leonidas of Modern Greece." His last words were, "To die for Liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know or dream or fear
  Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And, in its hollow tones, are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
  We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Navarino, otherwise called Neo-Castro, is a fortified seaport on the southwest coast of Greece, holding an important position as commanding the entrance to the bay of the same name. During the Peloponesian war, a great battle was fought in this bay 425 B. C., between the Athenian and Spartan fleets, in which the former was victorious. The action celebrated in Mr. Campbell's poem, however, was fought Oct. 20, 1827, during the long struggle for independence, between the allied British, French, and Russian fleets, fighting for the Greeks, under Sir Edward Codrington, and the combined Turkish and Egyptian navies. The latter were defeated and practically annihilated, after a sharp action of four hours—the last important battle of the war.

HEARTS of oak that have bravely delivered the brave,
  And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'T was the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
  That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine:
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave,
  The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and toil,—
Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil?
No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
  The uprooter of Greece's domain!
When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
  Till her famished sank pale as the slain!

Yet, Navarin's heroes! does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of your deed?
Are they men?—let ineffable scorn be their meed,
  And oblivion shadow their graves!—
Are they women?—to Turkish serails let them speed,
  And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore!
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
  By the hand of Infanticide grasped?
And that, stretched on your billows distained by their gore,
  Missolonghi's assassins have gasped!

Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind
Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the wind,
And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
  Their watchword, Humanity's vow:
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
  Owes a garland to honor his brow!

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall
Came the hardy, rude Russ, and the high-mettled Gaul:
For whose was the genius that planned at its call
  Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
All were brave, but the star of success over all
  Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy dayspring, regenerate Greek,
Dimmed the Saracen's moon and struck pallid his cheek:
In its fast-flushing morning thy muses shall speak
  When their lore and their lutes they reclaim:
And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
  Shall be, "Glory to Codrington's name!"

TROY.

NEREUS'S PROPHECY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

HORACE.

Troy was one of the oldest cities inhabited by a people of Greek stock, or a closely allied race. It stood upon a plain called the Troad, in the northwest part of Asia Minor, near the Ægean sea, at the foot of a mountain range known by Homer as Mount Ida. The region is scarcely recognized in history except as the scene of a prolonged conflict between the Greeks and Trojans, about 1184 B. C., growing out of the flight of Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, with Paris, son of Priam, the Trojan monarch. In the following poem the Roman bard uses the example of the dire consequences of this conduct to warn Mark Antony of the probable results of his liason with Cleopatra. In the fifteenth line he designates the fascinating Helen as "Venus." Nereus, reputed author of the original warning to Paris, is fabled as a sea-god, son of Pontus and Earth.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd bore
The Spartan dame to Asia's shore,
Nereus the rapid winds oppressed,
And calmed them to unwilling rest,
That he might sing the dreadful fate
Which should their guilty loves await:
"Fatal to Priam's ancient sway,
You bear th' ill-omened fair away;
For soon shall Greece in arms arise,
Deep-sworn to break thy nuptial ties.
What toils do men and horse sustain!
What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
Pallas prepares the bounding car,
The shield and helm and rage of war.
Though proud of Venus' guardian care,
In vain you comb your flowing hair;
In vain you sweep th' unwarlike string,
And tender airs to females sing;
For though the dart may harmless prove
(The dart that frights the bed of love),
Though you escape the noise of fight,
Nor Ajax can o'ertake thy flight,
Yet shalt thou, infamous of lust,
Soil those adulterous hairs in dust.
Look back and see, with furious pace,
That ruin of the Trojan race,
Ulysses drives, and sage in years
Famed Nestor, hoary chief, appears.
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the field

And Sthenelus, in battle skilled;
Or skilled to guide with steady rein,
And pour his chariot o'er the plain.
Undaunted Merion shalt thou feel,
While Diomed with furious steel,
In arms superior to his sire,
Burns after thee with martial fire.
As when a stag at distance spies
A prowling wolf, aghast he flies,
Of pasture heedless, so shall you,
High panting, fly when they pursue.
Not such the promises you made,
Which Helen's easy heart betrayed;
Achilles' fleet with short delay
Vengeful protracts the fatal day,
But when ten rolling years expire,
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian fire."

THE FAREWELL OF AJAX.

SOPHOCLES.

Ajax, son of Telamon, was accounted bravest of the Greeks in the Trojan war, except Achilles. He accepted the challenge of the great Hector to any Greek to engage him in single combat, and retired from the indecisive contest with equal honor. He finally killed himself in mortification at his insane conduct, brought on by a quarrel with Ulysses over the arms of the dead Achilles. The blood flowing from his wound is fabled to have produced the hyacinth. This event furnishes the theme for the famous tragedy of Sophocles, "The Death of Ajax," from which the following is extracted, in Mr. Calverley's translation. It represents the farewell of the hero to his family, but is addressed to the chorus.

ALL strangest things the multitudinous years
Bring forth, and shadow from us all we know.
Falter alike great oath and steeled resolve;
And none shall say of aught, This may not be.
Lo! I myself, but yesterday as strong
As new-dipt steel, am weak and all unsexed
By yonder woman; yea, I mourn for them,
Widow and orphan, left amid their foes.
But I will journey seaward, where the shore
Lies meadow-fringed; so haply wash away
My sin, and flee that wrath that weighs me down,
And, lighting somewhere on an untrodden way,
I will bury this my sword, this hateful thing,
Deep in some earth-hole where no eye shall see,—
Night and hell keep it in the under-world!

For never to this day, since first I grasped
The gift that Hector gave, my bitterest foe,
Have I reaped aught of honor from the Greeks,
So true that by-word in the mouths of men,
"A foeman's gifts are no gifts, but a curse."
  Wherefore henceforward shall I know that God
Is great, and strive to honor Atreus' sons.
Princes they are and should be obeyed. How else?
Do not all terrible and piquant things
Yet bow to loftier majesties? The Winter,
Who walks forth scattering snows, gives place anon
To fruitage-laden Summer; and the orb
Of weary Night doth in her turn stand by,
And let shine out, with her white steeds, the Day:
Stern tempest-blasts at last sing lullaby
To groaning seas: even the arch-tyrant, Sleep,
Doth loose his slaves, nor hold them chained forever.
  And shall not mankind too learn discipline?
I know, of late experience taught, that him
Who is my foe I must but hate as one
Whom I may yet call friend: and him who loves me
Will I but serve and cherish as a man
Whose love is not abiding. Few be they
Who reaching friendship's port have there found rest.
  But, for these things they shall be well. Go thou,
Lady, within, and there pray that the gods
May fill unto the full my heart's desire;
And ye, my mates, do unto me with her
Like honor; bid young Teucer, if he comes,
To care for me, but to be your friend still.
For where my way leads, thither must I go.
Do ye my bidding; haply ye may hear,
Though now is my dark hour, that I have peace.

THE QUARREL OF AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLES.

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

During great part of the Trojan war, Achilles was engaged in attempts to destroy the resources of Priam by ravaging the tributary cities of Asia Minor. Among the spoils of Lyrnessus, one of these, he obtained the beautiful Briseis, while Agamemnon, at the reduction of Thebe, seized Chryseis, daughter of a priest of Apollo. Presently, when a pestilence prevailed in the Greek camps, Agamemnon was persuaded that it was sent by Apollo in revenge, and so sent back Chryseis, but took Briseis from Achilles. The consequent rage of the latter furnishes the motive of Homer's great poem, though its general design is to celebrate the glory of the Grecian leaders before Troy. The following episode of the quarrel is from the first book of the Iliad.

ACHILLES called the people of the camp
To council Juno, of the snow-white arms,
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
With sorrow that the men were perishing.
And when the assembly met and now was full,
Rose Calchas, son of Nestor, and the chief
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
And present and to come. He through the art
Of divination, which Apollo gave,
Had guided Ilionward the ships of Greece.
With words well-ordered warily he spoke:—
"Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me
Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
Will I make known his cause. But covenant thou,
And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
To bring me succor. For my mind misgives
That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
The Achaian race are subject, will be wrath.
A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,
And though he keep his choler down awhile,
It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart.
And now consider; wilt thou hold me safe?"
Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus:
"Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate'er
Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven."
Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on:
'T is not neglected vows or hecatombs
That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
To set his daughter free and to receive
Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
These woes upon us, and will send them still,
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
Freely and without ransom be restored
To her beloved father, and with her
A sacred hecatomb to Crysa sent.
So may we haply pacify the god."
Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes
Sparkled like fire; he fixed a menacing look

Full on the augur Calchas, and began:—
"Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight.
Good dost thou ne'er foretell nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem
The virgin child of Chryses. 'T was my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts.
Yet will I give her back, if that be best.
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense
Meantime be ready, that I be not left,
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize.
That were not seemly. All of you perceive
That now my share of spoil has passed from me."
To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied: "Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store? The trophies brought
From towns that we have sacked have all been shared
Among us, and we could not without shame
Bid every warrior bring his portion back.
Yield then the maiden to the god, and we,
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
Threefold and fourfold recompense, when Jove
Gives up to sack this well-defended Troy."
Then the king Agamemnon answered thus:
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
Godlike Achilles; thou hast not the power
To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
I shall sit idly down deprived of mine?"
Achilles, the swift-footed, with stern look,
Thus answered: "Ha, thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy?

I came not to this war because of wrong
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
No feud had I with them; they never took
My beeves or horses, nor, in Phthia's realm,
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest-fields.
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
Man unabashed! we follow thee that thou
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
Thou shameless one! and yet thou hast for this
Nor thanks nor care. * * * *
I never take an equal share with thee
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
The harder labor of the field in all
The tumult of the fight; but when the spoil
Is shared, the largest part is ever thine,
While I, content with little, seek my ships,
Weary with combat. I shall now go home
To Phthia; better were it to be there
With my beaked ships; but here where I am held
In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."
Him answered Agamemnon, king of men:
"Desert, then, if thou wilt; I ask thee not
To stay with me; there will be others left
To do me honor yet, and best of all,
The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern; thy delight
Is in contention, war, and bloody fray.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,
With all thy ships and men; there domineer
Over thy Myrmidons; I heed thee not,
Nor care I for thy fury."
The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spoke,
Grew fiercer; in that shaggy breast his heart
Took counsel—whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath
And master his own spirit. * * * .
And now again

Pelides, with opprobious words, bespoke
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath:
"Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer's heart! Thou never yet hast dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest,
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush,—such thy craven fear of death.
Better it suits thee, 'midst the mighty host
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize,
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule
A spiritless race, else this day's insolence,
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath,
By this my scepter, which can never bear
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains,—for the steel has pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more,—
And now the Achaian judges bear it,—they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter.—
Such is my oath,—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
While multitudes are perishing by the hand
Of Hector, the man-queller; thou, meanwhile,
Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help,
And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."
As thus he spoke, Pelides to the ground
Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.

COMBAT OF HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

This stirring passage, in which the death of the daring Trojan is recorded, is from the twenty-second book of the Iliad.

HE spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang, as when an eagle high in heaven,
Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain,
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare.
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,

Before him. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. * * *

And then the crested Hector faintly said,
"I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs
To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.
Accept abundant store of brass and gold,
Which gladly will my father and the queen,
My mother, give in ransom. Send to them
My body that the warriors and the dames
Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown,—
"Nay, by my knees entreat them not, thou cur,
Nor by my parents. I could even wish
My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh
In fragments and devour it, such the wrong
That I have had from thee. There will be none
To drive away the dogs about thy head,
Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me
Tenfold and twenty-fold the offered gifts,
And promise others,—not though Priam, sprung
From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.
Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,
To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth;
But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."

And then the crested Hector, dying, said,—
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake

The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."
Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The night of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate,—
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.

ULYSSES AT TROY.

HOMER.

This passage from the Odyssey, translated somewhat freely by Dr. Maginn, forms one of his "Homeric Ballads." See also Mr. Tennyson's "Ulysses," in the next preceding division of this volume.

OH! were I as young and as fresh and as strong
As when under Troy, brother soldiers among,
In ambush as captains were chosen to lie
Odysseus and King Menelaus and I!

They called me as third, and I came at the word,
And reached the high walls that the citadel gird;
When under the town we in armor lay down
By a brake in the marshes with weeds overgrown.
The night came on sharp, bleak the north wind did blow,
And frostily cold fell a thick shower of snow.

Soon with icicles hoar every shield was frozen o'er;
But they who their cloaks and their body-clothes wore
The night lightly passed, secure from the blast,
Asleep with their shields o'er their broad shoulders cast;
But I, like a fool, had my cloak left behind,
Not expecting to shake in so piercing a wind.

My buckler and zone—nothing more—had I on;
But when the third part of the night-watch was gone,
And the stars left the sky, with my elbow then I
Touched Odysseus, and spoke to him, lying close by:
"Noble son of Laertes, Odysseus the wise,
I fear that alive I never shall arise.

"In this night so severe but one doublet I wear—
Deceived by a god—and my cloak is not here,
And no way I see from destruction to flee."
But soon to relieve me a project had he.

In combat or council still prompt was his head,
And into my ear thus low-whispering he said:

"Let none of the band this your need understand;
Keep silent." Then, resting his head on his hand,—
"Friends and comrades of mine," he exclaimed, "as a sign,
While I slept has come o'er me a dream all divine.
It has warned me how far from the vessels we lie,
And that some one should go for fresh force to apply;

"And his footsteps should lead, disclosing our need
To King Agamemnon, our chieftain, with speed."
Thoas rose as he spoke, flung off his red cloak,
And running, his way with the message he took;
While, wrapt in his garment, I pleasantly lay
Till the rise of the golden-throned queen of the day.

"If I now were as young and as fresh and as strong,
Perhaps here in the stables you swine-herds among
Some a mantle would lend, as the act of a friend,
Or from the respect that on worth should attend;
But small is the honor, I find, that is paid
To one who, like me, is so meanly arrayed."

MACEDON.

CAUBUL.

REV. EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

Alexander's conquests were pushed across Asia even to the Punjab, or Land of the Five Rivers, in Northern India, where he established Greek colonies, turning back only at the Hyphasis, or modern Sutlej. One division of his army marched through the present Afghanistan, traversing that part now known as Cabul or Caubul, of which Cabul is the chief city, which may have been founded by Alexander. This place has a specially ill-starred name in English history, as the scene of an insurrection and several murders of officials in 1841–42, which led to the total destruction of a large British force, and also where the massacre of the British Resident, Sir Louis Cavagnari, and many others, occurred in September, 1879.



LAND of dreams and legendary song,
Strange are the wonders they of fabling story
Tell of thy haunted scenery! Far along
The maze of thousand years through gloom and glory,
Like some wild landscape wrapt in vapors hoary,
The eye must wander, ere it reach the time,
Ye Eastern shores, where mystery hung not o'er ye;
Dim forms sweep looming through the mists of crime,
Or stand in light appareled on those hills sublime.

And ever as I pondered, empires vast
Rose on my view, and vanished as they came;
And heroes meteor-like before me passed,
Their pathway dimmed with blood and tracked by flame:
Yet fell they all in darkness. Haply Fame
Shed transient tears for them; but soon there shone
Another star far flashing, and the same
Brief tale was told,—and ever and anon
Though gleaming high as heaven, I looked, and they were gone.

But one there was, whose dazzling train of fire
Startled the sleeping night in her repose;
The blue heavens kindled as he passed, the choir
Of stars was troubled. From afar he rose,
Where in the evening light there faintly glows
Mild radiance o'er the hills of Macedon;
And rushing forth, despite a nation's throes,
Through blood and breaking hearts and sorrows wan,
To Persia's confines drove his stormy chariot on.

Thy rugged passes, Caubul, saw that host,
As with glad banners to the breezes flung,
Slow winding, o'er thy mountain range it crossed:
And thy wild air heard victor pæans sung,
And strange, sweet accents of entrancing tongue.
He lingered not: the far-off, fabulous sea
He saw, and smiled: but Fate above him hung:
He fettered all the earth, yet was not free:
All nations bowed to him; he bowed, O Death, to thee.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

JOHN DRYDEN.

The history of Macedon, or Macedonia, is mainly that of Philip II., a courageous and enterprising sovereign, who ascended to the throne 359 B. C., and of his more famous son, Alexander II., surnamed the Great. Alexander was but sixteen years of age when, 340 B. C., he was temporarily left in charge of the government, while his father marched against Byzantium. At the celebrated battle of Chæronea, two years later, he exhibited remarkable bravery and skill in overthrowing the Thebans. In his twentieth year he ascended the throne, and was at once appointed to the place of Philip, as the head of the allied Greeks, about to march against Persia. His subsequent wonderful career of conquest is among the most familiar tales of ancient history. But the young victor soon fell into debauchery, and after many excesses died of illness induced by a drunken bout at Babylon, 323 B. C., in his thirty-second year. The great empire he had erected soon fell to pieces. The following noble poem is based upon the firing of Persepolis,—the Persian capital, and one of the wonders of the world, whose very ruins still are splendid,—at the instigation of Thaïs, a beautiful Athenian courtesan. It was a deed of which he was very much ashamed, when he returned to his senses.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty Love!
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound;
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
* * * * * * *
Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And, while he Heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse,
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sank upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Had raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!
These are the Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew;
Behold, how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

PERSIA.

THE PERSIAN INVASION UNDER XERXES.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Many of the most stirring passages of Persian history are associated with the life and deeds of Xerxes I., sometimes called Xerxes the Great, the most powerful monarch of his time. His rule began 485 B. C. About five years were spent in raising and equipping an immense army for the conquest of Greece, in cutting a canal through the isthmus of Athos, for the passage of his fleet, and building a bridge of boats for the Hellespont. Finally he took the field in the year 480, with about two and a third millions of warriors, if Herodotus is to be credited, and at least an equal number of camp-followers. His discomfiture and retreat have already been noticed, in the division of this book relating to Greece. The following inscription is a choral song, strophe and antistrophe, in the old Greek drama of "The Persians."

ALREADY o'er the adverse strand
In arms the monarch's martial squadrons spread;
The threatening ruin shakes the land,
And each tall city bows its towered head.
Bark bound to bark, their wondrous way
They bridge across the indignant sea;
The narrow Hellespont's vexed waves disdain,
His proud neck taught to bear the chain.
Now has the peopled Asia's warlike lord,
By land, by sea, with foot, with horse,
Resistless in his rapid course,
O'er all their realms his warring thousands poured;
Now his intrepid chiefs surveys,
And glittering like a god his radiant state displays.

Fierce as the dragon scaled in gold
Through the deep files he darts his glowing eye:
And pleased their order to behold,
His joyous standard blazing to the sky,
Rolls onward his Assyrian car,
Directs the thunder of the war,
Bids the winged arrows' iron storm advance
Against the slow and cumbrous lance.
What shall withstand the torrent of his sway?
When dreadful o'er the yielding shores
The impetuous tide of battle roars,
And sweeps the weak opposing mounds away?
So Persia with resistless might
Rolls her unnumbered hosts of heroes to the fight.

XERXES AT THE HELLESPONT.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

As the host of Xerxes was filing along the great bridge over the Hellespont, the king is said to have wept to think that within a single century not one of the vast concourse would be still among living men. His bridge having been broken by a storm, he foolishly caused its waters to be lashed with scourges, and fetters to be thrown into them, in token of their subjugation to his will.

"CALM is now that stormy water—it has learned to fear my wrath:
Lashed and fettered, now it yields me for my hosts an easy path!"
Seven long days did Persia's monarch on the Hellespontine shore,
Throned in state, behold his armies without pause defiling o'er;
Only on the eighth the rearward to the other side were past,—
Then one haughty glance of triumph far as eye could reach he cast.
Far as eye could reach he saw them, multitudes equipped for war—
Medians with their bows and quivers, linkèd armor and tiar:
From beneath the sun of Afric, from the snowy hills of Thrace,
And from India's utmost borders, nations gathered in one place:
At a single mortal's bidding all this pomp of war unfurled—
All in league against the freedom and the one hope of the world.

"What though once some petty trophies from my captains thou hast won,
Think not, Greece, to see another such a day as Marathon:
Wilt thou dare await the conflict, or in battle hope to stand,
When the lord of sixty nations takes himself his cause in hand?
Lo! they come, and mighty rivers, which they drink of once, are dried,
And the wealthiest cities beggared, that for them one meal provide.
Powers of number by their numbers infinite are overborne,
So I measure men by measure, as a husbandman his corn.
Mine are all,—this sceptre sways them,—mine is all in every part!"
And he named himself most happy, and he blessed himself in heart—
Blessed himself, but on that blessing tears abundant followed straight,
For that moment thoughts came over him of man's painful brief estate.
Ere a hundred years were finished, where would all those myriads be?
Hellespont would still be rolling his blue waters to the sea;
But of all those countless numbers, not one living would be found—
A dead host with their dead monarch, silent in the silent ground.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

I SAW him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;

He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
  Was covered with his fleet;
On earth,—and saw from east to west
  His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
  The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king!

I saw him next alone: nor camp
  Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
  With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
  He who with Heaven contended
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind, the foe; before, the wave.

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
  Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
  For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
  Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

HARMOSAN.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

The incident celebrated in the ensuing lines belongs to a much later period of Persian history—to the struggles against the followers of Mahomet, who were carrying into this ancient land their well-known alternative, "The Koran, or the sword!"

NOW the third and fatal conflict
For the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor
  Had the crowning victory won.
Harmosan, the last and boldest
  The invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers,
  They were bringing forth to die.
Then exclaimed that noble captive,
  "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water,
  And let then arrive the worst!"
In his hand he took the goblet,
  But a while the draught forebore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose
  Of the foeman to explore.
Well might then have paused the bravest—
  For around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons
  Did that lonely man inclose.
"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph;
  "Is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems
  No such treacherous dealings know.
Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely,
  For thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water;—
  This reprieve is thine—no more!"
Quick the satrap dashed the goblet
  Down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever,
  Lost amid the burning sand.
"Thou hast said that mine my life is,
  Till the water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants
  That spilled water gather up!"
For a moment stood the caliph

As by doubtful passions stirred,—
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred
Must remain a monarch's word;
Bring another cup, and straightway
To the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish,—
Now I bid thee drink and live!"

PARTHIA.

PARTHIA.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Parthians, occupying an Asiatic country near the southeastern end of the Caspian sea, made little figure in history until 250 B. C., when Parthia became an independent kingdom under the Arsacidæ. Its capital was Hecatompylos ("city of a hundred gates"), now called Damgan. It became a strong and flourishing empire, and maintained itself until 214 A. D., when it was overthrown by the Persians under the Sassanidæ. Mr. Young's poem, of which we have here but the opening stanzas, is quite elaborate, and covers the whole field of Parthian history. It may be read in full with much interest and profit.

O PARTHIA! Parthia! thou art fallen now;
The glory of thy fame hath passed away.
The wreath of honor once bedecked thy brow,
And thou wert mighty in thy proud array;
The minstrels sung, in their heroic lay,
The praise and prowess of thy rising fame,
And nations round beheld thee with dismay
Convoke thy mighty men, whose highest aim
Should be to tell the world the dread of Parthia's name.

Time was when thou, unseen to human eye,
Lay hid and silent in the womb of Fate,
Till with aspiring wing careering high,
Thou burst the bondage of thy prison gate,
And in the majesty of regal state
Came forth to conquer, and to "sit a queen;"
To join thy counsels with the good and great,
Who graced thy retinue with courtly mien,
And bade thee rule in peace, where despots long had been.

Bright was the dawning of that fated day
Which saw thee marshaled in gigantic might,
Which saw thee drive the proud Seleucidæ
In noble triumph from the field of fight:
So falls the avalanche from Alpine height,
And so fell they that thou might'st reap the prize;
So on the footsteps of retiring night
The glorious beams of morning sun arise,
To bless a grateful world with more congenial skies.

ROME.

ROME ENTERED.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE loud Vitura rings along the way,
White as the road with dust. The purple day,
O'er Monte Mario, died from off the dome,
And, lo! the first star leads us into Rome.

Oh, glorious city! Through the deepening shade
A thousand heroes, like the gods arrayed,
And bards, with laurel rustling on their hair,
Walk proudly and speak grandly, till the air
Is full of solemn majesty, and night
Is half-way robbed by temples marble white.
Yon tramping steeds and yonder glittering wheel
Chariot a Cæsar, while the commonweal
Greets him with pæans, and we proudly march
On toward the Forum. The triumphal arch,
Burning with banners, and the murmuring street,
Deep-strewn with roses, till the air is sweet
With floating odors. How the heralds blow
Their wild, delirious trumpets, notes that go
Like swift flames soaring with the fiery tune,
Bursting from clarions blazing in the noon!

Whence come we? from what conquest? with what spoil?
Whence are these captives, bleeding as they toil
Under our load of trophies? Whips and groans,
And blood, that shames the rose leaves on the stones
For depth of crimson! And the dew of tears
Blistering the noonday dust! O'ercome with years,
And toil, and grief, there drops the wayworn slave
Under the horses; and the conquering wave,
Above his carcass, pours its glorious flood
Down through the Forum in a path of blood,
Roaring with triumph! Do I wake or sleep?
Thank Heaven! 't was but a dream; a ruined heap
The house of Cæsar and of Nero lies!
And o'er the golden wall the owlet nightly cries.

ROME.

LORD BYRON.

THE Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now,
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
But when some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

URBS SACRA ÆTERNA.

OSCAR WILDE.

ROME! what a scroll of history thine has been!
In the first days thy sword republican
Ruled the whole world for many an age's span:
Then of thy peoples thou wert crownèd queen,
Till in thy streets the bearded Goth was seen;
And now upon thy walls the breezes fan
(Ah, city crowned by God, discrowned by man!)
The hated flag of red and white and green.
When was thy glory? when in search for power
Thine eagles flew to greet the double sun,
And all the nations trembled at thy rod?
Nay, but thy glory tarried for this hour,
When pilgrims kneel before the Holy One,
The prisoned shepherd of the Church of God.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

STOP on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campagna,—
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella!
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin, thy curse remains.

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust: the Goths are dust,
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king;
My tomb remains.
When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metellus' wife;
I loved him,—and I died.

Then with slow patience built he this memorial:
Each century marks his love.
Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base:
Deep in its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

HORATIUS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

The following is the first of the famous historian's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Mr. Macaulay represents it as written about one hundred and twenty years after the war

between Etruria and Rome, say 513 B. C. He mentions the story as a legend, and the later historians hold that the facts have been much distorted. But there is no doubt that, notwithstanding the desperate bravery of Horatius Cocles and his comrades at the Sulpician bridge, Porsenna (commonly now so spelt) reduced the city, and ruled it with the utmost severity, even forbidding the Romans to use any iron except for implements of husbandry. He was soon after defeated and slain at Aricia, another Latin city; when Rome recovered her independence. At the time celebrated in this ballad, Porsenna was chief of the twelve Etruscan cities.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more;
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.
East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

* * * * * * *

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.
For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

* * * * * * *

Now from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.
To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor horse, nor fence, nor dove-cote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.
I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.
They held a council standing
Before the river gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."
Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,

And saw the swarthy storm of dust
  Rise fast along the sky.
* * * * * * *
Fast by the royal standard,
  O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
  Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame.
But when the face of Sextus
  Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
  From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
  But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
  And shook its little fist.
But the Consul's brow was sad,
  And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
  And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
  Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
  What hope to save the town?"
Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
  And the temples of his Gods,
And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
  That wrought the deed of shame?
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
  May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
  A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
  Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee."
"Horatius," quoth the consul,
  "As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.
* * * * * * *
Now while the Three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.
Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
  Rank behind rank, like surges bright,
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,

Rolled slowly towards the bridge's
head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.
The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords
they drew
And lifted high their shields and flew
To win the narrow way;
Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with
towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.
Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.
Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered
men,
Along Albinia's shore.
Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."
But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.
But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.
He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"
Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet
too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his
thigh:

The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.
He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.
And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.
On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucomo comes next,
To taste our Roman cheer?"
But at this haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.
But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three;
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.
Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.
Yet one man for a moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."
Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.
But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back ere the ruin fall!"
Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.
And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.
Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."
Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:
"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.
No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.
But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.
Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.
"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus:
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."
And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.
They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,

As much as two strong oxen
  Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.
It stands in the Comitium,
  Plain for all folk to see,
Horatius in his harness,
  Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
  In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.
And still his name sounds stirring
  Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
  To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
  For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
  In the brave days of old.
And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;
When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;
When the goodman mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume,
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

VIRGINIA.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Virginia was daughter of Virginius, a centurion in the earlier days of Rome. Appius Claudius was one of the Decemvirs. "The story ran," says Mr. Macaulay, "that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependant of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death." This lay is supposed to have been sung in the Forum on the day when Licinius and Sextius were elected tribunes the fifth time, A. U. C. 382. The tragedy is dated about 459 B. C.

YE good men of the commons,
  With loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes
  That still have stood by you,
Come make a circle round me,
  And mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne,
  Of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable
  Of fountains running wine,

Of maids with snaky tresses,
  Or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum,
  Under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people,
  The bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us
  Who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago,
  When the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten
  Still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten
  Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum
  Like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him,
  Six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left,
  And eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth,
  Which alway seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn,
  Marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet
  But wished the Commons ill:
Nor lacks he fit attendance:
  For close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace,
  The client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed,
  Be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek,
  For aught his lord may say.
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire
  Among the lying Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot
  When brave Licinius speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey,
  The buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion,
  The raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats,
  The greedy pike ye see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found,
  Such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink
  In a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star,
  A fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand,
  And her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school,
  Nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes
  She innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned
  To blush at gaze of man;

And up the Sacred Street she turned,
  And, as she danced along,
She warbled gayly to herself
  Lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes
Came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece,
  Under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark,
  When up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn,
  To meet the morning's light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice,
  And saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love
  Of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum,
  And up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip
  Of those small glancing feet.

* * * * * * *

Over the Alban mountains
The light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills
Curled the thin wreaths of smoke;
The city gates were opened;
The Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers
Was humming like a hive;
Blithely on brass and timber
The craftsmen's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers
The market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia
Came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia,
The sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand,
And her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school,
Nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining
With stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot
Whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came;
Not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heel,
With the true client smile;
He came with lowering forehead,
Swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path,
And caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden,
And screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left
The folk came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus,
With his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth
Glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna,
Grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher,
His cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder;
For all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day,
All kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna
Gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back,
And let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him,
And growled, in harsh, fell tone,
"She 's mine, and I will have her:
I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house,
And stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness,
Ere she was twelve years old.
'T was in the sad September,
The month of wail and fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn;
The Consul died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius;
I waited on his sire;
Let him who works the client wrong
Beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus;
And dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound
Of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune
To speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble,
And guards the poor man's right.
There was no brave Licinius,
No honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear,
Obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus
Again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt,
And sobbed and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers

The young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown,
And smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column,
By many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three moldering helmets,
Three rusting swords are hung,
And beckoned to the people,
And in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words
Which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles,
Now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites,
Or be forever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws?
For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought
On Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red
The axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand
Hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race
That stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord,
Crouch to the wicked Ten?
O for that ancient spirit
Which curbed the Senate's will!
O for the tents which in old time
Whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers
Stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury;
They tamed the Fabian pride;
They drove the fiercest Quinctius
An outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius
With shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us
Our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years
Was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud patricians!
The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honors—'t was in vain:
For freedom—'t is no more.
No crier to the polling
Summons the eager throng:
No Tribune breathes the word of might
That guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high,
Sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—
Ye have them:—keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets;
Still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair,
The car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts,
And, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil
Which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer,
Which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away
The substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors
Bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment
Be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes;
No air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs,
And holes for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters;
Bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up
Unto your cruel hate.
But, by the shades beneath us,
And by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate

Your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies,
Whose spotless lineage springs
From consuls, and high pontiffs,
And ancient Alban kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths
To set their tender feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn
Upon the wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors
Their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odors,
And shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor plebeian
His single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter,
Of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all
That his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets
Even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty
Swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold
An unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong,
The unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel,
The sluggard's blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled,
Ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour,
How much the wretched dare.

* * * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid
A little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood,
Piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low, dark archway,
Where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer
The gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block
Had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up,
And hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim,
And his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake,
"Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling!
Though stern I sometimes be!
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so.
Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me!
How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold
When I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure
To see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up,
And brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—
Yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needle-work, thy prattle,
Thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth,
Or smile when I return,
Or watch beside an old man's bed,
Or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest
Within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth
Of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile,
Must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice,
The silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points
His eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief,
Like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems
That, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair
One fearful refuge left.

He little deems that in this hand
I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,
The portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil,
That passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not,
Which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more,
And give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl,
There is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel,
And smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth,
And with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment,
All people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum
Was stillness as of death;
And in another moment
Brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians
Were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces
Shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech,
And some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist,
If life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast,
And strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched;
For never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight
Against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed,
He shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space
With the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,
Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat,
And held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom,
Avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you,
Do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius
Hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you with Appius Claudius
And all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child,
And turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance
To where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan,
And then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place
Unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius:
"Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper
To the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients;
But none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors;
But they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press
His way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude
Fell back to right and left,
And he hath passed in safety
Unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp
What deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people
Was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled

With that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body
Gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest
And dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it
With many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her,
And gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore
The Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried,
"What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home,
That hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place,
And fetch the corpse away!"
The voice of grief and fury
Till then had not been loud;
But a deep, sullen murmur
Wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before
The whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog
But half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word,
Tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs
Went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day
Of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum
Was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing,
The howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill,
Beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body,
Where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest
And dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast,
Low whispers, and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches,
And girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce
To where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve
Torn limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back,
Blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters,
And raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip,
And the blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand,
And thrice he strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing Forum
Set up a frightful yell:
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done,
And hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves
Must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes!
Down with the wicked Ten!"
And straightway, thick as hailstones,
Came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds,
All round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius
Great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet
Brave against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not,
We own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one,
Have borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli,
His triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy,
Live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft
Have Gaul and Tuscan bowed,
And Rome may bear the pride of him
Of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius
Shrinks from a stricken field,

And changes color like a maid
  At sight of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won
  Within the city towers,
The Claudian yoke was never pressed
  On any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild-cat,
  Springs ever at the face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar
  Against the shouting chase;
But the vile Claudian litter,
  Raging with currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run,
  Still runs from those who smite
So now 't was seen of Appius.
  When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands,
  And smote upon his thigh.
"Kind clients, honest lictors,
  Stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn to pieces?
  Home, home, the nearest way!"
While yet he spake, and looked around
  With a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks
  Beneath the curule chair;
And fourscore clients on the left,
  And fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves,
  And loins girt up for fight.
But though without or staff or sword,
  So furious was the throng
That scarce the train with might and main
  Could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him;
  Five times they seized his gown;
Small chance was his to rise again,
  If once they got him down;
And sharper came the pelting,
  And evermore the yell—
"Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!"—
  Rose with a louder swell:
And the chair tossed as tosses
  A bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic
  Beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks
  Are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-cape has donned
  His veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth,
  And one beneath the ear;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine
  He swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont
  To hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down,
  And swayed from side to side;
And when his stout retainers
  Had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake
  Of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day,
  So may his grandson be!
God send Rome one such other sight,
  And send me there to see!

REGULUS BEFORE THE SENATE.

REV. THOMAS DALE.

Regulus was consul of the republic 267 B. C., and again in 256. In the first Punic war he had unbroken success at the head of a large army in the Carthaginian country; but was totally defeated and captured in a great battle at the present site of Tunis He remained in the hands of the enemy for five years, and was then sent to Rome with an embassy soliciting peace. He gave his parole to return to captivity if the mission were

unsuccessful, and then, as recited below, urged the Senate to refuse all the Carthaginian proposals. He was strongly incited to break his parole, but returned to Carthage, and is said there to have been put to death by the disappointed and enraged rulers, with horrible tortures. The historical critics, however, have pretty satisfactorily shown this part of the favorite old story to be untrue.

URGE me no more; your prayers are vain;
And even the tears ye shed:
When I can lead to Rome again
The bands that once I led;
When I can raise your legions slain
On swarthy Libya's fatal plain,
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will I seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death,
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like venomed serpents wreath
Round every limb: if lip and eye
Betrayed no sign of agony,
Inly I cursed my breath:
Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
The only wretch that could not die?

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's fighting doom
I recked not; could they chain the mind,
Or plunge the soul in gloom?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth, I thought, to die;
Oh! in that thought was ecstasy!

But no! kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a conquered slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed, perchance, my haughtier mood
Was quelled by chains and solitude;
That he who once was brave—
Was I not brave?—had now become
Estranged from honor, as from Rome.

They bade me to my country bear
The offers these have borne;
They would have trained my lips to swear,
Which never yet have sworn.
Silent their base commands I heard,
At length I pledged a Roman's word,
Unshrinking, to return.
I go, prepared to meet the worst,
But I shall gall proud Carthage first.

They sue for peace; I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear;
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War—ceaseless war—declare.
Fools as they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy
The struggles of despair?
Else had they sent this wasted frame
To bribe you to your country's shame?

Your land—(I must not call it mine;
No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,
And even his father's grave—
But this not now)—beneath her lies
Proud Carthage and her destinies:
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours; she knows it well, and you
Shall know, and make her feel it too.

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me;

Ye know no longer it is hers,
  The empire of the sea;
Ye know her fleets are far and few;
Her bands, a mercenary crew;
  And Rome, the bold and free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me;
  My vows were heard on high;
Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,
  For I return to die.
Then tell me not of hope or life;
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
  No smiling progeny;
One word concentres for the slave—
Wife, children, country, *all*—THE GRAVE.

MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

MRS. CHILD.

At last was realized the long desire of Cato the Censor, who was wont to close all his speeches in the Senate with the words, "For the rest, I vote that Carthage must be destroyed." After three great wars, maintained at intervals from 264 to 146 B. C., the city was finally taken in the latter year by Scipio, the second Africanus, destroyed by fire, and the plow driven over its site. It was subsequently rebuilt by Augustus; but has been a ruin since its destruction by the Arabs under Hassan, 647 A. D. The ensuing lines depict the reflections of Marius, the famous Roman general, after he was driven to Africa by the adherents of Sulla in the civil war, about 88 B. C., as he sat amid the remains of the once powerful city. The governor of the district, which was now under the Roman power, hearing of his presence, had sent word that unless he departed he would be treated as a public enemy. To which the brave but defeated Roman replied, "Go and tell him that you have seen the exile, Marius, sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
  Fanes quiver in the air;
A prostrate city is thy seat,
  And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
  Though ruin is around thee;
Thy eyebeam burns as proudly now
  As when the laurel crowned thee.

It can not bend thy lofty soul,
  Though friends and fame depart;
The car of Fate may o'er thee roll,
  Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
  Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch and dark clouds lower,
  Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life
  May melt like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,
  Like Carthage in decay;

And proud hopes in the human heart
  May be to ruin hurled,
Like mouldering monuments of art
  Heaped on a sleeping world:

Yet there is something will not die,
  Where life hath once been fair;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high;
  Some Roman lingers there!

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

MRS. MOLLIE MITCHELL.

Spartacus the Thracian, originally a shepherd and then a bandit-chief, became leader in a formidable insurrection of slaves which broke out in Southern Italy 73 B. C. He was captured and confined in the training-school for gladiators, at Capua. A plan to escape was formed, which was discovered, although about seventy, including Spartacus, got away, recruited their numbers to a great army, of which he was head, defeated the Romans in several battles, and finally marched on Rome. He was compelled by his followers to retreat, however, and after a series of reverses fell in battle, fighting with heroic bravery. Mr. Kellogg's prose version of his supposed speech at Capua is well known, and has long been a favorite choice for declamation. The following is a poetic adaptation from the same.

THERE had been rejoicing in the gay Capuan town;
Her hero had returned with victorious renown;
Her festive halls re-echoed the exultant shout again,
Till darkness hovered o'er the bright Italian plain.

But the pæan was hushed, the wild revelry o'er,
And Numidia's fierce lion had silenced his roar;
As the fair city shone in the moon's soft light,
Not a loiterer broke the deep stillness of night.

Near the silent arena, where rose on that day
The cry of approval or laugh of the gay,
Was clustered a band of those aliens from Greece—
Rome's captives of war, her bondmen in peace.

And their leader thus spake to the downtrodden band;
"I was not always a slave in this barbarous land—
The murderous vassal of patrician Rome—
No, Thracia's vine-robed hills were once my quiet home.

"Ye call me a chief; ye judge well of my power,
For who hath known Spartacus ever to cower?
My forefathers came from old Sparta's rude plains,
And the blood of her heroes still courses my veins.

"My childhood ran calm as the brooklet which strayed
Through the valleys where I in sweet innocence played,
And a musical flute charmed the hours away
When my labors were o'er at the closing of day.

"One eve 'neath the myrtle that shadowed our cot
My grandsire told how the Spartans once fought,
And my young blood chilled at the terrible story
Which Greece deemed the height of her martial glory.

"Ah! little did I in my shepherd-cot know
How relentless could be an implacable foe!
E'en the mother who fondly caressed me that night
Was a victim ere morn of Rome's cruel might.

"Yes, the war-horse trampled that warm mother's breast,
To which I was so oft in my infancy prest,
While I saw in dismay the bruised form of my sire
Consigned with our home to the merciless fire.

"And this day, as I stood where applause rang high,
I saw a loved friend of my boyhood die.
Yes, die! and by me was this young Thracian slain;
He knew me and smiled in the midst of his pain.

"The same smile he wore as we scaled the proud peak
In our childhood the bright fruits of summer to seek;
Too well I remembered that dear face again,
Though writhing in death and distorted by pain.

"I pleaded,—aye, beseeched,—as I knelt in the dust,
That the prætor to me might this comrade entrust;
As he 'd been my companion, true-hearted and brave,—
But he drew back in scorn from th' approach of a slave.

"And this answer he gave me, in tones of derision;
'None are noble save men of the Roman nation;'
While matron and vestals thought it merry, forsooth,
That Rome's chief gladiator should tremble at death.

"Ah, Rome, thou hast taught the mild shepherd to wield
With a dexterous hand thy grim falchion and shield;
He 'll reward thee again till the Tiber runs red
With the blood that shall flow from thy noblest dead.

"And ye, fellow-bondmen, has the Grecian pride fled
That once fired the hearts of our Spartan dead?
But list to yon lion's menacing roar;
He may feast on your strength ere the morrow is o'er.

"Then let 's flee to the mountains where Liberty reigns,
Spurning despotic power or Slavery's chains,
And show these vile tyrants how a Thracian can die,
When our band shall their helmeted legions defy.

"And should Lentulus' minions o'erpower us in strife
'T will be triumph compared to this hireling life,
For remember, O countrymen! friends of my home,
That death is a boon to the bond-slave of Rome."

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON.

LUCAN.

The famous incident of the passage of the Rubicon by Julius Cæsar, to which later legends have lent much dramatic interest, occurred B. C. 49, during the second civil war at Rome. Cæsar was declared a public enemy, and the consuls, both of them creatures of Pompey, who was virtually head of the state, were invested with dictatorial powers. The great Julius, then governing his province at Ravenna with a single legion, at once resolved to take the offensive, and committed the overt act of invasion by crossing the Rubicon, a small stream in Central Italy, then separating his province from Italy, and soon became sole master of the situation. The following extract from Latin poetry, commemorating the event, appears here in the translation of Nicholas Rowe.

NOW Cæsar, marching swift, with wingèd haste
The summits of the frozen Alps had passed;
The vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought,
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he surveyed the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image reared,
Trembling and sad the matron form appeared:
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke:
"Presumptuous men! O, whither do you run?
O, whither bear ye these mine ensigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are ye come."
She said, and sunk within the closing shade.
Astonishment and dread the chief invade.
Stiff rose his starting hair; he stood dismayed,
And on the bank his slackening steps were stayed.
"O thou," at length he cried, "whose hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who, from the capitol's exalted height,
Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line,
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!

Thou Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came
Thine Alban temple and thy Latial name;
And thou, immortal, sacred Vestal Flame!
But chief,—O, chiefly thou, majestic Rome,
My first, my great divinity, to whom,
Thy still successful Cæsar, am I come;
Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage;
On him thy hate, on him thy curse, bestow,
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my toil,
O, favor thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile!"
He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursued his way.
So when on sultry Lybia's desert sand
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,
Couched on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury rise;
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides.
Then if at length the flying dart infest,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning at the hostile Moor.
While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.
His bank on either side a limit stands
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the winter torrent grows,
For wetting winds had thawed the Alpine snows,
And Cynthia, rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course,
First plunged amidst the flood the bolder horse;
With strength opposed against the stream they lead,
While to the smoother ford the foot with ease succeed.
The leader now had passed the torrent o'er,
And reached fair Italy's forbidden shore;
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
"Here, farewell, peace and injured laws," he said;
"Since faith is broke and leagues are set aside,

Henceforth thou, Goddess Fortune, art my guide,
Let fate and war the great event decide."

CÆSAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY'S HEAD.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Pompey the Great, born 106 B. C., became a soldier at seventeen, and thus early exhibited remarkable courage and energy. He took active part on Sulla's side in the great civil war, and was at last, when scarcely more than twenty years old, given the conduct of the war against Marius in Africa and Sicily. On his return to Rome after complete success he received the title of *Magnus*, or "the Great." He was conspicuous in the defeat of Spartacus and in many other military affairs. At thirty-six he was made consul with Crassus. Three times, returning from victories, he made triumphal entry into Rome. At last the civil war with Cæsar occurred, in which Pompey was signally defeated at Pharsalia 48 B. C. He escaped to Egypt, but was treacherously murdered as he landed. His head, cut off, was taken to Cæsar, who took no delight in the tragedy, but rather lamented it, and caused the murderer to be put to death.

"O THOU conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?—
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honorable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures?—to a boy
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation,—nay, thy noble friend,—
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee—
In soft, relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee,—
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy. * * * *
Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him."

THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

PROPERTIUS.

Actium is a promontory upon the west coast of Greece, with a town of the same name upon it. They stand at the entrance of the ancient Ambraciot or Phœbus's bay, now the Gulf of Arta, a position of much strategic importance. Here, Sept. 2, 31 B. C., was fought the great sea-fight between the Roman fleet under Octavian, afterwards Augustus Cæsar, and that of Mark Antony, who was supported by his paramour Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, with a smaller fleet. Immense armies, belonging to the two sides, were drawn up on opposite shores of the bay. The battle was fiercely waged for some hours, but by skilful strategy was at last decided against Antony. Cleopatra had fled with her auxiliary fleet, and he ingloriously followed with a few vessels. An interesting sequel may be found in the division of this book relating to Egypt. The following extract is from the Fifth Book of the Elegies of the Latin poet Propertius, in Mr. Paley's translation.

A GULF called Phœbus' Bay retires on Athamanian shores,
Where pent within the Ionian wave no longer chafes and roars.
Here memories meet of Julian fleet, of deeds at Actium done,
Of safe and easy entrance oft by sailors' offerings won.
'T was here the world's vast armies met; the pine-built galleys tall
Seemed rooted in the sea, but not one fortune favored all.
The one Quirinus, Troy-born god, had with his curse pursued,
Nor brooked the thought of Roman fleets by woman's lance subdued
On that side Cæsar's fleet, the sails well filled with breezes free,
And standards that in many a fight had flown victoriously.
Moved now the fleets in crescents twain, by Nereus' self arrayed:
The sheen of arms upon the waves in dimpling flashes played.
Then Phœbus from his Delos came, and bade it wait awhile,
Nor dare to move; for angry winds once bore that floating isle.
On Cæsar's ship astern he stood, and ever and anon
A wondrous sight, a wavy light as from a torch there shone.
No flowing locks adown his neck the vengeful god had brought,
Nor on the shell to wake the spell of peaceful music sought;
But as with looks of death he glared on that Pelopid king,
And caused the Greeks their dead in heaps on greedy pyres to fling;
Or when he scotched the python-snake, and all the might disarmed
Of those huge serpent-coils, which erst the unwarlike Muse alarmed.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

HORACE.

The kingly rule in Rome ceased 509 B. C. The republic was then erected and endured until the establishment of the empire under Augustus, B. C. 27. In the following, the Fourteenth Ode of the First Book of Horace, he would dissuade his countrymen from reviving civil war. The poet in this represents the republic under the figure of a ship, perhaps in compliment to his illustrious patron Mæcenas, who had used the same metaphor in a speech to Augustus, 725 A. U. C. (28 B. C.), when consulted by that ruler

whether he should resign the sovereign authority of Rome. Horace wrote about this time. The translation is that of Dr. Philip Francis.

UNHAPPY vessel! shall the waves again
Tumultuous bear thee to the faithless main?
What would thy madness, thus with storms to sport?
Cast firm your anchor in the friendly port.
Behold thy naked decks; the wounded mast
And sail-yards groan beneath the southern blast,
Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
The rushing fury of th' imperious wave:
Torn are thy sails, thy guardian gods are lost,
Whom you might call in future tempests tossed.
What though majestic in your pride you stood
A noble daughter of the Pontic wood,
You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame.
The mariner, when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep
In sportive rage thy glories to the deep.
Thou late my deep anxiety and fear,
And now my fond desire and tender care,
Ah! yet take heed, avoid these fatal seas,
That roll among the shining Cyclades.

TITUS BEFORE JERUSALEM.

REV. H. H. MILMAN.

This extract represents the emotions of the young Roman general and soon to be emperor, Titus Vespasian, as he contemplated the fall and total ruin of the Holy City, A. D. 70. It is from a dramatic poem entitled "The Fall of Jerusalem."

IT must be;—
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crownèd hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace.
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically,
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer

To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshiped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

Scarcely less interesting than the great Coliseum among the ruins of Rome, is the famous Arch of Titus. It was erected for the joint triumph of Titus, after his capture and destruction of Jerusalem, and his father, A. D. 71, and is still standing in excellent preservation. The reliefs upon the arch represent, among many other scenes, the laureled victors bearing away the seven-branched candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and other spoils of the Temple.

I STOOD beneath the Arch of Titus long;
On Hebrew forms there sculptured long I pored;
Till fancy, by a distant clarion stung,
Woke; and methought there moved that arch toward
A Roman triumph. Lance and helm and sword
Glittered; white coursers tramped and trumpets rung,
Last came, car-borne amid a captive throng,
The laureled son of Rome's imperial lord.
As though by wings of unseen eagles fanned,
The conqueror's cheek, when first that arch he saw,
Burned with the flush he strove in vain to quell.
Titus! a loftier arch than thine hath spanned
Rome and the world with empery and law;
Thereof each stone was hewn from Israel!



THE COLISEUM

IN THE COLISEUM.

SARAH B. STEBBINS.

The Coliseum, or Colosseum, the most extensive ruin remaining at Rome, is also known as the Flavian Amphitheatre. It was commenced by the Emperor Vespasian, and finished by Titus A. D. 80. It is believed to be the largest structure of the kind ever built. When finally dedicated by Titus to the amusements of the populace, the games therein lasted nearly a hundred days, and five thousand wild beasts were slain in its arena.

GO stand within the Coliseum's walls,
And 'mid the sunny stillness call again
The Roman multitudes of olden days
Back to their cruel lives athirst for blood,
And place them there in all their ancient state,
Row upon row of fierce, expectant eyes,
A palpitating mass of eager zest;
Behold the Emperor in his purple robes,
Who deemed himself a god, set in their midst;
And in the wide arena war-worn men
Grouped, sword in hand, to fight unto the death;
Then in that moment's quiet, when the hush
Of breathless listening quells the restless crowd,
That moment's calm, when those about to die
Salute the Cæsar, think, if in such time
Once long ago there could have sudden flashed
On that great audience a vision clear
Of what their amphitheatre is now,—
A silent ruin overgrown with weeds,
One keen and instant sense of mortal fate,
The transientness of building, empire, man,—
Would not an awful, solemn stillness then
Have stolen o'er them, such as reigns within
The shattered circus of their sports to-day?
And moving slowly, softly, one by one,
Would they have gone out, fear-struck to their souls?
Or would the whole assembly, smote at once
With this same realizing, madly rise
In all their lusty health, and with one shout
Of terror-clinched conviction echo there
The gladiator's words, "About to die,
O Cæsar, we salute thee,—we,—who die!"

DIOCLETIAN AT SALONA.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

The emperor Diocletian (245–313) had abdicated the imperial dignity, and was residing in happy retirement at Salona, now Spalato, in Dalmatia. He was here solicited by

Maximian to resume the throne, the pathway to which was open to him; but he declined the glittering temptation with a smile of mingled pity and contempt, quietly remarking that if he could only show the splendid Maximian the cabbages he himself had raised at Salona, he need no longer be urged to abandon his tranquil enjoyments for the harassments of power. Upon this incident the following sonnet has been founded.

TAKE back these vain insignia of command,
Crown, truncheon, golden-eagle;—baubles all,—
And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall;
And be forever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreathed, war's desolating brand.
I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall;
Wise books, learned converse, beauty free from thrall,
And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
Farewell, thou garish world! thou Italy,
False widow of departed Liberty!
I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll
Between us of my own bright Adrian sea!
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
Looks down on your degenerate capitol!

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Alaric I., king of the West Goths, or Visigoths, first appears in history as chief of the Gothic auxiliaries of Theodosius against Eugenius 394 A. D. After the death of the emperor, he himself took the offensive against the decaying Roman empire, devastated Thrace, Thessaly, Illyria, and Macedon, and threatened Constantinople. In 409–10, after a succession of triumphs, he besieged Rome for a second time, and captured and pillaged it in August of the latter year. He died soon after in Calabria, while on his way to the conquest of Sicily. His campaigns went far to hasten the downfall of the empire. This fine poem presents the great orator, Mr. Everett, in a character by which he is not generally known—that of a poet.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I can not give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs

Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep gives up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
  Back to the clods that gave them birth,—
The captured crowns of many a king,
  The ransom of a conquered earth;
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
  Ye 've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
  Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
  And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
  And where I went the spot was curst,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
  Beneath the terror of the Goth!
Their iron-breasted legions quail
  Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empire kneels
And grovels at my chariot wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal car;
'T was God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
Th' appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
  And Vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done,—
  I go to him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
  But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round th' eternal throne,
  And in the caves of Vengeance, wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

CHRISTIANITY.

THE NATIVITY.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

JUDÆA'S plains in silence sleep
Beneath the cloudless midnight sky,
And o'er their flocks the shepherds keep
Kind watch, to David's city nigh.
That royal city!—nobler guest
Is she a while to entertain
Than proudest monarch, whose behest
It is o'er earthly realms to reign.
By him salvation is to mortals given,
On earth is shed the peerless noon of heaven.

For see! along the deep blue arch
A glory breaks; and now a throng
From where the sparkling planets march
Comes trooping down with shout and song;
And o'er those pastures, bathed in light,
The sacred legions stay their wing,
While on the wakeful ear of night
Steals the rich hymn that seraphs sing.
And sweetly thus the mellow accents ran,
"Glory to God, Good-will and Peace to Man!"

THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

ANONYMOUS.

HE came not in his people's day
Of miracle and might,
When awe-struck nations owned their sway,
And conquest crowned each fight;
When Nature's self with wonder saw
Her ancient power, her boasted law,
To feeble man give way—
The elements of earth and heaven
Israel stayed—for Judah riven!

Pillar and cloud Jehovah gave,
High emblems of his grace;
And clove the rock and smote the wave,
Moved mountains from their place;
But judgment was with mercy blent—
In thunder was the promise sent—
Fierce lightning veiled his face;
The jealous God, the burning law,
Were all the chosen people saw.

Behold them, pilgrim tribes no more—
The promised land their own;
And blessings theirs of sea and shore,
To other realms unknown:



HEALING THE LEPER

From age to age a favored line
Of mighty kings and seers divine,
A temple and a throne;
Not then, but in their hour of shame,
Woe, want, and weakness—then He came.

Not in the earthquake's rending force,
Not in the blasting fire;
Not in the strong wind's rushing course,
Came he, their soul's desire!
Forerunners of his coming these,
Proclaiming over earth and seas,
As God, his might and ire:
The still, small voice, the hovering dove,
Proved him Messiah, spoke him "Love!"

Of life the way, of light the spring
Eternal, undefiled;
Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King,—
Yet came he as a child!
And Zion's favored eye, grown dim,
Knew not her promised Lord in him,
The lowly and the mild!
She saw the manger and the tree,
And scornful cried, "Can this be he?"

HEALING THE LEPER.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Matthew, viii.; Mark, i.; Luke, ii.]

IT was noon;
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blessed—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.

Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye

As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear; yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky.
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.

His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.

He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart were moved, and stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean."
And lo! the scales fell from him. and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped Him.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Luke, vii. 11–15.]

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And basked his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His idle watch; and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot

Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'T was now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets along whose pavèd way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier.

There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her short steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all,—
The only tie she had in the wide world,—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd
Followed the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.

"Weep not!" he said; and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast

Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

HEALING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Matt., ix.; Mark, v.; Luke, viii.]

THE same silvery light
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in his utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sunk thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*"

They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air;
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches penciled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small, round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.

'T was heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"*Maiden! Arise!*" and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheeks the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—*arose.*

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

REV. THOMAS DALE.

[John, xi. 1–46.]

'TIS still thine hour, O Death!
Thine, Lord of Hades, is the kingdom still;
Yet twice thy sword unstained hath sought its sheath,
Though twice upraised to kill;
And once again the tomb
Shall yield its captured prey;
A mightier arm shall pierce the pathless gloom,
And rend the prize away:
Nor comes thy Conqueror with spear or sword—
He hath no arms but prayer, no weapon but his Word.

'T is now the fourth sad morn
Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,
To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen borne,
Hath parted, dust to dust.
The grave-worm revels now
Upon his mouldering clay,—
And he before whose car the mountains bow,
The rivers roll away
In conscious awe, he only can revive
Corruption's withering prey, and call the dead to life!

Yet still the sisters keep
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,
Watching for Jesus—"Comes he not to weep?
He did not come to save!"
But now one straining eye
Th' advancing Form hath traced;—
And soon, in wild resistless agony,
Have Martha's arms embraced
The Saviour's feet—"O Lord, hadst thou been nigh—
But speak the word e'en now; it shall be heard on high!"

They led him to the cave—
The rocky bed, where now in darkness slept
Their brother, and his friend—then at the grave
They paused—for "Jesus wept."
O Love, sublime and deep!
O Hand and Heart divine!
He comes to rescue, though he deigns to weep—
The captive is not thine,
O Death! thy bands are burst asunder now—
There stands beside the grave a Mightier far than thou.

"Come forth, he cries, thou dead!"
O God, what means that strange and sudden sound,
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head,
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a living form—
The loved, the lost, the won,
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm,—
"And is this not the Son
Of God?" they whispered, while the sisters poured
Their gratitude in tears; for they had known the Lord.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE air is filled with shouts and trumpets sounding;
A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem;
Now is their van the Mount of Olives rounding.
Observe them: Judah's lion-banners gleam,
Twined with the palm and olive's peaceful stem.
Now swells the nearer sounds of voice and string,
As down the hillside pours the living stream;
And to the cloudless heaven hosannas ring,—
"The Son of David comes—the Conqueror, the King!"

The cuirassed Roman heard, and grasped his shield,
And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower;
The pontiff from his battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power;
He saw the cloud in Sion's glory lower;
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,
And deeper sounds are mingling: "Woe to Rome!
The day of freedom dawns. Rise, Israel, from thy tomb."

Temple of beauty, long that day is done;
Thy wall is dust, thy golden cherubim
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone;
The shades of ages on thy altars swim:
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim;
And has its holy light been watched in vain?
Or lives it not until the finished time
When he who fixed shall break the people's chain,
And Sion be the loved, the crowned of God again?

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarmed;
Pure, pale, prophetic, God of Majesty!
Though thousands, tens of thousands, round him swarmed,
None durst abide that depth divine of eye;
None durst the waving of his robe draw nigh.
But at his feet was laid that Roman sword,
There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;
There Jairus, with its age's child adored,—
"He comes, the King of Kings; Hosanna to the Lord!"

THE CRUCIFIXION.

GEORGE CROLY.

CITY of God—Jerusalem!
Why rushes out thy living stream?
The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman in his pride, are there!
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
There rush the bridegroom and the bride;
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The young, the old, the bond, the free;
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'T is glorious morn;—from height to height
Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious in their central shower,
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Looks a new-risen sun below.

But woe to hill and woe to vale!
Against them shall come forth a wail:
And woe to bridegroom and to bride!
For death shall on the whirlwind ride:
And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep;
They see destruction's funeral pall
Blackening o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies' roar;
They see in Sion's hall of state
The sign that maketh desolate—
The idol, standard, pagan spear,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall, the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain;
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears;
Jerusalem, a vanished name,
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood;
But on the murderer's furious van
Who totters on? A weary man;
A cross upon his shoulders bound,—
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary,
What slave upon that hill must die?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,
Must be the mountain-vulture's food?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name;
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,—
All that the dying hour can sting,—
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned King!

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned,
No vengeance flashes from the eye,—
The sufferer calmly waits to die;
The scepter reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven;
Now triumph, scribe and Pharisee!
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee!
The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour.
For this had blazed the monarch's power;
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored;—
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,—
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness, earth itself a dream;
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid
Sublime, when sun and stars shall fade,
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on thy anguish, King of kings!

Still from his lip no curse has come,
His lofty eye had looked no doom;
No earthquake burst, no angel brand
Crushes the black, blaspheming band.
What say those lips by anguish riven?
"God, be thy murderers forgiven!"

He dies, in whose high victory
The slayer, Death himself, shall die!
He dies, by whose all-conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The god and tempter of this world.

He dies, Creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word,
To come in thunder from the skies,
To bid the buried world arise;
The earth his footstool, Heaven his throne;
Redeemer, may thy will be done!

STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

JOHN KEBLE.

[Acts, vii. 57-60.]

As rays around the source of light
Stream upward ere he glow in sight,
And watching by his future flight
Set the clear heavens on fire;
So on the king of martyrs wait
Three chosen bands, in royal state,
And all earth owns, of good and great,
Is gathered in that choir.

One presses on and welcomes death;
One calmly yields his willing breath,
Nor slow, nor hurrying, but in faith
Content to die or live:
And some, the darlings of their Lord,
Play smiling with the flame and sword,
And, ere they speak, to his sure word
Unconscious witness give.

Foremost and nearest to his throne,
By perfect robes of triumph known,
And likest him in look and tone,

The holy Stephen kneels,
With steadfast gaze, as when the sky
Flew open to his fainting eye
Which like a fading lamp flashed high,
Seeing what death conceals.

Well might you guess what vision bright
Was present to his raptured sight,
Even as reflected beams of light
Their solar source betray,—
The glory which our God surrounds,
The son of Man, the atoning wounds,—
He sees them all; and earth's dull bounds
Are melting fast away.

He sees them all,—no other view
Could stamp the Saviour's likeness true,
Or with his love so deep imbue
Man's sullen heart and gross,—
"Jesu, do thou my soul receive;
Jesu, do thou my foes forgive:"
He who would learn that prayer must live
Under the holy cross.

He, though he seem on earth to move,
Must glide in air like gentle dove,
From yon unclouded depths above
Must draw his purer breath;
Till men behold his angel face
All radiant with celestial grace,
Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace
The lines of Jesus' death.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

[Acts, ix. 1-27.]

THE midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do.
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixèd eye.
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment, and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls?
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm;
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed
With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the meek, upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall
As if the Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
Nor his great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight:
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still saying, though untaught to bear
The insufferable light.

"Who art thou, Lord?" he falters forth:—
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day;
"When did we see thee suffering nigh,
And passed thee with unheeding eye?
Great God of judgment, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While in our noon of life
To power or fame we rudely press:—
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
Christ suffers in our strife.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

ANONYMOUS.

[Acts, xvii. 23.]

BECAUSE my life was hollow with a pain
As old as death; because my eyes were dry
As the fierce tropics after months of rain;
Because my restless voice said, "Why?" and "Why?"

Wounded and worn, I knelt within the night,
As blind as darkness—praying? and to whom?
When yon cold crescent cut my folded sight,
And showed a phantom altar in my room.

It was the altar Paul at Athens saw;
The Greek bowed there, but not the Greek alone;
The ghosts of nations gathered, wan with awe,
And laid their offerings on that shadowy stone.

The Egyptian worshiped there the crocodile,
There they of Nineveh the bull with wings;
The Persian there, with swart, sun-lifted smile,
Felt in his soul the writhing fire's bright stings.

There the weird Druid held his misletoe;
There for the scorched sun of the sand, coiled bright,
The torrid snake was hissing sharp and low;
And there the Western savage paid his rite.

"Allah!" the Moslem darkly muttered there;
"Brahma!" the jeweled Indies of the East
Sighed through their spices, with a languid prayer;
"Christ?" faintly questioned many a paler priest.

And still the Athenian altar's glimmering doubt
On all religions—evermore the same.

What tears shall wash its sad inscription out?
What hand shall write thereon his other name?

MARS HILL.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

[Acts, xvii. 16–34.]

HERE, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,
And knelt to worship, till she thought them true,
Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,
The great Apostle preached the Unknown God!
Silent the crowd were hushed; for his the eye
Which power controls not, sin can not defy;
His the tall stature and the lifted hand,
And the fixed countenance of grave command;
And his the voice which, heard but once, will sink
So deep into the hearts of those that think,
That they may live till years and years are gone,
And never lose one echo of its tone.
Yet when the voice had ceased a clamor rose,
And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;
The threat was muttered, and the galling gibe,
By each pale sophist and his paltry tribe;
The haughty stoic passed in gloomy state,
The heartless cynic growled his groveling hate,
And the soft garden's rose-encircled child
Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled.
Tranquil he stood; for he had heard—could hear
Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;
O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought
The dark, deep lines of courage and of thought;
And if the color from his cheek was fled,
Its paleness spoke no passion and no dread.
The meek endurance and the steadfast will,
The patient nerve that suffers and is still,
The humble faith that bends to meet the rod,
And the strong hope that turns from man to God,—
All these were his; and his firm heart was set,
And knew the hour must come,—but was not yet.

THE CRUSADES.

THE CRUSADE.

THOMAS WARTON.

There were in all seven crusades, respectively in the years 1096–99, 1147, 1189–92, 1203–4, 1228, 1249, and 1271–91. The first was undertaken simply to secure the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the holy places at Jerusalem; the others had a larger aim, in the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre and the conquest of all Palestine. In the third crusade one of the bravest leaders was Richard Lion-heart, king of England. The following poem, by an English writer of the last century, relates to this crusade.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brushed the level brine,
All in azure steel arrayed:
O'er the waves our weapons played,
And made the dancing billows glow:
High upon the trophied prow
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:
From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou Paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acre's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver moon,
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
The brazen drums hoarse discord bray;
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.

Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crowned,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kissed the sacred earth
That gave a murdered Saviour birth;
Then with ardor fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renewed:
"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favored hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm.
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravished honors to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God,
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quenched the lamps that beamed so bright;
For thee from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host.
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing like the beacon's brand,

O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown;
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapors damp,
Thy necromantic forms in vain
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth and Termagaunt!
With many a demon pale of hue,
Doomed to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the sun unfold
Our cross, with crimson wove and gold.

THE LAST CRUSADER.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Prince Edward of England, afterwards King Edward I., early distinguished himself in martial affairs, and upon the death of St. Louis in 1270, on his way to the seventh and last Crusade, Edward became leader in his stead. He gathered a formidable force, with which he landed at Acre, then held by the Christians, the next year. The movement was futile in recovering more of the Holy Land, and he soon returned home. Edward is hence known in history as "the Last of the Crusaders." Nearly twenty years elapsed, however, before the Christian knights finally surrendered their strongholds to the Saracen.

LEFT to the Saviour's conquering foes,
The land that girds the Saviour's grave;
Where Godfrey's crozier-standard rose,
He saw the crescent banner wave.
There, o'er the gently broken vale,
The halo-light on Zion glowed;
There Kedron, with a voice of wail
By tombs of saints and heroes flowed;
There still the olives silver o'er
The dimness of the distant hill;
There still the flowers that Sharon bore
Calm air with many an odor fill.
Slowly the Last Crusader eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain!
He thought of that sublime array,
The hosts that over land and deep

The Hermit marshaled on their way,
To see those towers and halt to weep.
Resigned the loved familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
No empire save a sepulchre!
And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife;
In vain the faith that bore the cross,
The valor prodigal of life!
And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind,—
Like waves on shore, they reached the goal,
To die and leave no trace behind!
"O God!" the last Crusader cried,
"And art thou careless of thine own?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
And Salem is the scoffer's throne!
And shall we leave, from age to age,
To godless hands the Holy Tomb?
Against thy saints the heathen rage,—
Launch forth thy lightnings, and consume!"
Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
A form flashed, white-robed, from above;
All Heaven was in those looks of light,
But Heaven whose native air is love.
"Alas!" the solemn vision said,
"Thy God is of the shield and spear,—
To bless the quick and raise the dead,
The Saviour God descended here!
Ah! know'st thou not the very name
Of Salem bids thy carnage cease,—
A symbol in itself to claim
God's people to a Home of Peace?
Ask not the Father to reward
The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
O warrior, never by the sword
The Saviour's Holy Land is won!"

ENGLAND.

CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN.

REV. EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

The Roman invasion under Julius Cæsar was undertaken 55 B. C., primarily to punish the Britons for their alliance with the Veneti, a Gallic tribe with which Cæsar had warred. The country was not made a Roman province for more than a hundred years, when the southern half of Britain had been conquered by Vespasian. Agricola afterwards confirmed the conquests, and extended the Roman power to the Firths of Forth and Clyde.

MORN'S silver twilight hung above the waves:
Seaward the gales blew freshly: far aloft
Clouds swiftly tracked the sky: one single star
Still lingered in the dawning east, as if
To steal a glance at day, but soon withdrew;
The lordly sun came forth, and all was life,
And in the harbor tumult: crowded there
Twice forty gallant ships, and on their decks
Brave hearts, that burned to vie with Britain's sons
In battle. Over them their streamers waved
That way themselves would go; nor long they paused
Expectant: thrice the brazen trumpet blown,
Each galley loosed her moorings: one by one
Stately they weighed beneath the freshening wind,
And the free waters bare them swiftly on
To sound of martial notes, and aching eyes
Gazed after that brave fleet the livelong day.

And deem ye that an easy booty lies
Before your bloodless arms? or they that throng
Their isle's rock-ramparts, think ye they have come
With open arms to greet ye? But their chief,
First on the foremost galley, saw their ranks,
Death-boding, and beheld the white cliffs crowned
With shields and bristling spears, and steeds of war,
And chariots numberless. Along the coast
Swiftly they sailed, if haply crags less stern
Might yield them fairer landing; swift the while
The Britons streaming o'er the rocks and hills
Kept pace beside, and vaunted death should greet
The tyrant and his legions, ere their foot
Polluted Freedom's soil. Then rose the din
Of battle: in the waves midway they met

Rome's proudest warriors, and the foaming surge
Dashed crimson-dyed, and scythe-armed chariots swept
The shore in unresisted might, and darts
Fell ever in swift tempest: once again
In proud derision Britain shook her spear,
And bade them take, an if it liked them well,
Such iron welcome to her free-born hills.
And Rome a moment quailed; but one who grasped
An eagle in his left hand, in his right
A sword, cried, "Romans, down into the waves:
On! or betray an eagle to the foe;
I 'll on for Rome and Cæsar!" Scarce he spoke,
And from the prow leapt fearless, and straightway
His comrades round him thronged, and the fierce fight
Grew fiercer 'mid the angry tide: but still
The star of Rome rode prevalent in heaven,
And Britain's sons, borne backward by the host
Of spears, and gnashing with remorse and pride,
Fell from that iron phalanx, and Rome's chief
Stood conqueror on Britannia's beetling cliffs.

BOADICEA.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Boadicea was queen of the Iceni, a warlike tribe on the east coast of Britain, about the middle of the first century A. D. Her people were badly treated by the Romans, she herself was scourged, and her daughters violated. The Britons rose in rebellion, and a large army collected around Boadicea, which won several victories over the Romans, killing a large number and capturing their towns, but was finally overwhelmed in a great battle 62 A. D., fought by the Romans under Suetonius, governor of the province. Boadicea, having no further hope of successful resistance to the Roman supremacy, committed suicide.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,
Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:
"Princess, if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,

Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they!"
Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom's glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

STRUGGLE OF BRITONS AGAINST BARBARIANS.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

RISE! they *have* risen: of brave Aneuria ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task;
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

THE SAXON CONQUEST.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

The Saxons invaded Britain soon after the close of the Roman domination 420 A. D., and by successive incursions and campaigns conquered the whole country. Hengest and Horsa, in 449, are commonly reputed to have been the first leaders of invasion. In 827 the various independent Anglo-Saxon states were united by Egbert, King of Wessex, into one kingdom, with which the history of England proper begins.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs tost from hill to hill,
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
O wretched land, whose tears have flowed like fountains;
Whose arts and honors in the dust are laid

By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of earth;
Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
Will build their savage fortunes only there;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

KING ALFRED'S WILL.

ANONYMOUS.

Alfred the Great, the most famous of early English sovereigns, succeeded to the throne of Wessex, or united England, in the year 872, at the age of twenty-three. He distinguished himself greatly in repelling the Danish invaders and Northmen, and in the wisdom and energy with which he governed. He died October 27, 901. His will was simply: "I give to my wife Ealswithe, three manors: Wantage, because I was born there; Lamborne, because I dwelt there; and Wickham, because I fought there."

THUS, very near a thousand years ago
Willed Alfred, unto whom we English owe
Noble achievement and a high example.
Defeat could never lay his courage low;
Patient he was until he smote the foe,
And his reward was ample.

Great king was Alfred, though his folk were few;
To heroic thought and deed is greatness due;
And the truth-teller was an absolute hero.
No despot he, with acts of sanguine hue,
Surrounded by a fulsome, flattering crew,
No sensual scoundrel-Nero.

His will 's a poem. See, he leaves his wife
The Berkshire manor where he entered life,
Under the chalk downs, ancient, lazy Wantage.
He leaves her Lamborne, where his memory 's rife,
And Wickham, where with the Dane in deadly strife
He won no mean advantage.

Ten centuries have passed; but Alfred still,
The man of perfect truth and steadfast will,
Among us it is easy to discover:
Who fights his foes with tranquil, patient skill,
Knowing that justice must its weird fulfil,
Who is a loyal lover.

All the Year Round.

PAULINUS AND EDWIN.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

Edwin was King of Northumbria (or Deira), and Paulinus was one of the four missionaries sent to Britain by Pope Gregory in 601. The king's marriage with Ethelburga, sister of Eadbald of Kent, gave Paulinus free way to Northern England, and ultimately to the heart of Edwin, who was converted to the Christian faith. The incident here given in poetic form is one of the most touching in the history of early England or of Christianity. It belongs to the year 627 A. D. Alexander Smith's elaborate poem, "Edwin of Deira," may also be read with advantage.

THE black-haired, gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:—
"Bow down, O King of Deira,
Before the Holy Rood!
Cast forth thy demon idols,
And worship Christ our Lord!"
But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake:
"God offers life immortal
For his dear Son's sake!
Wilt thou not hear his message
Who bears the Keys and Sword?"
But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word;

Rose then a sage old warrior—
Was five-score winters old;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath rolled:—
"At Yule-time in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cavern-black around us
Lies the grim mouth of Night.

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door;
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash,—and no more!
We see it born from darkness,
And into darkness go:—
So is our life, King Edwin!
Ah, that it should be so!

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell;
Some news of whence and whither,
And where the Lord may dwell:—
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine;—
He makes life worth the living!
I take his God for mine!"

So spake the wise old warrior;
And all about him cried:
"Paulinus' God hath conquered,
And he shall be our guide:—
For he makes life worth living,
Who brings this message plain,—
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again."

GODIVA.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The legend of Lady Godiva, patroness of Coventry, is located in time about the year 1040, when her husband, Leofric, was Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry. At intervals during several centuries the story was revived in that place by imposing processions, in which a personation of Lady Godiva was the principal figure. The observance has now fallen into disrepute, and is seldom attempted. An ancient stained-glass window in a Coventry church commemorates the event; also a rude effigy of "Peeping Tom" in a niche of an old building,

NOT only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,—
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*"—"But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair

Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
  Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
  Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

HASTINGS.

REV. S. W. DUFFIELD.

The battle of Hastings, which accomplished the Norman conquest of England, was fought at Senlac, near the then insignificant village from which it takes the name, on the Sussex coast, October 14, 1066. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, perished in the fight.

HOW like a dream seems now that elder time,
  When Norman William, bearing at his mast
The three French lions, unto Hastings passed
Ready for battle: and at morning's prime
The Bishop Odo, ere that day of crime,
  Chanted a mass; and then that fair and vast

Minstrel called Taillefer, trolled forth his rhyme
  Of Roland, as his sword he upward cast.
Strong-throated singer! Better to the fight,
  Goes the brave heart when music clears the way!
The hand is heaviest when the heart is light;
  The sweet in song are stalwart in the fray.
But thou!—thou liest at the edge of night
  With dead hands folded, waiting for the day!

DEATH IN THE FOREST.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

The death of William Rufus (William the Red"), King of England, occurred August 2, 1100, while he was hunting. It is generally stated that he fell by an accidental arrow-shot from Tyrrell's bow; but there is doubt enough about the author and cause of his death to justify the repeated query of our poet. The "vision of Serlo" refers to the Abbot of Gloucester, who had notified Rufus of an ominous dream. "The long minster" is Winchester, where Rufus was buried without the rites of the church, as "all men thought prayers were hopeless."

WHERE the greenwood is greenest
At gloaming of day,
Where the twelve-antlered stag
Faces boldest at bay;
Where the solitude deepens,
Till almost you hear
The blood-beat of the heart
As the quarry slips near;
His comrades outridden
With scorn in the race,
The Red King is hallooing
His hounds to the chase.

What though the wild hunt,
Like a whirlwind of hell,
Yestereve ran the forest,
With baying and quell:—
In his cups the Red heathen
Mocks God to the face:
"In the devil's name, shoot!
Tyrrell, ho!—to the chase!"
  Now with worms for his courtiers
  He lies in the narrow,
  Cold couch of the chancel.
  But whence was the arrow?

The dread vision of Serlo
That called him to die,
The true dreams of the morning
In vain have gone by.
The blood of young Richard
Cries on him in vain,
In the heart of the Lindwood
By arbalest slain.
And he plunges alone
In the serpent-glade gloom,
As one whom the Furies
Hound headlong to doom.

His sin goes before him,
The lust and the pride;
And the curses of England
Breathe hot at his side.
And the Evil-wood walls,
That in ashes were laid
For his jest and his pleasure,
Frown black o'er the glade:—
  Now with worms for his courtiers
  He lies in the narrow,
  Cold couch of the chancel!
  But whence was the arrow?

Then a shudder of death
Flickered fast through the wood:—
And they found the Red King
Red-gilt in his blood.
What wells up in his throat?
Is it cursing, or prayer?
Was it Henry, or Tyrrell,
Or demon, who there
Has dyed the fell tyrant
Twice crimson in gore,
While the soul disembodied
Hunts on to hell-door?

Ah, friendless in death!
Rude forest-hands bring
On the charcoaler's wain
What but now was the king!
And through the long minster
The carcass they bear,
And huddle it down
Without priest, without prayer:—
Now with worms for his courtiers
He lies in the narrow,
Cold couch of the chancel.
But whence was the arrow?

THE BARONS AT RUNNIMEDE.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

Runnimede (Running Mede, or Meadow) is a long strip of level green, on the bank of the Thames, twenty miles below London. It took its peculiar name from the horse-races anciently and still held there. Here, on the 15th of June, 1215, King John met the offended and determined barons of his realm, and was compelled to sign the Great Charter (*Magna Charta*) of England, which is to this day one of the chief constituents of the British Constitution.

WITH what an awful grace those barons stood
In presence of the king at Runnimede!
Their silent finger to that righteous deed
O'er which, with cheek forsaken of its blood,
He hung, still pointing with stern hardihood,
And brow that spake the unuttered mandate, "Read!
Sign!" He glares around.—Never! though thousands bleed,
He will not! Hush,—low words, in solemn mood,
Are murmured; and he signs. Great God! were these
Progenitors of our enfeebled kind?
Whose wordy wars are waged to thwart or please
Minions, not kings; who stoop with groveling mind
To weigh the pauper's dole, scan right by rule,
And plunder churches to endow a school!

BLACKHEATH.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

Blackheath names a high, open common five miles southeast of London, now a favorite region for fashionable residence and holiday resort. It is also a famous historic locality—the scene of the Wat Tyler and Jack Cade insurrections, and of the welcomes given to Henry V. and Charles II. Here also the Danes encamped in 1011, and across it ran the Roman road to Dover.

WHENCE come those lofty strains of hymning praise
That chain instinctively the wandering ear?
Now faintly flowing—now melodious, clear,
In graceful modulations, like the lays
Of earnest worshipers the Alps among;
Or those stern-hearted, God-befriended men,
Who for the faith made Scotland, hill and glen,
A temple vocal with divinest song—
Unfaltering right curbing despotic wrong.
Even here the lewd are stayed with solemn words.
Listen! that voice some precious truth affords:
"Beware the tempter!—Be in virtue strong!
Wine can not soothe—it bids fierce passion rage;
O nurse thine oil of youth to feed thy lamp of age!"

WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

An insurrection occurred in 1381, while Richard II. was still a minor, caused by the exactions and insults of the tax-gatherers making a levy to meet the expenses of war with France. The populace assembled in great force at Blackheath, near London, under two of their own number, named Walter (or Wat) Tyler and Jack Straw. The king promised to accede to their demands; but Tyler, treating him with great insolence, was killed by the Mayor of London, and the revolt was presently quelled, though not till much mischief had been done and some blood shed.

KING of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak,—
The sovereign people ought to demand justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy and his burden grievous.
Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?

You sit at ease in your gay palaces;
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers; we the while
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!
The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes.
Where is the benefit? What good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boot to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight—you profit at your ease.
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of your forest,
The birds of heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers. King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble,—mark me, king of England!

CHEVY CHASE.

The title of this old ballad is a corruption of "chevauchée," the French term for a raid into an enemy's country, and precisely descriptive of the famous Scottish raids over the border. We are not aware that the incidents of the poem have any further record in history than is here presented, although some think it commemorates the battle of Otterbourne, in August, 1388—an action considered by the chronicler Froissart the bravest and most chivalrous of his day. The ballad is supposed to be no older than the reign of James I. It was for centuries the favorite ballad of the English common people, and is still accounted one of the most remarkable literary remains in our language. There are several versions of it, most of them in antiquated spelling and phraseology. That now before the reader is probably the best, and has the advantage, for our purposes, of being in intelligible English. He will find it a vivid picture of the warfare that once raged all along the English and Scottish border.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day!

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take,
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland where he lay,
Who sent Earl Piercy present word

He would prevent the sport.
The English earl, not fearing him,
Did to the woods resort
With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.
The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow-deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.
And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drivers went
To rouse the deer again.
The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear with special care
That day was guarded sure.
The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.
Earl Piercy to the quarry went
To view the tender deer.
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised once
This day to meet me here;
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:
"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;
All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the River Tweed."
"Oh, cease your sports," Earl Piercy said,
And take your bows with speed;
And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland nor in France,
That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."
Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.
"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here;
That without my consent do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."
The first man that did answer make
Was noble Piercy, he,—
Who said, "We list not to declare
Nor show whose men we be;
Yet will we spend our dearest blood
The chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:
"Ere thus I will outlawèd be
One of us two will die.
I know thee well—an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy! So am I.
But trust me, Piercy, pity 't were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.
Let thou and I the battle try
And set our men aside."
"Accurst be he," Lord Piercy said,
"By whom this is denied."
Then stepped a gallant squire forth,—
Witherington was his name,—
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,
That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.
I 'll do the best that do I may,

While have power to stand,
While I have power to wield my sword,
I 'll fight with heart and hand!"
Our English archers bent their bows,--
Their hearts were good and true,—
At the first flight of arrows sent
Full fourscore Scots they slew.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captains moved with mickle might,—
Their spears in shivers went.
They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.
O Christ! It was great grief to see
How each man chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear!
At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved, they laid on load,
They made a cruel fight.
They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Till blood upon their cheeks, like rain,
They trickling down did feel.
"Oh, yield thee, Piercy!" Douglas said,
"And in faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.
Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."
"No, Douglas!" quoth Lord Piercy then;
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born!"
With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;
Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why? my life is at an end;
Lord Piercy sees my fall."
Then, leaving strife, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!
O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renownèd knight
Mischance did never take!"
A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Piercy.
Sir Hugh Montgomery he was called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;
He passed the English archers all
Without a dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.
With such vehement force and might
His body he did gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard or more.
So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
His noble lord was slain.
He had a bow bent in his hand
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he;
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon

In his heart's blood was wet.
This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun,
For when they rang the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.
With stout Earl Piercy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barón;
And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.
For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.
And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly,
Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliffe too,—
His sister's son was he,—
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved he could not be.
And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die;—
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.
Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.
Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.
This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.
"Oh, heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he!"
Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.
"Now God be with him!" said our king,
"Sith 't will not better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he!
Yet shall not Scot nor England say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revengèd on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake."
This vow full well the king performed
After on Humble Down;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;
And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus ended the hunt in Chevy Chase
Made by the Earl Piercy.
God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'T wixt noblemen may cease!

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

SHAKSPERE.

Edward, Prince of Wales, proclaimed by an insurrection against Richard king as

Edward V., and Richard, Duke of York, were sons of Edward IV. During the troubles that followed the death of their father in 1483, they, then both but boys, were seized by command of their uncle, the cruel usurper Richard III., and confined in the tower of London, where they were soon after murdered at his instigation, as history has always held. The following extract is from the fine historical drama of "Richard III.," in which the language is attributed to Sir James Tyrrel.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes;"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster, innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind.
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on: "We smotherèd
The most replenished sweet work of Nature
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Thomas Wolsey, born in 1471, son of a butcher, secured by some means a university education, a place as tutor in a noble family, and then a rectorship in the Church of England. He had marked abilities and a talent for intrigue, through which he became chaplain to Henry VII., successively dean, bishop, archbishop, and cardinal, and under the renowned Henry VIII. was finally Prime Minister and Lord High Chancellor of England. He was now the most influential man in the kingdom, derived princely revenues from many sources, and lived in royal magnificence. For a time he openly aspired to the popedom. But his opposition to the divorce of the king from Catherine and the marriage with Anne Boleyn, cost him the favor of Henry, and his complete downfall came in 1529. He died miserably the next year, at the monastery of Leicester.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;

Turned by his nod, the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power:
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks a refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
  Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

WOLSEY'S FALL.

SHAKSPERE.

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
  This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good, easy man! full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips the root,
And then he falls, as I do.
  I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened; O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

War between England and Spain broke out in 1587. The next year England was threatened by the Invincible Armada (see "Spain") at sea, and the invasion of 100,000 soldiers on land. The entire military force of the realm was called out, and an immense army gathered at Tilbury Fort, on the Thames, near London. Queen Elizabeth was now fifty-five years old; but with the courage and energy of her race she repaired in person to Tilbury, and rode on horseback along the lines of her soldiers, encouraging them to deeds of valor.

LET them come, come never so proudly,
O'er the green waves as giants ride;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
"All the Spains" on their banners wide;
High on deck of the gilded galleys
Our light sailers they scorn below:—
We will scatter them, plague and shatter them,
Till their flag hauls down to their foe!
For our oath we swear
By the name we bear,
By England's queen, and England free and fair:—
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death,—
God save Elizabeth!

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,
Lords and princes by Philip's favor:—
We by birthright are noble born!
Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
Sons of Crecy and Flodden are we!
We shall sunder them, fire and plunder them,—
English boats on the English sea!
And our oath we swear, etc.

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
  Ralegh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
Hang like wasps by the flagships towered,
  Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak:—
Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
  Giant galleons, canvas wide!
Ours will harry them, board and carry them,
  Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
    For our oath we swear, etc.

Hath God risen in wrath and scattered?
  Have his tempests smote them in scorn?
Past the Orcades, dumb and tattered,
  'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?
We were as lions hungry for battle;
  God has made our battle his own!
God has scattered them, sunk and shattered them:
  Give the glory to him alone!
    While our oath we swear, etc.

THE REVENGE: A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sir Richard Grenville, a relative of Sir Walter Ralegh and a famous soldier and sailor in England's service, captured two Spanish frigates in 1585, while conveying colonists to Carolina, took another Spanish ship on his return, and in 1591, after he was made Rear-Admiral, sunk four of the same enemy's ships off the Azores, after a hard fight. He was wounded, but refused to leave the deck until he received a mortal hurt, of which he died three days after. This action supplies the theme of Mr. Tennyson's poem.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
  And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships-of-war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God, I am no coward;
But I can not meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I 've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships-of-war that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Biddeford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, let us know;
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little "Revenge" ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed;
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like "San Philip," that, of fifteen hnndred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck;
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head.
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring!
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain.
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife!
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, or the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;—
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more,
At sea or shore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:

"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and cried:
"I have fought for queen and faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few.
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

THE CAVALIER'S MARCH TO LONDON.

T. B. MACAULAY.

This and the next following piece belong in history to the period immediately preceding the English Commonwealth, 1651–60. The adherents of royalty were known as Cavaliers, the parliamentary or popular party as Roundheads, from the Puritan habit of cutting the hair close.

TO horse! to horse! brave cavaliers!
To horse for church and crown!
Strike, strike your tents! snatch up your spears,
And ho for London town!
The imperial harlot, doomed a prey
To our avenging fires,
Sends up the voice of her dismay
From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with maidens' shrieks,
The 'Change with merchants' sighs;
And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,
And tears in iron eyes;
And, pale with fasting and with fright,
Each Puritan committee
Hath summoned forth to prayer and fight
The Roundheads of the city.

And soon shall London's sentries hear
The thunder of our drum,
And London's dames, in wilder fear,
Shall cry, Alack! they come!
Fling the fascines; tear up the spikes;
And forward, one and all;—
Down, down with all their train-band pikes,
Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter?—Foul fall your whining noise,
Ye recreant spawn of fraud!
No quarter! Think on Strafford, boys.
No quarter! Think on Laud.
What ho! The craven slaves retire.
On! Trample them to mud.
No quarter! Charge.—No quarter!
No quarter! Blood! blood! blood!—

What next? In sooth there lacks no witch,
Brave lads, to tell us where;
Sure London's sons be passing rich,
Her daughters wondrous fair:
And let that dastard be the theme
Of many a board's derision,
Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
Of any sweet precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,
Sworn foes to throne and steeple,
From an unwonted pulpit now
Shall edify the people;
Till the tired hangman in despair
Shall curse his blunted shears,
And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,
Around their leathern ears.

We 'll hang, above his own Guildhall,
The city's grave Recorder,
And on the den of thieves we 'll fall,
Though Pym should speak to order.
In vain the lank-haired gang shall try
To cheat our martial law;
In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry
That strangers must withdraw.

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair,
We 'll build a glorious pyre,
And tons of rebel parchment there
Shall crackle in the fire.
With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
Petition, psalm, and libel,
The colonel's canting muster-roll,
The chaplain's dog-eared Bible.

We 'll tread a measure round the blaze
Where England's pest expires,
And lead along the dance's maze
The beauties of the friars;
Then smiles in every face shall shine,
And joy in every soul.
Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip
The goblet's rich carnation,
Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
The wink of invitation,
Drink to those names, those glorious names,—
Those names no time can sever,—
Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,
Our Church and King forever!

RIDING DOWN.

NORA PERRY.

THERE was red wine flowing from the flagons,
The jewel-crusted flagons slim and tall,
And a hundred voices, laughing, jesting,
And a hundred toasts ringing down the hall;
For the baron held a feast at the castle,—
The gay young baron, lithe and tall.

From the dais-steps the red drums beating,
And the horns and the silver trumpets blowing,
And the quick, sweet rasping of the fiddles,
Set the dancers in the dance-room a-going;
And all through the palace ran the music,
And all night the red wine was flowing.

And the baron led the wassail and the dance,—
The gay young baron, lithe and tall,
With gallant smiles and jests for the lovely women guests,
Till the cock crew athwart the castle wall;
But amid the lovely faces rising out of ruffs and laces,
One face for the baron shone fairer than them all.

He had stolen from the drinking and the dancing;
He was standing in the doorway at her side;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
A suit she coquetted and denied;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
When the blast of a bugle far and wide

Rang its clear silver treble in the court-yard,
Three times three, for a sharp battle-call;
And the voice of a trooper hoarsely shouted,
"Ho, barons, for the king, one and all!"
Round and round, over hill and over valley,
Far and wide rang the sharp battle-call,

Round and round rang the news of the rising,
The rising of old Coventry that night;
And the barons, one and all, at the bugle's battle-call,
Mustered forth, fifty strong, for the fight.
Corslets ringing, feathers flinging, pennons swinging,—
Oh, it must have been a spirit-stirring sight!

Women's faces grew as white as the rose,—
The white rose of York upon each breast;
Red lips in that moment lost their blooming,
Gay hearts in that moment lost their jest.
But out of fifty faces, sorrow-saddened,
There was one face sadder than the rest.

Eyes that a moment since disdained him,
Lips that were laughing and denying,
Heart that coquetted with its wooing,
Now on the wooer's breast is lying;
While the bugle rings its blast and the troopers rattle past
Over hill and over valley flying, flying.

And the baron rides last, but the baron rides fast,
Over hill and over valley rides away;
With a smile upon his face and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament or a hunting holiday.
But in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
In the front of the fight his white plumes play.

And in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
The red field is won ere the day 's half begun;
And the Cavaliers are shouting at the Roundheads routing,
Till over hill and valley comes creeping up the sun;
Then the shouts and the cheers turn suddenly to tears,
For there on the field, his brief race run,

White and still in the dawning of the wild autumn morning,
White and still in the chill of the new-risen day,
While the Roundheads are flying, the hero lies dying,
Who so late rode straight in the front of the fray;
With a smile upon his face and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament or a hunting holiday.

TO CROMWELL, FAIRFAX, AND SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

JOHN MILTON.

Oliver Cromwell was head and front of the popular movement which resulted in the English Commonwealth. Thomas, .Baron Fairfax, notwithstanding his noble blood, joined the same party, and became commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary army, greatly distinguishing himself at the battle of Naseby and elsewhere. The younger Vane, Governor of Massachusetts in 1635–36, was opposed to Cromwell, but served ably as a Councillor of State under the Commonwealth. Upon the Restoration under Charles II., he was

beheaded for high treason. The sonnets of Milton in praise of the three worthies are here joined in one poem, for convenience' sake.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hath ploughed;
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laurel wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm, unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their hydra-heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
Whether to settle peace or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled,
Than to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, what few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:

Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

MARSTON MOOR.

W. M. PRAED.

The battle of Marston Moor was fought upon a plain in Yorkshire, July 2, 1644. The royalists were led by the gallant Prince Rupert, the parliamentary forces by Fairfax and the Earl of Leven. Each army numbered about 25,000 men. The parliamentary left and centre were broken, but the battle was saved by Cromwell's famous "Ironsides" brigade and some other regiments. The result gave the entire North of England to the parliamentary party.

TO horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse, Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret stair.
O! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glaring thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
'Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal children shout, 'For God, and for the King!'"

'T is soon. The ranks are broken; along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court, the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on and fight it out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the saints and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost tower:
"What news? what news, old Hubert?"—"The battle 's lost and won:
The royal troops are melting like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches—I 'm blind, and can not see;
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's can not be!"

"I 've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thew or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.*
I 'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance;
For if the worst befall me, why, better axe and rope
Than life with Lenthall for a king and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

NASEBY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

June 14, 1645, the royal army under the personal command of Charles I., and the parliament forces under Fairfax and Cromwell, joined battle at the village of Naseby, twelve miles north of Northampton, in the county of that name. The former were utterly defeated and routed; and the king fled the field, after losing his cannon and baggage, and about five thousand of his men taken prisoner. The following lines are but a fragment from the noble poem of Lord Macaulay. It represents the impassioned utterance, during the action, of one of Cromwell's followers.

THEY are here! they rush on! we are broken! we are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast;—
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given ground—
  Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'T is he, thank God! 't is he, boys!
  Bear up another moment. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
  Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
  And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride in some safe nook to hide
  Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he—he turns and flies! Shame to those cruel eyes
  That bore to look on torture, and fear to look on war.

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
  First give another stab to make your quest secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces and lockets,
  The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

BLAKE'S VICTORY.

ANDREW MARVELL.

This victory was won by Robert Blake, one of England's greatest admirals, who, it is said, contributed more than any other to make England mistress of the seas. It was over the Spanish fleet in 1657, in the Bay of Santa Cruz, island of Teneriffe, and was the last of Blake's sea-fights, as it was one of the most daring. He lost but one ship and two hundred men, while the Spanish loss was almost incalculable. The following poem is also an extract.

THE thundering cannon now begins to fight,
  And, though it be at noon, creates a night;
The air was soon, after the fight begun,
Far more inflamed by it than by the sun.
Never so burning was that climate known,—
War turned the temperate to the torrid zone.

Fate these two fleets, between both worlds, hath brought,
Who fight as if for both those worlds they sought.
Thousands of ways, thousands of men there die;
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the sky.
Nature ne'er made cedars so aspire
As oaks did then, urged by the active fire
Which, by quick powder's force, so high was sent
That it returned to its own element.
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,

Whilst others lower, in the sea, do lie;
Scarce souls from bodies severed are so far
By death, as bodies there were by the war.
The all-seeing sun ne'er gazed on such a sight;
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight,
And neither have or power or will to fly;
There one must conquer, or there both must die.
Far different motives yet engaged them thus,
Necessity did them, but choice did us,—
A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success;
For your resistless genius there did reign,
By which we laurels reaped e'en on the main.
So prosperous stars, though absent to the sense,
Bless those they shine for by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,
And o'er two elements triumphs at once.
Their galleons sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah! would those treasures which both Indias have
Were buried in as large and deep a grave!
War's chief support with them would buried be,
And the land owe her peace unto the sea.
Ages to come your conquering arms will bless,
There they destroyed what had destroyed their peace;
And in one war the present age may boast
The certain seeds of many wars are lost.

All the foe's ships destroyed by sea or fire,
Victorious Blake does from the bay retire.
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news;
The saddest news that e'er to Spain was brought,
Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with laurel fraught,
Whilst Fame in every place her trumpet blows,
And tells the world how much to you it owes.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

War between England and France broke out soon after the accession of Queen Anne, in 1702. The Duke of Marlborough was then England's greatest soldier, and he was given the command of her armies. On the 13th of August, 1704, he won a great victory

over the allied French and Bavarians at the village of Höchstadt, near Blenheim, in Bavaria. Their loss was estimated at 30,000 to 40,000 men, with 120 pieces of cannon and 200 standards. The French defeated the Austrians near the same place in 1800. Mr. Southey has a pretty poem bearing the same title as the following; but this is chosen as less familiar and more descriptive of the action. It is from a poem entitled "The Campaign."

BUT now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarms repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The darling prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views,
Stretched out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when Heaven designed to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their border stands.

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!

Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amid confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the fields of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The capture of the Gibraltar of America here celebrated is the familiar event of the old French war, the defeat of the French under Montcalm by the English under Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, Sept. 13, 1759. This little poem was published in England the same year.

AMIDST the clamor of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear:
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigor fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead,
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

TRAFALGAR.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

This was one of Lord Nelson's great sea-fights, occurring off Cape Trafalgar, on the coast of Spain, October 21, 1805, in which the combined fleets of France and Spain, num-

bering more vessels and carrying a heavier weight of metal than Nelson's, were signally defeated, with a loss of nineteen ships. On the British side the greatest loss was that of the Admiral himself, who was struck down by a musket-ball early in the action, but lived to hear of decisive victory.

HEARD ye the thunder of battle
Low in the south and afar?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
Crimson on Trafalgar?
Such another day never
England will look on again,
Where the battle fought was the hottest,
And the hero of heroes was slain!

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain were gathered for fight,
A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada in might;
And the sails were white once more in the deep Gaditanian bay,
Where "Redoubtable" and "Bucentaure" and great "Trinidada" lay;
Eager-reluctant to fight; for across the bloodshed to be
Two navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the throne of the sea!
Which were the bravest, who should tell? for both were gallant and true;
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that sailed o'er the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied: they knew not Nelson was there;
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of despair.
From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the coast,
Till he bore from Tavira south; and they now must fight or be lost;
Vainly they steered for the Rock and the Midland sheltering sea,
For he headed the admirals round, constraining them under his lee,
Villeneuve of France and Gravina of Spain: so they shifted their ground,—
They could choose,—they were more than we; and they faced at Trafalgar round,
Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall thirty-towered;
In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark "Trinidada" lowered.

So with those.—But meanwhile, as against some dyke that men massively rear,
From on high the torrent surges, to drive through the dyke as a spear,
Eagle-eyed all in his blindness, our chief sets his double array,
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe, anyway,
"Anyhow!—without orders, each captain his Frenchman may grapple perforce:
"Collingwood first" (yet the "Victory" ne'er a whit slackened her course).
"Signal for action! Farewell! we shall win, but we meet not again!"
Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the decks o'er the main,

And on,—as the message from masthead to masthead flew out like a flame,
"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,"—they came.

Silent they come; while the thirty black forts of the foemen's array
Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking o'er tier as they lay;
Flashes that came and went, as swords when the battle is rife;
But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for death as for life,
O, in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter embrace,
Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England, some glance of some face,—
Faces gazing seaward through tears from the ocean-girt shore,
Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till the death-pang is o'er.
Lone in his cabin the admiral kneeling, and all his great heart
As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved one, who bade him depart—
O not for death, but glory! her smile would welcome him home!
Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall; and silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom hunters attack,
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing them back,
So between Spaniard and Frenchman the "Victory" wedged with a shout,
Gun against gun; a cloud from her decks and lightning went out;
Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury smoke;
Voices hoarse and parched, and blood from invisible stroke.
Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell smitten around,
As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-shattered, besplinters the ground:
Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe as he lay,
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was Nelson that d[illegible].

"She has struck!" he shouted; "she burns, the 'Redoubtable!' Save whom we can,
Silence our guns!" for in him the woman was great in the man;
In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,
Dying by those he spared; and now Death's triumph was sure!
From the deck the smoke-wreath cleared, and the foe set his rifle in rest,
Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth, with the stars on his breast:
"In honor I gained them, in honor I die with them." Then, in his place,
Fell. "Hardy! 't is over; but let them not know;" and he covered his face.
Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to the twilight below,
And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe struck his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose: and for Hardy, the faithful, he cried in his pain,—
"How goes the day with us, Hardy?" "'T is ours." Then he knew, not in vain,
Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled: how he left her secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example endure.
O, like a lover he loved her! for her as water he pours
Life-blood and life and love, given all for her sake, and for ours!
"Kiss me, Hardy!—Thank God! I have done my duty!" And then
Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men.

Hear ye the heart of a nation
  Groan, for her saviour is gone;
Gallant and true and tender,
  Child and chieftain in one?
Such another day never
  England will weep for again,
When the triumph darkened the triumph,
  And the hero of heroes was slain.

SLAVERY THAT WAS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The African slave-trade, so far as carried on under the English flag, was abolished by Act of Parliament approved March 25, 1807. It was declared felony in 1811, and piracy in 1824. August 1, 1834, under the Emancipation Bill of the previous year, slavery itself ceased in all the British colonies, though complete enfranchisement was not accomplished until 1838. The poets of England gave honorable attention to these world-renowned events.

AGES, ages have departed
  Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted
  To the Caribbean shore;
She like Rachel,
  Weeping, for they are no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughtered
  In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have watered
  With such tears as captives weep
Fields of travail,
  Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy vainly pleading,
  Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
  Gladdened all the gloomy west,
"Come, ye weary!
  Come, and I will give you rest!"

Tidings, tidings of salvation,
  Britons rose with one accord,
Purged the plague-spot from our nation,
  Negroes to their rights restored,—
Slaves no longer,
  FREE-MEN — FREE-MEN OF THE LORD.

THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

The following sonnet was composed as a tribute to the philanthropist Thomas Clarkson, on the final passage of his bill for the abolition of the slave-trade, in March, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
How toilsome—nay, how dire!—it was by thee
Is known—by none, perhaps, so feelingly.
But thou who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee. O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!
The bloody writing is forever torn,
And thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of humankind!

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

By the year 1815 the piracies of the Algerines had earned for their country the name of "a nation of corsairs." The United States went to war with it, and compelled future respect to the stars and stripes. The next year a bombardment of the city of Algiers by the combined English and Dutch fleets, under Lord Exmouth, forced the Dey to a treaty which released all Christian slaves in Algeria, and promised abstinence from both piracy and the enslavement of subjects of Christian powers. Immense damage was done to the city and the Algerine ships by the bombardment.

ONE day of dreadful occupation more,
Ere England's gallant ships
Shall, of their beauty, pomp, and power disrobed,
Like sea-birds on the sunny main,
Rock idly in the port.

One day of dreadful occupation more,
A work of righteousness,
Yea, of sublimest mercy must be done;
England will break th' oppressor's chain,
And set the captives free.

Red Cross of England, which all shores have seen
Triumphantly displayed,
Thou sacred banner of the glorious Isle,
Known wheresoever keel hath cut
The navigable deep,—

Ne'er didst thou float more proudly o'er the storm
Of havoc and of death,

Than when, resisting fiercely, but in vain,
Algiers her moony standard lowered,
And signed the conqueror's law.

Oh, if the grave were sentient, as these Moors
In erring credence hold;
And if the victories of captivity
Could in the silent tomb have heard
The thunder of the fight,—

Sure their rejoicing dust upon that day
Had heaved the oppressive soil,
And earth been shaken like the mosques and towers
When England on those guilty walls
Her fiery vengeance sent.

Seldom hath victory given a joy like this,—
When the delivered slave
Revisits once again his own dear home,
And tells of all his sufferings past,
And blesses Exmouth's name.

Far, far and wide along the Italian shores
That holy joy extends;
Sardinian mothers pay their vows fulfilled;
And hymns are heard beside thy banks,
O fountain Arethuse!

Churches shall blaze with lights and ring with praise,
And deeper strains shall rise
From many an overflowing heart to Heaven;
Nor will they in their prayers forget
The hand that set them free.

THE BATTLE OF ISANDLANA.

STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

This, often called the Battle of Isandula, was fought January 22, 1879, soon after the opening of the war in South Africa, between Great Britain and the Zulus, caused by the troubles between Zululand and the neighboring English colonies. The Zulus came down in overwhelming force upon a few hundred British troops, at the position which gives name to the action, and after meeting a protracted and most courageous resistance, slaughtered the entire detachment.

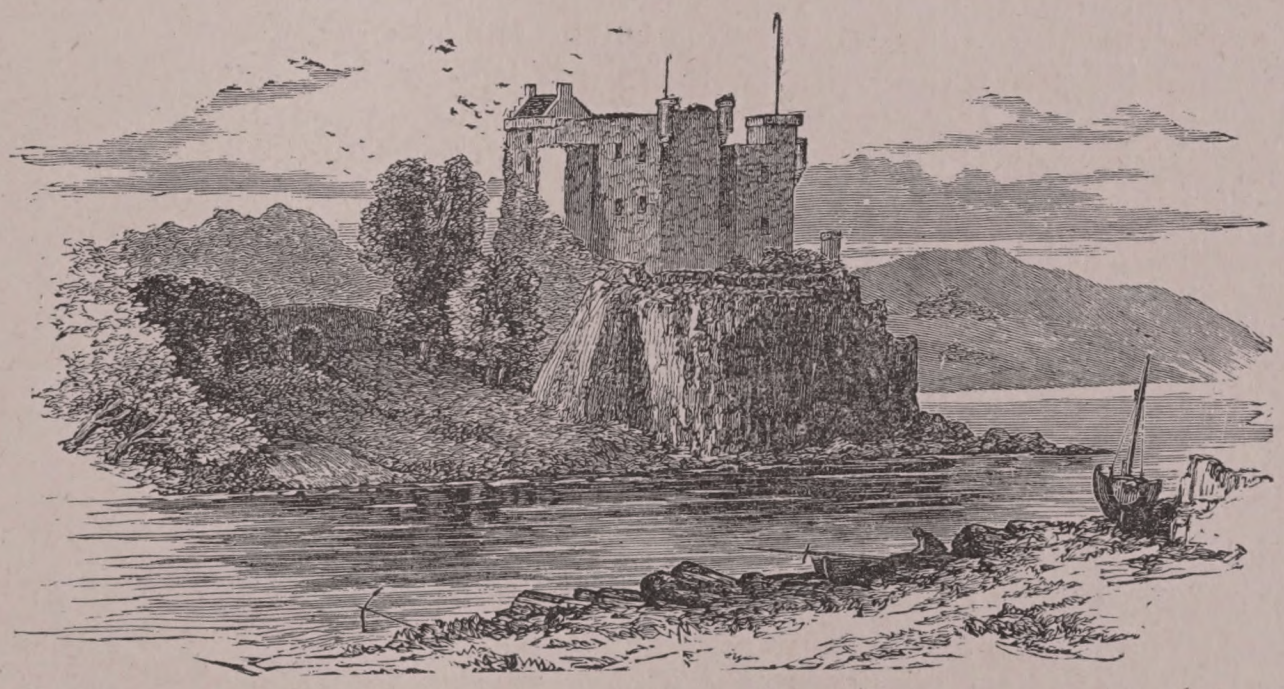
IT was a fearful battle, a dread, ill-omened day,
When sudden, as by swoop of storm, in the pride of their array,

Full half the gallant Twenty-fourth to a man were swept away.
A brotherhood in arms were they, surpassed in fame by none;
And even on the battle-field, when all but hope was gone,
The beat of the surviving hearts was as the beat of one.
Their blazoned colors proudly told of many a glorious fight,
And when, from thickest of the fray they shed their meteor light,
There was not, and there could not be, a thought of fear or flight.
The column, doomed to move apart, trod firm a hostile land,
And all at ease the tents were spread, when from his rocky stand
The watcher's cheery voice declared no enemy at hand.
But soon a word of ruder tone throughout th' encampment rang:
"They come, in swarms they come! your lives on instant action hang."
Not one but hurries to his post, and, swift as lightning's flash,
The line is formed, and all in place to meet the tempest's crash.

From the hills
Down, downward pouring,
Streams to sight the swarthy flood,
Dark as clouds
Which, thunder storing,
O'er a wildered city brood.
Alert to fight, athirst to slay,
They shake the dreaded assegai,
And rush with blind and frantic will
On all, when few, whose force is skill.

E'en so; but, while they gather strength to strike the fatal blow,
Their front sustains a deadly shock, which lays a thousand low.
Yet thousands more replace the slain, and what can hundreds do
But bravely face their doom, and die to fame and duty true?
A whisper!—hark! The guns, the guns!—No ready voice replies;
But, lo! each gun, in silence spiked, the captor's grasp defies;—
A brave and meritorious act; alas! who does it dies.
Far, far away, at fearful risk, a nobler charge was moved,
And those in trust right well achieved what more than valor proved;
Both still were young, and firm in minds that ne'er from duty roved.
Quick, quick they mount the bridled steeds, while near each loyal breast
The colors lie, from ill secured, as in a miser's chest.
What could in haste be done they did; to faith they gave the rest.
In fast succession forth they passed, along the straggling host;
On, gallant youths! ye may not heed the peril or the cost.
O, speed them, Heaven! direct their course; what shame if such were lost!
A stare of silent, brief surprise, and then a deafening yell,
As if the imprisoned souls below had burst the bonds of hell;
On dashed the dauntless riders still; who dared to cross them fell.
Soon clear of foemen, side by side, athwart the pathless wild,

Conveyors of a precious charge, by capture ne'er defiled,
On, boldly on, they stretched with speed by youthful hope beguiled.
Alike through pools of rotten marsh, o'er beds of flint they rode;
They crossed the dell, they scaled the hill, they shunned the lone abode,
Nor ceased to urge the foaming beasts their weary limbs bestrode.
At length the frontier stream appears,—hurrah! what need of more?
O fate! They plunge, the waters flash, the rushing waters roar.
Unseated, wounded, all but drowned, they touch, they clasp the shore.
A few brief hours of calm succeed; they share the joy of those
Who, purpose gained and danger past, from anxious toil repose;
But nature sinks—too great the strain, and wounds are slow to close.
One slept, nor woke again; like him too soon the other slept;
And those who sought and found them dead, the colors near them kept,
In pity—doubt not—stooped awhile, and o'er the bodies wept.
Melvill and Coghill, honored names! ye need no verse of mine
To fix the record of your worth on Memory's faithful shrine;
To you a wreath that may not fade shall England's praise assign.
Ye crown the list of glorious acts which form our country's boast,
Ye rescued from the brink of shame what soldiers prize the most,
And reached by duty's path a life beyond the lives ye lost.



SCOTLAND.

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING.

WM. SINCLAIR.

This was fought September 16, 1297, near Stirling, one of the oldest and most famous towns in Scotland. The Scotch under Wallace here defeated with great loss the army of Edward I., king of England. In 1304 the same monarch returned to Stirling and captured the place, after a siege of three months. In the vicinity was fought the celebrated battle of Bannockburn.

TO Scotland's ancient realm
Proud Edward's armies came
To sap our freedom and o'erwhelm
Our martial force in shame.
"It shall not be!" brave Wallace cried:
"It shall not be!" his chiefs replied;
"By the name our fathers gave her,
Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
We 'll all our dearest rights redeem,—
Our own broadswords shall save her!"

With hopes of triumph flushed,
The squadrons hurried o'er
Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rushed
Like wild waves to the shore.
"They come—they come!" was the gallant cry:
"They come—they come!" was the loud reply;
"O strength, thou gracious Giver!
By Love and Freedom's stainless faith,
We 'll dare the darkest night of death,—
We 'll drive them back forever!"

All o'er the waving broom,
In chivalry and grace,
Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
By Stirling's rocky base.
And, stretching far beneath the view,
Proud Cressingham! thy banners flew,
When, like a torrent rushing,
O God! from right and left the flame
Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
Great Edward's legions crushing!

High praise, ye gallant band,
Who in the face of day,
With a daring heart and a fearless hand,
Have cast your chains away!
The foemen fell on every side,—
In crimson hues the Forth was dyed,—
Bedewed with blood the heather;
While cries triumphal shook the air,—
"Thus shall they do, thus shall they dare,
Wherever Scotsmen gather!"

Though years like shadows fleet
O'er the dial-stone of Time,
Thy pulse, O Freedom! still shall beat
With the throb of manhood's prime!
Still shall the valor, love, and truth,
That shone on Scotland's early youth,
From Scotland ne'er dissever;
The Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle stern
Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
And bless the brave forever!

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

William Wallace, son of a Scottish knight, and one of the most famous of Scotia's many heroes, flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century, principally as a leader of insurgents against the English attempts upon the supremacy of his country. Many wonderful stories are told of his prowess. He ultimately became governor of Scotland, but only for a short time. After an eventful career, he was executed by the English for high treason, August 23, 1305, with accompaniments of unusual barbarity.

JOY, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death;
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom;
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweaponed and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword;
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale,
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now;
Yes, they can look upon those manly limbs,
Defenseless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
Nor one ungoverned feeling shook those limbs,
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their legal cruelty revived;
What though ingenious vengeance lengthened life
To feel protracted death;—

What though the hangman's hand
Grasped in his living breast the heaving heart?—
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He called to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death.

Go, Edward! triumph now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crushed;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs,
The fowls of heaven have fed.

Unrivaled, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory, to thy grave!
The weight of patriot-blood upon thy soul,
Go, Edward, to thy God!

CRAIGIE CASTLE.

ANDREW WANLESS.

The ruins of Craigie Castle still remain upon the rocky banks of the Dye, a stream locally reputed to have received the name from its being at times actually dyed with the blood of the slain in the border warfare. It is supposed that the ancient battle of Otterbourne was fought in this vicinity. "The following ballad," says the author, "is founded on a tradition that the lord of the castle had gone to the wars, and left his young wife to mourn his absence for twice seven long months, and that on a moonlight night she heard the drum beat. She ran to the turret of the castle overlooking the Dye, and

while there observed her lord make a dangerous leap across the stream at a place called 'Darin-step;' and from this cause, it is said, her strength forsook her, and the child she held in her arms fell into the abyss below. The ballad tells the rest."

THE sun had set ayont the hill,
The moon on high was creeping,
When on her couch a lady fair
Wi' sorrow sair was weeping;
And aye she wrung her milk-white hands,
And frae her e'en sae bonny
The waefu' tears ran rowin' doon,
Unseen, unkent by ony.

Her lord was e'en as brave a knight
As e'er wore kilt or plaidie;
Now he has gone unto the wars
And left his winsome lady.
He bade farewell unto his bride,
He kissed her lips sae bonny,
He 's kissed her ower and ower again,
She 's gi'en him kisses monie.

Now he has buckled on his sword,
His gallant steed is ready;
The waesome tears fell ower his cheek,
When parting frae his lady.

Twice seven lang months had fled away:
Her wounded heart was breakin';
For still the thought wad come and go
That she was left forsaken.

And aye she wrung her lily hands
Upon the bed of sorrow,
And sair she longed again to see
The dawin' o' the morrow.
She clasp'd her infant to her breast,
She heard the distant drumming,
Wi' joy she climbed the turret high,
To watch her true knight coming.

She saw him leap the Darin-step,
Wi' dread her heart did shiver,
Then frae her arms the child fell down
Down in the raging river!
The heavens heard her shriek of woe,
The warrior saw his lady
Leap from the castle's dizzy height,—
In death she clasp'd her baby!

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Some years after Wallace had departed, a fresh insurrection against the English domination was made by a formidable following under Robert Bruce, another of the most renowned sons of Scotia. After a term in the regency of the kingdom, succeeding Wallace, he was crowned king at Scone, March 27, 1306. Eight years afterwards, the English, under Edward II., numbering 100,000 men, invaded the country, but were signally defeated by only 30,000 Scots led by Bruce, at Bannockburn, June 24, 1314. It was the most famous battle in Scottish history, and went far to secure the liberties of "the land o' cakes."

WIDE o'er Bannock's heathy wold
Scotland's deathful banners rolled,
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
To the purpling east.
Freedom beamed in every eye;
Devotion breathed in every sigh;
Freedom heaved their souls on high,
And steeled each hero's breast.

Charging then the coursers sprang,
Sword and helmet clashing rang,
Steel-clad warriors' mixing clang

Echoed round the field.
Deathful see their eyeballs glare!
See the nerves of battle bare!
Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
And glance from every shield.
Hark, the bowmen's quivering strings!
Death on gray-goose pinions springs!
Deep they dip their dappled wings,
Drunk in hero's gore.
Lo! Edward, springing on the rear,
Plies his Caledonian spear:
Ruin marks his dread career,
And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow!
See the reeling, yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow!
Yet we shall be free!
Darker yet the strife appears;
Forest dread of flaming spears!
Hark! a shout the welkin tears!
Bruce has victory.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow,—
Let us do or dee!

THE CAPTIVE KING.

JAMES THE FIRST.

King James I. of Scotland was captured at sea in 1405, by the minions of the English Henry IV., and confined in prison, where he composed this, one of the most graceful and touching poems in our older literature. After the death of Henry V., he was crowned King of Scotland at Scone in 1424, and ruled wisely and well for twelve years. His efforts to repress the turbulence and oppressions of the nobles, and secure the rights and liberties of the common people, cost him his life by assassination at Perth in 1437.

WHEREAS in ward full oft I would bewail
My deadly life, full of pain and penance,
Saying right thus, "What have I guilt to fail
My freedom in this world, and my pleasance?

Sin[1] every wight has thereof suffisance[2]
That I behold, and I a creäture
Put from all this, hard is mine aventure?

The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea;
They live in freedom, every in his kind,
And I a man, I lacketh liberty;
What shall I sayn, what reason may I find,
That Fortune should do so? Thus in my mind
My folk I would argúe, but all for nought;
Was none that might that on my painés rought[3]?

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the 9th of September, 1513, James IV. of Scotland was posted on Flodden Hill, in England, the last spur of the Cheviots on the northeast, with about 30,000 men, the remnant of a much larger force. From this position he advanced late in the day against a slightly superior English column, commanded by the Earl of Surrey. The Scotch were beaten with immense loss, the king, the archbishop of St. Andrew's, twelve earls, and many other nobles, being among the slain. It was the greatest defeat in Scottish history. The following extract, from the sixth canto of "Marmion," is considered the most brilliant description of the battle ever made.

NEXT morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamped in Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry,
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending,
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back and now descending,
The skillful Marmion well could know
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below.* *
"But, see! look up, on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the ranks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—

1 Since. 2 Sufficient. 3 "No one took pity on my sufferings." *Rought* is an old preterit of *rue*, to care for.

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And pluméd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bravely bear them in the fight;
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied:
'T was vain.—But Fortune on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
"A Home!" "A Gordon!" was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes. * * *

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where 's now their victor vaward ring,
Where Huntley, and where Home?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,

Afar, the Royal standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.

But, as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoll'n and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band
Disordered through her currents dash
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, time, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

THE QUEEN'S LANDING.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

The following sonnet celebrates the landing of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, at the mouth of the Derwent, in Workington, in May, 1568.

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!

And (like a star that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled. But Time, the old Saturnian sea,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[Written in her Book of Devotions just before her Execution.]

Mary's last struggle for her sovereignty was made in May, 1568. It was unsuccessful, and she was thenceforth for nearly nineteen years a prisoner. In October, 1586, she was convicted of complicity in a plot against the life of her cousin, the English queen Elizabeth; and she was beheaded at Fotheringay February 8, 1587. The translation below is from the pen of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

"O DOMINE Deus! speravi in te,
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me,
In dura catena, in misera pœna,
Desidero te:
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!"

O Master and Maker! my hope is in thee.
My Jesus, dear Saviour! now set my soul free.
From this my hard prison, my spirit uprisen,
Soars upward to thee.
Thus moaning and groaning, and bending the knee,
I adore, and implore that thou liberate me.

DEATH OF MARY STUART.

ANONYMOUS.

NOBLY at length to die,
To end her life of blood;
With a lightsome step and a joyous eye,
In the pride of her peerless majesty,
Before them all she stood.

Not an eyelid's faintest shiver
Was there, to give the lie

To the false heart beating calm as ever,
As she passed proudly by.

Magnificent in wrong,
The old smile lit her face
As she stood those stern-eyed men among;
Not a stain of fear as she swept along
Should mar that fatal grace.

Not a falter as she passed
Was wrung from her royal pride;
With a lie on her lips to the very last,
And a gay "*Au revoir*" to her judges cast,—
Thus Mary Stuart died.

Fraser's Magazine.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Scottish pibroch is simply the music of the national instrument, the bagpipe, which has surprising effect upon the hilarious and martial instincts of the people, especially the Highlanders. In a well-arranged pibroch the various movements and sounds of the march and fight are supposed to be imitated. More than once, upon the field of battle, a retreating or broken column of Highlanders has been rallied by the pibroch.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil!
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come, every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one!
Come, every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle-plume,
Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Knell for the onset!

THE COVENANTERS.

LETITIA E. LANDON.

The Covenanters of Scotland derived their name from adherence to the National Covenant, or bond of union made at Edinburgh by leading Presbyterian clergy in 1638, and signed by an immense number of the Scottish people. Another reason for the name is found in the Solemn League and Covenant, made a few years afterwards, between the Scottish estates and the English parliamentary party, during the troubles that preceded the Commonwealth. Both these documents were partly religious,—embodying substantially the Westminster Confession of Faith,—and partly political, as opposed to the aggressions of the English crown. The signing of the Covenants was the exciting cause of great persecution and suffering among the people of Scotland. The extreme party of Covenanters were known as Cameronians.

MINE home is but a blackened heap
  In the midst of a lonesome wild,
And the owl and the bat may their nightmare keep
  Where human faces smiled.

I rocked the cradle of seven fair sons,
  And I worked for their infancy;
But, when like a child in mine own old age,
  There are none to work for me.

Never! I will not know another home.
Ten summers have passed on, with their blue skies,
Green leaves, and singing birds, and sun-kissed fruit,
Since here I first took up my last abode;
And here my bones shall rest. You say it is
A home for beasts, and not for human kind,—
This bleak shed and bare rock,—and that the vale
Below is beautiful. I know the time
When it looked very beautiful to me!
Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak
Stands black and leafless, as if scorched by fire,
While round it the ground seems as if a curse
Were laid upon the soil? Once by that tree,
Then covered with its leaves and acorn crop,
A little cottage stood: 't was very small,
But had an air of health and peace. The roof
Was every morning vocal with the song
Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nest
Was built in safety underneath the thatch;
A honeysuckle on the sunny side

Hung round its lattices its fragrant trumpets.
Around was a small garden: fruit and herbs
Were there in comely plenty; and some flowers,
Heath from the mountains, and the wilding bush
Gemmed with red roses and white apple blossoms,
Were food for the two hives, whence all day long
There came a music like the pleasant sound
Of lulling waters. And at eventide
It was a goodly sight to see around
Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health,
And youth, and happiness. These were my children,
That cottage was mine home.....

There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were hunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,
Darkened with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murdered infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forego the faith
They had grown up in. I was one of these:
How could I close the Bible I had read
Beside my dying mother, which had given
To me and mine such comfort! But the hand
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt,
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame,
Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words
Praying for mercy, and then childish screams
Of fear and pain. There were these the last night
The white walls of my cottage stood; they bound
And flung me down beside the oak, to watch
How the red fire gathered, like that of hell.
There sprang one to the lattice, and leant forth,
Gasping for the fresh air,—my own fair girl!
My only one! The vision haunts me still:
The white arms raised to heaven, and the long hair,
Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head,
Upright, from terror. In th' accursed glare
We knew each other; and I heard a cry
Half tenderness, half agony,—a crash,—
The roof fell in,—I saw my child no more!
A cloud closed round me, a deep thunder-cloud,

Half darkness and half fire. At length sense came,
With a rememb'ring, like that which a dream
Leaves, of vague horrors; but the heavy chain,
The loathsome straw which was mine only bed,
The sickly light through the dim bars, the damp,
The silence, were realities; and then
I lay on the cold stones and wept aloud,
And prayed the fever to return again,
And bring death with it. Yet did I escape.—
Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,
And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow;
I thought then I would seek my desolate home,
And die where it had been. I reached the place:
The ground was bare and scorched, and in the midst
Was a black heap of ashes. Franticly
I groped amid them, ever and anon
Meeting some human fragment, skulls and bones,
Shapeless and cinders, till I drew a curl,
A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,
Stainless and golden, as but just then severed,
A love-gift from the head:—I knew the hair—
It was my daughter's! Then I stood and howled
Curses upon that night. There came a voice,
There came a gentle step;—even on the heap
Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour
To the great God my gratitude! That curl
Was wet with tears of happiness; that step,
That voice, were sweet, familiar ones,—one child,
My eldest son, was sent me from the grave!
That night he had escaped!.....

We left the desolate valley, and we went
Together to the mountains and the woods,
And there inhabited in love and peace,
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,
And roused them to avenge their many wrongs.
Yet stood they not in battle, and the arm
Of the oppressor was at first too mighty.
Albeit I have lived to see their bonds
Rent like burnt flax, yet much of blood was spilt
Or ever the deliverance was accomplished.
We fled in the dark night. At length the moon
Rose on the midnight, when I saw the face
Of my last child was ghastly white, and set

In the death agony, and from his side
The life-blood came like tears; and then I prayed
That he would rest, and let me staunch the wound.
He motioned me to fly, and then lay down
Upon the rock, and died! This is his grave,
His home and mine. Ask ye now why I dwell
Upon the rock, and loathe the vale beneath?

THE COVENANTERS.—A NITHSDALE BALLAD.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

NITHSDALE men, your sinews brace,
Sword and spear and gun have ready,
Meet the king-hounds face to face,
Eyes and ears alert and steady!
Dunscore, Closeburn, Tynron, Keir!
Crichope, Scaur, and Carron Water!
Wild, heroic Durrisdeer!
To arms! to arms! prepare for slaughter.
For the Faith our fathers fought,
Martyred spirits will befriend us!
Tyrants shall be brought to nought!
"God of Liberty, defend us!"

Come from craggy glen and steep,
Mountains green and hills of heather!
Sacred aye the watchword keep,
Serried close, we 'll march together!
See! they come adown the glen;
Banners waving, bugles blowing!
Meet them, beat them, man to man—
To all but Lag[1] our mercy showing.
For the Faith, etc.

Mark the onset; foot to foot,
Plumèd crest with bonnet blending,
Charge on charge, with shout on shout,
Prayers and curses wild ascending!
Charge again! They waver—wheel!
Hurrah! the Red Dragoons are flying.
Follow! follow! God be praised—
Tend we now the dead and dying;
For the Faith our fathers fought,
Martyred spirits have befriended!
Tyrant councils brought to nought!
"God of Liberty defended!"

Out-manœuvred—simple saint!
Look! the Blood-hounds are returning;
Lag's retreat was but a feint—
On he comes for vengeance burning.
"Fly! all fly!"—and how they fled
Is shown by hill and mountain passes—
Hallowed cairns rise o'er the dead,
Where green forevermore the grass is!
For the Faith they fought and fell—
Fell, but won immortal glory!
Seed then planted flourished well,
And deathless lives in Scottish story.

1 Grierson of Lag, whose relentless persecution of the Covenanters made his name infamous; and even to this day it is abhorred by the peasantry of Dumfriesshire.

BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

This was fought July 27, 1689, between the Covenanters under Mackay and the adherents of James III. under John Graham, Viscount Dundee and Lord Graham of Claverhouse. The latter were successful, but with the loss of Dundee, who was one of the bravest and most skillful—albeit one of the most cruel—of the Jacobite leaders.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie,[1] O?
Oh, where hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie,[2] O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,[3]
And Clavers got a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athole gled[4]
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The following sonnet, reviving the memories of the famous battle, was written in 1803, during the public expectation of a descent upon England by foreign foes.

SIX thousand veterans practised in War's game,
Tried men, at Killiecrankie were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders—the slaughter spread like flame;
And Garry, thundering down his mountain road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies. 'T was a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the men of England see,
And her foes find a like inglorious grave.

1 Gaudy. 2 Merry. 3 Furrow. 4 Kite.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

ON the heights of Killiecrankie
Yestermorn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way,
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Know that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr,
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir[1]:
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined arch and shrine—
By the blighted heart of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors
Or the brood of fierce Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North;
Let them tell that Highland honor
Is not to be bought nor sold,—
That we scorn their Prince's anger,
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him who was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call;
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wild Breadalbane
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle:
Burning eye and flashing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe.
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,

1 Archbishop Sharp, murdered by Covenanters May 3, 1679.

Next we saw the squadrons come—
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum.
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath.
Then we bounded from our covert,—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armèd men!
Like a tempest, down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel;
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band;
On we poured, until we met them
Foot to foot and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule;
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us;
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie
When that stubborn fight was done.

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broad-swords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him, gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to find him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage;
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful notes of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer.
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot and steel and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood,
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

RULLION GREEN.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

This poem illustrates the character of the minor actions between the Covenanters and their swift, relentless enemies. Dalziel was one of the most active of the partisan leaders among the latter.

HERE, on this slope, the Covenanting men
Stood, lifting holy hearts and holy hand;
And from the hill they looked, with eager ken,
To catch the nearing of their brothered bands.
From Teviot banks, from high Dunedin's brow,
Some aid was promised, and they hoped for more
But ah! it was too bold a venture now,
And hands were weak, where tongues were strong before:
Dunedin closed her ports, and from the west
Hung grim Dalziel, avoidless as the pest.

But fear they knew not. With an holy bond
In Clydesdale they had bound them to their God;
Nor do their hearts in danger's hour despond,
They bear Heaven's mandate, and they own its nod.

Beneath the cold and clear November noon
  Their hearts beat high upon the lonely hill;
Souls mild and kindly as the leafy June,
  Stood cased in firm resolve and dauntless will;
And, when soft pity melts the mood severe,
There God doth paint a rainbow in each tear.

Hark, from the hill ascends the solemn chant!
  And hark again the startling war-cry rings!
A mud-splashed rider comes with breathless pant—
  "'T is he, the grim Dalziel, and death he brings
Or to himself, or you!"—Straightway were heard
  The hungry hell-hounds through the stony dell
Hurrying. Their swords the godly warriors gird,
  With godly benediction bless them well;
Then rush to the fray. The hostile horse they beat
Back to the glen, with swift, severe retreat.

And yet again the clattering onset came;
  And yet again they drave it back in blood;
But grim Dalziel, now burning with fierce flame,
  Gathered his serried hundreds. Like a flood
He rolled, and swept the rankless tens away,
  Whose valor now was bootless. They so few
Had boldly hoped to keep a host at bay;
  Nor vainly—had their plighted friends been true.
Not lack of heart, but lack of ordered skill,
And lack of needful aidance wrought them ill.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

The Macdonalds of Glencoe were not so prompt to submit to the rule of William and Mary, after the death of Dundee had destroyed the hopes of James, as their enemies wished; and their delay was made the pretext for a sudden descent upon their beautiful valley, February 13, 1692, in which about forty of the clan were murdered, and the rest driven to the mountains, where many others perished of cold and hunger. Their homes were devastated and burned, and their cattle driven off. This dreadful affair has passed into history as the Massacre of Glencoe.

DO not lift him from the bracken,
  Leave him lying where he fell,—
Better bier he can not fashion:
  None beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather,
  And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
  To the judgment seat of God!
Winding-sheet we can not give him—
  Seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering

Showered from Heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it,
Bent and broken with the blow,
Which, before he died, avenged him
On the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom—
Wash not off that sacred stain;
Let it stiffen on the tartan,
Let its wounds unclosed remain
Till the day when he shall show them
At the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered
Meet before their Judge's eye!

Nay, ye should not weep, my children,
Leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapon—
Tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald!
Weep not thou, his orphan heir;
Not in shame, but stainless honor,
Lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not—but when years are over,
And thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady
On the mountain and the moor,
Let thy heart be hard as iron,
And thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh
For the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
Rise a louder shriek of woe
Than at midnight from their eyrie
Scared the eagles of Glencoe:
Louder than the screams that mingled
With the howling of the blast,
When the murderer's steel was clashing,
And the fires were rising fast;
When the noble father bounded
To the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred
Pealed throughout the startled glen!
When the herd of frantic women
Stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing,
And their dearest dead below!
Oh, the horror of the tempest
As the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration,
And the roof went thundering down!
Oh, the prayers, the prayers and curses,
That together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many
Through that long and woful night!
Till the fires began to dwindle,
And the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge
Only in a far halloo:
Till the silence once more settled
O'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona
Plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit
Was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered
In the grey December dawn.
Better had the morning never
Dawned upon our dark despair!

THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Prestonpans is a seaport town on the Frith of Forth, about nine miles east of Edinburgh. Here the little army of Charles Edward Stuart, commonly called the Pretender, consisting mainly of Highland clans, boldly attacked the royal force under Sir John Cope, Sept. 21, 1745, and completely routed it, with the capture of its cannon and baggage. The success, however, was short-lived. Contrary to the advice of his council,

Charles invaded England with his totally insufficient following, and was overwhelmed at Culloden April 16, 1746.

DAY opened in the orient sky
With wintry aspect, dull and drear;
On every leaf while glitteringly
The rimy hoar-frost did appear.
Blue ocean was unseen, though near;
And lazy shadows seemed to draw
In silver with their mimic floods,
A line above the Seton woods,
And round North Berwick Law.

Hark! 't was the bagpipe that awoke
Its tones of battle and alarms!
The royal drum, with doubling stroke,
In answer beat, "To arms--to arms!"
If tumult and if war have charms,
Here might that bliss be sought and found:
The Saxon line unsheathes the sword;
Rushes the Gael, with battle-word,
Across the stubble ground.

Alas! that British might should wield
Destruction o'er a British plain;
That hands, ordained to bear the shield,
Should bring the poisoned lance to drain
The life-blood from a brother's vein,
And steep ancestral fields in gore!
Yet, Preston, such thy fray began;
Thy marsh-collected waters ran
Empurpled to the shore.

The noble Gardiner, bold of soul
Saw, spirit-sunk, his dastards flee,
Disdained to let a fear control,
And, striving by the side of thee,
Fell, like a champion of the free!
And Brymer, too, who scorned to yield,
Here took his death-blow undismayed,
And, sinking slowly downward, laid
His back upon the field.

Descendant of a royal line,—
A line unfortunate and brave!
Success a moment seemed to shine
On thee—'t was sunbeams on a grave!
Thy home a hiding-place,—a cave,
With foxes destined soon to be!
To sorrow and to suffering wed,
A price on thy devoted head,
And bloodhounds tracking thee!

'T was morn; but ere the solar ray
Shot, burning, from the west abroad,
The field was still; the soldier lay
Beneath the turf on which he trod,
Within a cold and lone abode,
Beside the spot whereon he fell;
Forever severed from his kind,
And from the house he left behind,--
His own paternal dell!

Sheathed in their glittering panoply,
Or wrapt in war-cloak, war-besprent,
Within one common cemetery
The lofty and the low were pent:
No longer did the evening tent
Their mirth and wassail clamor hear:
Ah! many a maid of ardent breast
Shed for his sake whom she loved best
The heart-consuming tear!

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

TOBIAS G. SMOLLETT.

The atrocious barbarities committed among the Highlanders by the English troops under the Duke of Cumberland, after the unfortunate battle of Culloden, in which the Scottish power was overthrown, furnished the inspiration for this vigorous poem. Its author was himself a Scotchman, and it is said that, when he had written the poem in six stanzas, upon the suggestion of a friend that so sharp an attack upon the government might hinder his advancement, he resumed his pen and added the seventh stanza, the fiercest of all. Smollett was chiefly famous as a novelist and historian, and this is his only poem of note. It was written the same year of the battle and subsequent raids.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain,
Thy infants perish on the plain.

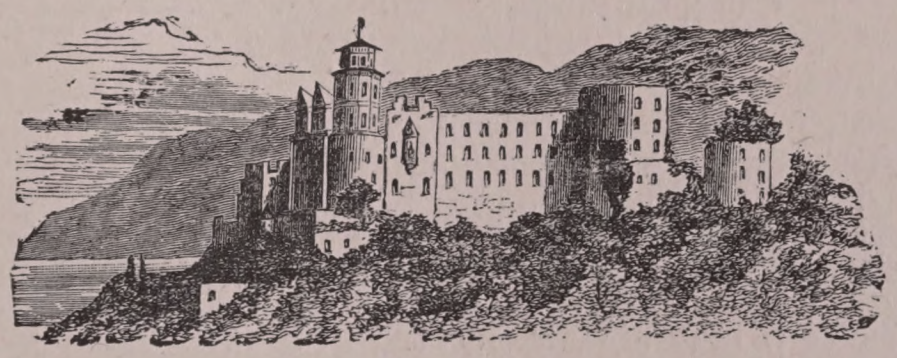
What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And naught be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow—
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!"



IRELAND.

THE CELTS.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

LONG, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old, there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers, they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers;
With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,
These Western shepherd-seers.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts
Not yet o'erthrown;
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council-courts:
While youths alone,
With giant-dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Finn, the father of the bard
Whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all change is heard,
Sweet-voiced and strong.
Finn once o'ertook Granu, the golden-haired,
The fleet and young;
From her the lovely, and from him the feared,
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—
Thy Fenian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very names of Finn and Gaul sound strange,
Yet thine the same—
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange—
Remains, and shall remain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace;

There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed
And strength and grace;
In the sole song they live and love and bleed,—
It bears them on through space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold
In our own time
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold
Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty-souled
As in the prime,
Where the fond, fair, and beautiful and bold,—
They, of your song sublime!

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

FROM THE GAELIC.

The incidents celebrated in this poem belong to the legendary period of Irish history. The bard Fergus Finnbheoil is here supposed, in reply to his father's questions, to relate the slaughter of the Feinn, or Fenians, and the death of "Oscar the fearless," at the battle of Gabhra, about A. D. 284. The lines are translated by Mr. Henry Morley, from a collection of old Gaelic poems made early in the sixteenth century.

"SAY, Bard of the Feinn of Erin,
How fared the fight, Fergus, my son,
In Gabhra's fierce battle-day? Say!"

"The fight fared not well, son of Cumhaill,
From Gabhra come tidings of ruin,
For Oscar the fearless is slain.
The sons of Caeilte were seven;
They fell with the Feinn of Alvin.
The youth of the Feinn are fallen,
Are dead in their battle array.
And dead on the field lies Mac Luy,
With six of the sons of thy sire.
The young men of Alvin are fallen;
The Feinn of Britain are fallen.
And dead is the king's son of Lochlin,
Who hastened to war for our right—
The king's son with a heart ever open,
And arm ever strong in the fight."

"Now, O Bard,—my son's son, my desire,
My Oscar, of him, Fergus, tell
How he hewed at the helms ere he fell."

"Hard were it, Fionn, to number,
Heavy for me were the labor,
To tell of the host that has fallen,
Slain by the valor of Oscar.
No rush of the waterfall swifter,
No pounce of the hawk on his prey,
No whirlpool more sweeping and deadly,
Than Oscar in battle that day.
And you who last saw him could see
How he throbbed in the roar of the fray,
As a storm-worried leaf on the tree
Whose fellows lie fallen below,
As an aspen will quiver and sway

While the axe deals it blow upon blow.
When he saw that Mac Art, King of Erin,
Still lived in the midst of the roar,
Oscar gathered his force to roll on him
As waves roll to break on the shore.
The King's son, Cairban, saw the danger,
He shook his great hungering spear,
Grief of griefs! drove its point through our Oscar,
Who braved the death-stroke without fear.
Rushing still on Mac Art, King of Erin,
His weight on his weapon he threw,
And smote at Mac Art, and again smote
Cairban, whom that second blow slew.
So died Oscar, a king in his glory.
I, Fergus the Bard, grieve my way
Through all lands, saying how went the story
Of Gabhra's fierce battle-day."—
"Say!"

THE BOYNE WATER.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

The Boyne is a river in the east of Ireland, with a course of sixty-five miles. Near Oldbridge, upon its banks, was fought the famous Battle of the Boyne, July 12 (July 1, old style), 1690, in which the forces of James II. were totally defeated by the Protestant army, and his cause rendered hopeless. The anniversary of the battle has since been quite generally celebrated by Protestant Irishmen throughout the world. The following poem is arranged by Mr. Croker from an old manuscript.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces;
And often did cry vehemently
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm;
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retained their rapid motion.
But William said, "He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marchèd o'er,
The foot soon followed a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing o'er the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William thus accosted
His warlike men, for to march on,

And he would be the foremost.
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the losing of one commander;
For God will be our king this day,
And I 'll be the general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle;
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed a'ter;
With blows and shout put our foes to rout,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reasons to be thankful
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at Wilmount a'ter,
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing o'er the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night
They set the field on fire;
And long before the morning light
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
"I 'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
Seemèd to be faint-hearted.
So sheathe your swords, and rest awhile,
In time we 'll follow a'ter:"
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valor shewed,
And made his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we 'll give,
Both now and ever a'ter,
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Limerick was the last stronghold of the Catholics under King James. It was besieged by William after the Battle of the Boyne, but ineffectually, and again by the English under Ginkel, who, after several weeks' investment, marked by brave and skillful defense, secured an armistice, followed by the famous "treaty of Limerick."

BY William led, the English sped,
With musket, sword, and cannon,
To sweep us all from Limerick's wall,
And drown us in the Shannon;
But we bethought how well they fought
Our fathers there before us;
We raised on high our charging cry,
And flung our green flag o'er us!

For days on days their cannon's blaze
  Flashed by the blood-stained water;
The breach is done, and up they run,
  Five hundred to the slaughter;
They crossed the beach beyond our reach,
  New foes fresh work supplied us;
Our women brave, their homes to save,
  Soon slew them all inside us!

Though through the smoke their army broke,
  With cannons booming solemn,
We would not flinch, but inch by inch
  Opposed its bristling column;
Three times we dashed them back, and smashed
  Their lines with shot and saber,
And naught had they at close of day
  But thinned ranks for their labor.

With angry word then said their lord,
  "Our foes are better, braver!"
Then fled he straight from Limerick's gate,
  For he could not enslave her;
Then raised we high our triumph cry,
  Where battle's chances found us,
With corse and gun and red flags strewn,
  And blood and ruin round us!

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

This fine ballad celebrates an incident of the same period as the last poem. Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, was a supporter of King James, and fought with his adherents at the Battle of the Boyne. He was killed in 1693, at the battle of Landen, while in the French service.

DOES any man dream that a Gael can fear?—
  Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!
The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
  Between the leaguers and worn Athlone.

"Break down the bridge!"—Six warriors rushed
  Through the storm of shot and the storm of shell.
With late, but certain, victory flushed
  The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks 'mid a hail of fire:
  They fell in death, their work half done:
The bridge stood fast; and nigh and nigher
  The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

"O who for Erin will strike a stroke?
  Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar?"
Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
  And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed;
  And four dropped dead, and two remained:
The huge beams groaned, and the arch down-crashed;—
  Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up, and cried,
  "I have seen no deed like that in France!"
With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied,
  "They had luck, the dogs! 'T was a merry chance!"

O, many a year upon Shannon's side
  They sang upon moor and they sang upon heath
Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
  And the ten that shook bloody hands with Death.

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Cremona is an Italian city, formerly a large one, lying on the left bank of the Po. During the winter of 1701–2, it was held by the French, under Marshal Villeroy, against whom Prince Eugene was operating at the head of the allies. Through the treachery of Cassioli, a priest in Cremona, an old aqueduct under his house was opened, by which, on the 1st of February, 1702, a large body of the allies gained the interior of the place, while others attacked the walls. A large force was soon inside the city, but the heroic resistance of the famous Irish Brigade, then with Villeroy, finally forced Eugene to retire. This poem, by a native Irishman, recites the exploits of his countrymen in this famous rescue. His "National and Historical Ballads, Songs, and Poems" were published at Dublin, in 1869. The deeds of Irish soldiery receive further notice in Mr. Davis's poem on the Battle of Fontenoy, in the division of this book relating to France.

FROM Milan to Cremona Duke Villeroy rode,
  And soft are the beds in his princely abode;
In billet and barrack the garrison sleep,
And loose is the watch which the sentinels keep;
'T is the eve of St. David, and bitter the breeze
Of that midwinter night on the flat Cremonese;

A fig for precaution!—Prince Eugene sits down
In winter cantonments round Mantua town!

Yet through Ustiano, and out on the plain,
Horse, foot, and dragoons are defiling amain.
"That flash!" said Prince Eugene. "Count Merci, push on"—
Like a rock from a precipice Merci is gone.
Proud mutters the Prince, "That is Cassioli's sign:
Ere the dawn of the morning Cremona 'll be mine;
For Merci will open the gate of the Po,
But scant is the mercy Prince Vaudemont will show!"

Through gate, street, and square, with his keen cavaliers—
A flood through a gulley—Count Merci careers—
They ride without getting or giving a blow,
Nor halt till they gaze on the gate of the Po.
"Surrender the gate!" but a volley replied,
For a handful of Irish are posted inside.
By my faith, Charles Vaudemont will come rather late,
If he stay till Count Merci shall open that gate!

But in through St. Margaret's the Austrians pour,
And billet and barrack are ruddy with gore;
Unarmed and naked, the soldiers are slain—
There 's an enemy's gauntlet on Villeroy's rein—
"A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse—
Release me, MacDonnell!"—they hold on their course.
Count Merci has seized upon cannon and wall,
Prince Eugene's headquarters are in the town hall!

Here and there, through the city, some readier band,
For honor and safety, undauntedly stand.
At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Burke
Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.
His sabre is flashing—the major is dressed,
But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest!
Yet they rush to the ramparts, the clocks have tolled ten,
And Count Merci retreats with the half of his men.

"In on them!" cried Friedberg—and Dillon is broke,
Like forest-flowers crushed by the fall of the oak;
Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go;—
But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow.
Upon them with grapple, with bay'net and ball,

Like wolves upon gaze-hounds, the Irishmen fall—
Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel,
And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

Oh! hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene?
In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succor you lean!
The bridge has been broken, and mark how, pell-mell,
Come riderless horses, and volley, and yell!—
He 's a veteran soldier—he clenches his hands,
He springs on his horse, disengages his bands—
He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,
He is chased through the gates by the IRISH BRIGADE.

News, news, in Vienna!—King Leopold 's sad.
News, news, in St. James's!—King William is mad.
News, news, in Versailles!—"Let the Irish Brigade
Be loyally honored and loyally paid."
News, news, in old Ireland!—high rises her pride,
And high sounds her wail for her children who died,
And deep is her prayer: "God send I may see
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me!"

THE FAMINE OF 1847.

"GRACE GREENWOOD."

One of the greatest famines of history was that of 1846–47, in Ireland, caused by the failure of the potato crop. In 1847 fifty millions of dollars were voted by the English Parliament by way of relief. The sympathies of the entire civilized world were enlisted, and the generous gifts from the United States were despatched in a government vessel to the afflicted country. Large numbers of the Irish people perished, notwithstanding the prompt and abundant relief sent them.

A VOICE from Erin's storied isle
Comes sweeping o'er the main!
Ha! calls she on her sons to strike
For freedom once again?
Or rises from her heart of fire
The pealing voice of song,
Or rolls the tide of eloquence
The burdened air along?
Or ringeth out some lay of love,
By blue-eyed maidens sung,
Or, sweeter, dearer music yet,
The laughter of the young?

Far other is that dreadful voice,
A sound of woe and dread!
'T is Erin mourning for her sons,
The dying and the dead!
They perish in the open fields,
They fall beside the way,
Or lie within their hovel-homes,
Their bed the damp, cold clay,
And watch the sluggish tide of life
Ebb slowly day by day!
They sink as sinks the mariner
When wrecked upon the wave,
"Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,"
No winding-sheet—*no grave!*

To us her cry. Be our reply
  Bread-laden argosies!
Let Love's divine armada meet
  Her fearful enemies!
Give, give! and feel the smile of God
  Upon thy spirit lie;
Draw back, and let thy poor soul hear
  Its angel's parting sigh.
Give, give!—O Heaven, who would not give
  When Erin's brave sons die?

O sisters, there are famishing
  The old, with silver hair,
And dead, unburied babes are left
  To waste upon the air;
And mothers wan and fever-worn
  Beside their homes are sinking,
And maiden forms, while yet in life,
  To skeletons are shrinking!
Ho! freight the good ship to the wale,
  Pile high with golden grain!
A nation's life-boat spreads her sail,—
  God speed her o'er the main!
His peace shall calm the stormy skies,
  And rest upon the waters.
Give, give!—O Heaven, who would not give
  When perish Erin's daughters?

WALES.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

MRS. HEMANS.

This little poem elaborates an ancient prophecy relating to the Britons, which has been verified with remarkable accuracy. It runs as follows: "Their God they shall worship; their language they shall retain; their land they shall lose, except wild Wales."

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
O Cambria! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin, sung:
"The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me roll,
A light the depths revealing hath o'er my spirit passed,
A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful in the blast,
And tells me that forever shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's hand was strung.

"Green island of the mighty! I see thine ancient race
Driven from their fathers' realm to make rocks their dwelling-place!
I see from Uthyr's kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards and chiefs, and princely men decay.
But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the storms,
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's hand was strung!"

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

THOMAS GRAY.

Owen, ruler of the principality of North Wales, succeeded his father, Griffith ap-Cynan, A. D. 1120. The battle commemorated below occurred thirty-seven years after (1157), when Owen was getting well in years, but had lost none of his bravery and skill. The poem is a fragment from the Welsh.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwynett's shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;

In glittering arms and glory dressed
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood;
While, heaped his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable death.

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This piece celebrates a traditional victory of the Welsh over Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and Neville, Baron of Chepstow, who were at this time the Lord-Marchers of Monmouthshire. The action occurred in the valley of Caerphili, where still stands a very old castle, near the Rymny, a stream separating the counties of Monmouth and Clamorgan. The battle is the more memorable, as having been won by the Welsh on horseback; since they were generally defeated, when fighting as cavalry against the Anglo-Norman horse, from the inferior breed of horses which their mountainous districts produced.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armorers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn:
And forth in banded pomp and pride
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vowed Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vowed—the trampled green

Showed where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armèd steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

FRANCE.

ROLAND AT RONCESVALLES.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

Roland is one of the most famous heroes of early French history. It is said that he was the favorite nephew of Charlemagne, and one of his captains. The emperor was returning from a Spanish campaign, with Roland in command of a strong rear guard, when it was attacked by the Saracens in the narrow valley of Roncesvaux or Roncesvalles, and the leader killed while gallantly resisting. The tradition goes that he had an enchanted horn, with whose far-reaching notes he might have recalled his uncle from the head of the army to his aid; but he refused to do so until but fifty warriors remained about him, and then Charlemagne did not turn back until Roland had burst the veins of his neck with his tremendous blasts. He found his nephew dead when he reached him, and avenged his death in a terrible series of battles and victories. The action is supposed to have occurred 778 A. D.

WHERE do the hurrying people throng?
What is that noise which shakes the ground,
Whose echoes earth and air prolong?—
Friends! 't is of Mars the war-cry strong,
Of coming strife the muttering sound—
Herald of war and deadly wrong.
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Behold the foemen's banners tower
Our mountains and our plains above;
More numerous than the meadow-flower
Gathers the evil nations' power
Over the smiling land we love,
Like wolves all ready to devour.
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

What forces have the foemen here?
What numbers are there in the field?—
The man who holds his glory dear
Could never breathe those words of fear,
For perils, glorious victory yield;
'T is cowards ask, "What number 's near?"
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Follow where'er my white plume leads—
E'en as my flag—your guiding star—

'T will lead you on to gallant deeds;
Ye know the prize for him who speeds
Where Roland treads the path of war.
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Proud Paladins! Knights without fear;
Thou, above all, brother-at-arms,
Renaud, the flower of warriors—hear!
Try we who first the coast will clear;
And to the foe bear war's alarms,
Breaking their wall of shield and spear.
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Courage, brave hearts, they 're conquered quite!
Their blows more slowly, feebly fall,
Their arms are weary of the fight;
Courage! they can't resist our might;
Broken their mighty squadrons all,
Their chiefs and soldiers sunk in night.
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

What Saracen is this we see
Who dares alone our hosts oppose,
Checking the course of destiny?—
'T is Altamor;—ay, it is he
I met 'midst Idumean foes;
Good fortune leads him now to me.
Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Hear'st thou my bugle-call again,
Defying thee to mortal strife?
Proud Altamor, know'st thou its strain?
By this right hand thou shalt be slain;
Or if thy lance should take my life,
I 'll say my death was not in vain:
For my country I shall die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

The vict'ry 's won!—the day 's my own!
O why, because my wound is deep,

Do you, my friends, my fate bemoan?
The blood, in battle shed, alone
A warrior as his robe would keep,
And hold it valor's signet-stone.
For my country I shall die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Agincourt was fought at the village of that name, in the Department of Pas-de-Calais, October 25, 1415, between the English under personal command of King Henry V., and the French under the Constable D'Albert, in a war brought on by the claims of England to the French crown. The latter were signally defeated and routed, though four times as numerous as the invaders. Ten thousand French were slain, five princes taken captive, and a large number of the nobility killed or taken. But Henry had not a reserve of strength enough to follow up his advantage, and shortly returned to England.

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But, putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry;

And, taking many a fort
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power,

Which, in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they be one to ten,
Be not amazéd;
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raiséd.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under their swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;

With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan;
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a clothyard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather:
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulder sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasant went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet, in that furious fight,
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still, as they ran up:
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry:—
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

JEANNE D'ARC.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

Joan of Arc was a simple peasant-girl of Domremy, in the Department of Vosges, on the river Meuse, born in 1412. She was about thirteen when she learned the miseries

of her country, and professed to hear unearthly voices calling her to the aid of the distressed dauphin. She assumed the dress and weapons of a soldier, and at the head of the army inspired fresh enthusiasm and courage. After many conflicts and some successes, she was taken prisoner by the English, and burned at the stake at Rouen, May 30, 1431, as a sorceress and heretic. Her story is one of the most romantic of veritable history.

SO many stars in heaven,—
Flowers in the meadow that shine;
This little one of Domremy,
What special grace is thine?
By the fairy beech and the fountain
What but a child with thy brothers?
Among the maids of the valley
Art more than one among others?

Chosen darling of Heaven,
Yet at heart wast only a child!
And for thee the wild things of Nature
Set aside their nature wild:
The brown-eyed fawn of the forest
Came silently glancing upon thee;
The squirrel slipped down from the fir,
And nestled his gentleness on thee.

Angelus bell and Ave,—
Like voices they follow the maid
As she follows the sheep in the valley
From the dawn to the folding shade:—
For the world that we can not see
Is the world of her earthly seeing;
From the air of the hills of God
She draws her breath and her being.

Dances by beech-tree and fountain,
They know her no longer:—apart
Sitting with thought and with vision
In the silent shrine of the heart;
And a voice henceforth and forever
Within, without her, is sighing,
"Pity for France, O pity,
France the beloved, the dying!"

And now between church-wall and cottage
Who comes in the blinding light,
Rainbow plumes and armor,
Face as the sun in his height.
"Angel that pierced the red dragon,
Pity for France, O pity!
Holy one, thou shalt save her,
Vineyard and village and city!"

Poor, sweet child of Domremy,
In thine innocence only strong,
Thou seest not the treason before thee,
The gibe and the curse of the throng;
The furnace-pile in the market
That licks out its flames to take thee;—
For He who loves thee in heaven
On earth will not forsake thee!

Poor, sweet maid of Domremy,
In thine innocence secure,
Heed not what men say of thee,
The buffoon and his jest impure!
Nor care if thy name, young martyr,
Be the star of thy country's story:—
'Mid the white-robed host of the heavens
Thou hast more than glory!

IVRY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

On the 14th of March, 1590, a great battle was fought at the village now known as Ivry-la-Bataille, on the river Eure, forty miles northwest of Paris, between the forces respectively in command of the Duke of Mayenne and Henry IV., king of Navarre,

representing the Catholics and the Huguenots in the Wars of the League. The latter were successful in this action. The white plume of Henry has given a romantic celebrity to the battle.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array:
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King."
"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steel, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth neat for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Huguenots" is the name given to the French Protestants, or adherents of the Reformation, during the sixteenth and subsequent centuries. The name is supposed to be a corruption of a German word meaning "confederates." The Huguenots in their day bore a very important part in the history of France. They became self-exiles in great numbers by the decree of Louis XIV., Oct. 18, 1685, revoking the edict of Nantes, April 13, 1598, which gave them freedom of religion. Many of them settled in America. The

loss to France by the emigration of so many skilled artisans and wealthy subjects was incalculable.

OH! weep for Moncontour.
Oh! weep for the hour
When the children of darkness
And evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois
Triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled
For their rights and their God.

Oh! weep for Moncontour.
Oh, weep for the slain,
Who for faith and for freedom
Lay slaughtered in vain.
Oh! weep for the living,
Who linger to bear
The renegade's shame
Or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look,
To the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines,
And the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones
Of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed
That our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee,
Dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri,
The shavelings of Rome,
To the serpents of Florence,
The vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou,
And the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountain,
Farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths,
And the dance of thy maids.
To the breath of thy garden,
The hum of thy bees,
And the long, waving line
Of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and forever.
The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls
Of the free and the brave;—
Our hearts we abandon;—
Our lands we resign;
But, Father, we kneel
To no altar but thine.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The night of the day sacred in the Catholic Church to St. Bartholomew (August 24), in 1572, was chosen by Catherine de Medici, Regent of France for her son, Charles IX., for the general massacre of the Huguenots. In Paris and some of the provinces, the order of slaughter was obeyed with frightful atrocity. Thirty to seventy thousand, according to various authorities, fell by this decree, including the Admiral Coligny. The young king himself is said to have fired upon Protestants, as they ran past his palace. Many of the survivors fled to other countries, but were allowed to return the next year.

THE night is come; no fears disturb
The dreams of innocence;
They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths;
They sleep,—alas! they sleep.

Go to the palace, wouldst thou know
How hideous night can be;
Eye is not closed in those accursèd walls,
Nor heart at quiet there.

The monarch from the window leans;
He listens to the night,
And with a horrible and eager hope
Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh! he has hell within him now!
God, always art thou just!
For innocence can never know such pangs
As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad, and all is still:
Hark! now the midnight bell
Sounds through the silence of the night alone,
And now the signal gun!

Thy hand is on him, righteous God!
He hears the frantic shrieks,
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,
And he repents too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,
He hears the groan of death;
In vain they fly,—soldiers defenseless now,
Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God!
For at his dying hour
Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear,
He heard that murderous yell.

They thronged around his midnight couch,
The phantoms of the slain;
It preyed like poison on his powers of life,—
Righteous art thou, O God!

Spirits who suffered at that hour
For freedom and for faith!
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,
Her faith and freedom crushed;—

And like a giant from his sleep
Ye saw when France awoke;
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,
And ye had joy in heaven!

HERVÉ RIEL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,

"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here 's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say
While rock stands or water runs
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here 's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Gréve where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there 's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I 've nothing but my life,—here 's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel holloas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty 's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good, whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

FONTENOY.

THOMAS DAVIS.

This is a little village of Belgium, where happened to meet, May 11, 1745, during the war of the Austrian Succession, the French army under Marshal Saxe, and the allied English, Dutch, and Austrians, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. The king and dauphin of France were also upon the field. The action was long and stubbornly contested on both sides; but the allies were finally compelled to fall back, and ultimately to make peace, although France was by that time likewise exhausted.

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed;
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank; Lord Ray is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope, steady they mount the hill;
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked a hostile force.
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava-tide French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell and grape and round-shot tore; still on they marched and fired;
Fast pour each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried.
To death they rush, but rude their shock; not unavenged they died.
On, through the camp the column trod, King Louis turned his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain."



THE FRENCH BASTILE.

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish; there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who 're wont to be so gay!
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day;
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 't was writ could dry;
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown;
Each looked as though revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets! Charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands,
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle-wind,
Their bayonets the breaker's foam, like rocks the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza.
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanagh!"

Like lions leaping at a field, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel; 't is bloody now; their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, scattered, fled;
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dashed in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stood; the field is fought and won!

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

The Castle of Paris was erected between 1370 and 1383, by order of Charles V., as a defense against English attack. Later it became a prison for state criminals, under the name of the Bastile, which is also in the French tongue the general designation of a strong fortress, with towers and bastions. On the 14th of July, 1789, this dreadful stronghold, which had become thoroughly infamous in the popular mind by reason of the cruelties and injustice it represented, was stormed by a revolutionary mob, and razed

to the ground during the next few days. The event broke the spirit of the court and its adherents, and did much to precipitate the French Revolution. The "Column of July" now occupies the site of the Bastile.

HEARD'ST thou yon universal cry,
And dost thou linger still on Gallia's shore?
Go, Tyranny! beneath some barbarous sky
Thy terrors lost, and ruined power deplore!
What though through many a groaning age
Was felt thy keen, suspicious rage,
Yet Freedom roused by fierce Disdain
Has wildly broke thy triple chain,
And like the storm which earth's deep entrails hide,
At length has burst its way and spread the ruins wide.

In sighs their sickly breath was spent; each gleam
Of Hope had ceased the long, long day to cheer;
Or if delusive, in some flitting dream,
It gave them to their friends and children dear,—
Awaked by lordly Insult's sound
To all the doubled horrors round,
Oft shrunk they from Oppression's band,
While anguish raised the desperate hand
For silent death; or, lost the mind's control,
Through every burning vein would tides of Frenzy roll.

But cease, ye pitying bosoms, cease to bleed!
Such scenes no more demand the tear humane;
I see, I see glad Liberty succeed
With every patriot virtue in her train!
And mark yon peasant's raptured eyes;
Secure he views his harvests rise;
No fetter vile the mind shall know,
And Eloquence shall fearless glow.
Yes, Liberty the soul of Life shall reign,
Shall throb in every pulse, shall flow through every vein!

Shall France alone a despot spurn?
Shall she alone, O Freedom, boast thy care?
Lo, round thy standard Belgia's heroes burn,
Though Power's blood-stained streamers fire the air,
And wider yet thy influence spread,
Nor e'er recline the weary head,
Till every land from pole to pole
Shall boast one independent soul!

And still, as erst, let favored Britain be
First ever of the first, and freest of the free!

THE LAST BANQUET.

EDWARD RENAUD.

This stirring poem is said to relate an actual incident of the French Revolution, in "the bloody '93."

GITAUT, the Norman marquis,
Sat in his banquet-hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine
Gilded the castle-wall;
While in through the open windows
Floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden
And filling the lofty room;

And still, like a strain of music
Breathed in an undertone,
The ripple of running water
Rose, with its sob and moan,
From the river, swift and narrow,
Far down in the vale below,
That shone like a silver arrow
Shot from a bended bow.

Yonder, over the poplars,
Lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city,
Red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music,
The tall cathedral-towers
Told to the panting people
The story of the hours.

His was a cruel temper:
Under his baneful sway
Peasant and maid and matron
Fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie
Spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble,
Ripe for some evil deed.

But when the surging thousands,
Bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages,
Rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities
Rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet and tree and *lanterne*
Bearing their bleeding fruit.

Only one touch of feeling—
Hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—
Lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshiped,
Dead in the days of yore,
Who slept in the lonely chapel,
Hard by the river-shore.

High on a painted panel,
Set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features
Lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead,
Eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses,
Rivaled the sapphire's hue.

"Why do you come, Breconi?"
"Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder,
Down by the castle-wall."
"Bid her begone!"—"But, master—
Poor child! she loves you so!
And, broken with bitter weeping,
She told me a tale of woe.

"She says there is wild work yonder,
There in the hated town,
Where the crowds of frenzied people
Are shooting the nobles down.
And to-night, ere the moon has risen,
They come, with burning brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle
To light the lurid land.

"But first you must spread the banquet—
Host for the crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret
They fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis,
Flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern
Safe in its friendly gloom!"

"Tush! are you mad, Breconi?
Spread them the banquet here,
With flowers and fruit and viands,
Silver and crystal clear;
Let not a touch be wanting—
Hasten those hands of thine!
Haste to the task, Breconi;
And I will draw the wine!"

Slowly the sun went westward,
Till all the city's spires
Flamed in the flood of splendor—
A hundred flickering fires.
Over the peaceful landscape,
Clasped by the girdling stream,
Quivered, in mournful glory,
The last expiring beam.

Then up from the rippling river
Sounded the tramp of feet,
That rose o'er the solemn stillness
Laden with perfume sweet;
While high o'er the sleeping city,
And over the garden gloom,
Towered the grim, black castle,
Still as the silent tomb.

Leaning over the casement,
Heark'ning the busy hum,
Smiling, the haughty marquis
Knew that his time was come;
And he turned to the paneled picture,
That answered his look again,
And beamed with a smile of welcome,
Humming a low refrain.

Under the echoing archway,
And up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent
Shouted, in strident tone,
Curses and gibes and threat'nings,
With snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury
In many a brutal breast.

There, under the lighted tapers
Set in the banquet-hall,
Smiling and calm and steadfast,
Towered the marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume,
Facing the gibing host,
He wore on its broad blue ribbon
The star of "the Holy Ghost."

"Welcome, fair guests—be seated!"
He cried to the motley crowd
That drew to the loaded table
With curses long and loud;
Waving a graceful welcome,
The gleaming lights reveal
The rings on his soft, white fingers,
Strung with their nerves of steel.

Turned to the paneled picture,
Calm in his icy hate,
He stood, in his pride of lineage,
Cold as a marble Fate;
Smiling in hidden meaning—
In his rich garments dressed—

As cold and hard and polished
  As the brilliants on his breast.

Pouring a brimming beaker,
  He cried: "Drink, friends, I pray!
Drink to the toast I give you!
  Pledge me my proudest day!
Here, under the hall of banquet—
  Drink, drink to the festal news!—
Stand twenty casks of powder
  Set with a lighted fuse!"

Frozen with sudden horror,
  They saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage,
  The ruffles at his wrist.
Turned to the smiling picture,
  Clear as a silver bell
Echoed his last fond greeting—
  "I drink to thee, *ma belle!*"

Down crashed the crystal goblet,
  Flung on the marble floor;
Back rushed the stricken revelers,
  Back to the close-barred door!
Up through its yawning crater
  The mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire
  Up through its waves of smoke!

Out through the deep'ning darkness,
  A wild despairing cry
Rang as the riven castle
  Lighted the midnight sky;
Then down o'er the lurid landscape,
  Lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress and roof and rafter—
  The smoking ruin fell!

* * * * * * *

Over the Norman landscape
  The summer sun looks down,
Gilding the gray cathedral,
  Gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river
  Lapped in its bands of green;
Still hangs the scent of roses
  Over the peaceful scene;

But high o'er the trembling poplars,
  Blackened and burned and riven,
Those blasted battlements and towers
  Frown in the face of heaven;
And still in the sultry August
  I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel marquis,
  Keen as his rapier's steel!

BARRERE'S SPEECH ON THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Robespierre, a native of Arras, was one of the most able and ferocious leaders of the French Revolution. He became chief of "the Mountain," or extremists, in the National Convention, and was the chief agent in compassing the death of the king in December, 1792, and many other executions during the Reign of Terror. But at last "the tyrant," as his enemies called him, fell from power, and himself perished by the guillotine July 28, 1794.

FOREVER hallowed be this glorious day,
  When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor; when the tyrant,
Hurled from his blood-cemented throne by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He planned for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes

Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragged from their hovels by despotic power,
Rushed o'er her frontiers, plundered her fair hamlets,
And sacked her populous towns, and drenched with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders,—when within,
Upon her vitals preyed the rankling tooth
Of treason; and Oppression, giant form,
Trampling on Freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery or of death. Even from that day
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has Faction reared
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preached
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman-governed Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Petion talked of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue
Of some soft siren, wooed us to destruction.
We triumphed over these. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis poured his guilty blood
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Herbert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurled down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumphed—triumphed long,
Secured by matchless villainy, by turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice,
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fixed roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumbered in its spacious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity, that persuaded murder
Even whilst it spake of mercy!—Never, never,
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves

Repel the rushing ocean. She shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

THE MARSEILLES HYMN (LA MARSEILLAISE).

ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

Early in the Revolution, about the beginning of 1792, a young officer of French engineers at Strasburg was asked to compose a song in honor of a battalion of volunteers about to leave for Paris. De L'Isle complied, and wrote the piece, words and music, the same night. It proved to be the most animating strain of French patriotism that was ever written, and has also been much sung in its various translations. The author called it *Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin* (the "War-chant of the Army of the Rhine"), but it soon came to be known as *La Marseillaise* (or *Hymne des Marseillais*), because it was first introduced at Paris by a troop of young volunteers from Marseilles (July, 1792). It was everywhere received with immense enthusiasm. The translation below is by the celebrated English scholar, John Oxenford.

ALLONS, enfants de la patrie;
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé:
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves
Contre nous en vain conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Français, pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage.
Aux armes, etc.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous, perfides!
L'opprobre de tous les partis;
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros;
La terre en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
Aux armes, etc.

Quoi! des cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers!
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers!
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchainées
Sous le joug nos fronts se ploieraient!
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maître de nos destinées!
Aux armes, etc.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Épargnez ces tristes victimes
Á regret s'armant contre nous;
Mais ce despot sanguinaire,
Mais ces complices de Bouillé—
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère!
Aux armes, etc.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos ainés n'y seront plus.
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus.
Mains empressès de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre.
Aux armes, etc.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis,soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, liberté, chérie,
Combat avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, etc.

Que l'amitié, que la patrie,
Fassent l'objet de tous nos vœux!
Ayons toujours l'âme remplie
Des feux qu'ils inspirent tous deux:
Soyons unis, tout est possible,
Nos vils ennemis tomberont;
Alors les Français cesseront
De chanter ce refrain terrible:
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

JOHN OXENFORD.

COME, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurled;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with a murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you they would enchain;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up and form, etc.

Then tremble, tyrants—traitors all—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,

Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die
Our France can well their place supply;
We 're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up and form, etc.

Those marshaled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up and form, etc.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But O, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey;—
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up and form, etc.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up and form, etc.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might;
And dearest Liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy straining accents, haste;
And may thy dying foes at last

Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up and form, etc.

BONAPARTE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman! to chain with chains and bind with bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind; but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briers.

THE FRENCH AT RATISBON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ratisbon, or Regensburg, is a large Bavarian town on the right bank of the Danube. The Austrians, under the Archduke Charles, were driven from it by the French, April 23, 1809, by the storming of the place. Napoleon was slightly wounded in the affair.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon,
A mile or so away;
On a little mound Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day:
With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We 've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal 's in the market-place,
And you 'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eyes flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You 're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I 'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

THE GAULS AND FRANKS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.

This spirit-moving lyric was written by the great popular poet of France in January, 1814, when the allied enemies of Napoleon were moving rapidly on Paris.

CHEERLY, cheerly, close the ranks!
On, advance,
Hope of France!
Cheerly, cheerly, close the ranks!
Forward, forward, Gauls and Franks!

Blindly following the call
Of Attila, again
Comes the barbarian train,
Doomed a second time to fall,
Vanquished on the fields of Gaul.
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

Leaving his morass behind,
Mark how the rude Cossack,
In place of bivouac,
Trusts the English that he 'll find
Comfort, in our halls reclined.
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

Shivering all his days, ill-fed,
The Russ, in snowy waste
Pent up, no more would taste
Acorns and his own black bread,
Craving ours, so white, instead.
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

Wines we have in luscious store,
Laid up for us to toast
The victories we boast—
These shall thirsty Saxons pour?
Ours the song, the cup, no more?
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

Daughters passing fair have we,—
Too fair for foul embrace
Of hideous Calmuck race,—
Wives, whose charms are rare to see,—
Sons of theirs should Frenchmen be!
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

What! the monuments so dear—
Trophies that now so well
Of all our glory tell—
These in ruins disappear?
What, in Paris? Prussians here?
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

Noble Franks and honest Gauls!
Peace, man's best friend below,
Ere long herself will show,
Blessing, here within your walls,
Triumphs won where honor calls.
Cheerly, cheerly, etc.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

Fought June 18, 1815, upon a plain near the village of Waterloo, in Belgium, twelve miles south of Brussels. Finally and forever destroying the power of the First Napoleon, it has long been celebrated as one of the decisive battles of history. The following extract from Byron's "Childe Harold" still remains the most remarkable poem inspired by the great event.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No, 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could tell.
He rushed into the field, and, fighting foremost, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which need might be repeated; who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
If upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose—
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling to the foe,
And burning with high hopes, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling to arms, the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON came the whirlwind, like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast;
On came the whirlwind; steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier;
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep stayed
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again,
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply.
Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,—
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

TO France trudged homeward two grenadiers,
From Russia as prisoners they started,
And when they came over the German frontiers
They hung their heads, down-hearted.

They heard the sad news that France was lost,
Her flag was by fortune forsaken,
Defeated and routed her mighty host,—
And the Emperor—the Emperor—was taken!

Then wept together the grenadiers,
The sorrowful tidings learning;
And one said, "My grief is too bitter for tears,
It sets my old wound to burning."

Said the other, "The game is up, I see;
I 'll die with thee gladly to-morrow;
But wife and children would pine for me,
And sink in starvation and sorrow."

"No wife or children my heart shall plague,
I 've a nobler longing unshaken;
If they 're hungry and starving, then let them go beg—
My Emperor, my Emperor is taken!

"But now, if I die, fulfill for me
This last request, O brother;
Take home my body to France with thee,
To be laid in the lap of my mother.

"The cross of honor, with ribbon red,
Shalt thou place on my heart where they lay me;
The shouldered musket beside my head,
And with girded sword array me.

"And so in the grave, like a sentinel,
Waking and watching, I 'll lie there,
Till I hear at last the cannon's yell,
And the neighing steeds tramp by there.

"And then shall my Emperor ride o'er my grave,
And myriads of swords flash and rattle;
Then armed and equipped will I rise from my grave,
For my Emperor, my Emperor to battle."

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

LORD BYRON, FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name;

She abandons me now, but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crowned me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
O, for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won,—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again;—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice,—
There are links that must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

JOHN G. LOCKHART.

THE mighty sun had just gone down
Into the chambers of the deep;
The ocean birds had upward flown,
Each in his cave to sleep;
And silent was the island shore,
And breathless all the broad, red sea.
And motionless beside the door
One solitary tree.
One only tree, one ancient palm,
Whose shadow sleeps the door beside,
Partook the universal calm,
When Buonapartè died.
An ancient man, a stately man,
Came forth beneath the spreading tree,
His silent thoughts I could not scan,
His tears I needs must see.
A trembling hand had partly covered
The old man's weeping countenance,
Yet something o'er his sorrow hovered
That spake of War and France;
Something that spake of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,
And the keen eye could firmly gaze
Through battle's crimson glare.

Said I, "Perchance this faded hand,

When Life beat high and Hope was young,
By Lodi's wave, on Syria's sand,
The bolt of death hath flung.
Young Buonapartè's battle-cry
Perchance hath kindled this old cheek;
It is no shame that he should sigh,—
His heart is like to break!
He hath been with him young and old;
He climbed with him the Alpine snow;
He heard the cannon when they rolled
Along the river Po.
His soul was as a sword, to leap
At his accustomed leader's word;
I love to see the old man weep,—
He knew no other lord.
As if it were but yesternight,
This man remembers dark Eylau;
His dreams are of the Eagle's flight,
Victorious long ago.
The memories of elder time
Are all as shadows unto him;
Fresh stands the picture of his prime,--
The later trace is dim.
I entered, and I saw him lie
Within the chamber, all alone;
I drew near very solemnly
To dead Napoleon.
He was not shrouded in a shroud,—
He lay not like the vulgar dead,—
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud
From his pale brow was fled.
He had put harness on to die,
The eagle star shone on his breast,
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—
The sword he liked the best.
But calm, most calm, was all his face,
A solemn smile was on his lips,
His eyes were closed in pensive grace--
A most serene eclipse!
Ye would have said some sainted sprite
Had left its passionless abode,—
Some man whose prayer at morn and night
Had daily risen to God.
What thoughts had calmed his dying breast
(For calm he died) cannot be known;
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest,—
Farewell, Napoleon!
No sculptured pile our hands shall rear;
Thy simple sod the stream shall lave;
The native holly's leaf severe
Shall grace and guard thy grave.
The eagle, stooping from the sky,
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,
And sunwards gaze with glowing eye
From Buonapartè's bier.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

This occurred at St. Helena, May 5, 1821, quite fitly in a tempest of wind and rain. In the delirium of the final conflict with Death the great conqueror was heard to mutter, "*Tete d' armée*" (head of the army), showing that his uncontrolled thoughts were going back to scenes of bloodshed and strife. They were the last words he spoke.

WILD was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS OF BONAPARTE.

"FATHER PROUT," AFTER BÉRANGER.

THEY 'll talk of him for years to come
In cottage chronicle and tale;
When for all else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail!
Then in the hamlet's honored chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'T is true, they 'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise;
But he was all our own!
Mother, say something in his praise—
Oh, speak of him always!

"I saw him pass. His was a host,
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings!
And when he came this road,
'T was on my bridal day,
He wore—for near to him I stood—
Cocked hat and surtout gray.
I blushed. He said, 'Be of good cheer!
Courage, my dear!'
That was his very word."—
Mother, O then this really occurred,
And you his voice could hear!

"A year rolled on. When next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame,
I knew by merry chime and signal-gun
God granted him a son,
And oh! I wept for joy!
For why not weep when warrior-men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blessed th' imperial boy?
Never did noonday sun shine out so bright.
Oh! what a sight!"—
Mother, for you that must have been
A glorious scene!

"But when all Europe's gathered strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'T will scarcely be believed
What wonders, single-handed, he achieved.
Such general never lived!
One evening on my threshold stood
A guest—'t was he! Of warriors few
He had a toilworn retinue.
He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'Quelle guerre! O, quelle guerre!'"
Mother, and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fire-blocks shine,
To dry his cloak, with wet bedewed.
Soon by the bonnie blaze he slept;
Then, waking, chid me (for he wept):
'Courage!' he cried, "I 'll strike for all
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital!'
Those were his words. I 've treasured up

With pride that same wine-cup,
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold!"
Mother, on that proud relic let us gaze—
Oh, keep that cup always!

"But, through some fatal witchery,
He whom a pope had crowned and blessed,
Perished, my sons, by foulest treachery,
Cast on an island far in the lonely west.

Long time sad rumors were afloat—
The fatal tidings we would spurn,
Still hoping from that isle remote
Once more our hero would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave—
When the sad whisper proved too true,
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead!"
Mother, may God his fullest blessing shed
Upon your aged head!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[From the German of Baron Joseph Christian von Zedlitz.]

THEODORE MARTIN.

AT midnight, from the sullen sleep
Of death the drummer rose;
The night winds wail, the moonbeams pale
Are hid as forth he goes;
With solemn air and measured step
He paces on his rounds,
And ever and anon with might
The doubling drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately
The rattling sticks let fall;
By turns they beat in rattlings meet
Reveillé and roll-call.
Oh! strangely drear fall on the ear
The echoes of that drum;
Old soldiers from their graves start up
And to its summons come.

They who repose 'mong Northern snows
In icy cerements lapped,
Or in the mould of Italy
All sweltering are wrapped,—
Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile,
Or desert's whirling sand,
Break from their graves, and, arméd all,
Spring up at the command.

And at midnight, from death's sullen sleep,
The trumpeter arose;
He mounts his steed, and loud and long
His pealing trumpet blows;
Each horseman heard it, as he lay
Deep in his gory shroud,
And to the call these heroes all
On airy coursers crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar,—
They were a ghastly file,—
And underneath the glittering casques
Their bleached skulls grimly smile;
With haughty mien they grasp their swords
Within their bony hands,—
'T would fright the brave to see them wave
Their long and gleaming brands.

And at midnight, from the sullen sleep
  Of death the chief arose;
Behind him move his officers,
  As slowly forth he goes.
His hat is small, upon his coat
  No star or crest is strung,
And by his side a little sword—
  His only arms—is hung.

The wan morn threw a livid hue
  Across the mighty plain,
And he that wore the little hat
  Stepped proudly forth again;—
And well these grizzly warriors
  Their little chieftain knew,
For whom they left their graves that night
  To muster in review.

"Present—recover arms!" The cry
  Runs round in eager hum;
Before him all that host defiles
  While rolls the doubling drum.
"Halt!" then he calls. His generals
  And captains cluster near—
He turns to one that stands beside,
  And whispers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank,
  It wings along the Seine;
The word that chieftain gives is "France!"
  The answer, "Saint-Hélene!"
And thus departed Cæsar holds,
  At midnight hour alway,
The grand review of his old bands
  In the Champs Elysées.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

BÉRANGER.

"From youth to manhood," said Lamartine, "I have seen nine revolutions." One of these broke out early in 1848, from the resistance of the King to reform of the elective franchise. Louis Philippe abdicated the throne February 24, and a republic was proclaimed, with a provisional government. Not yet satisfied, the extremists, or Red Republicans, rose again in June, but were suppressed with terrific carnage. In December Louis Napoleon became President of the Republic, which lasted until the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, and his assumption of imperial power.

FRANCE, O my Manuel, rears again her head;
  Now has her freedom not a foe to dread;
Thus in our dreams France we were wont to trace;
For naught by halves can suit that giant race!
Since to the promised land God leads the way,
Why did he not with us permit thy stay?
What hadst thou done, like Moses, thus to die?
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh!

A victor thou—that strife heroic ended—
Soon would my thoughts to my still nook have tended;
For most we need each other's cordial greeting,
When nobly high the fevered pulse is beating.
Embracing as of old, with voice long pent,
Till in a kiss our tears at last were blent,
"All hail, Republic!" would have been our cry—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh!

Does the world know it? Since the People's might
Showed at the Tennis-court such road to right
That the whole earth in our fair land hath part—
Circling round us as blood around the heart;—
That golden book, sublime, or wise, or gory,
Wherein each lustre shadows forth its glory,
Hath not one page with '48 can vie,—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh!

The royal presence sterilized the land,
Casting its anchor on that shifting sand;
Swift came the thunderbolt—down fell the throne;—
I sought its traces, but all trace was gone.
Instead I find a France that teems anew,
By noble blood refreshed, as 't were with dew;—
Prolific soil that shall the world supply—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh!

Great the Republic is, and long shall last,
Our vows fulfilling: but my love was fast
On thee—I hear those voices sad and deep
Mourn for the dead! the dead forever sleep!
What, sleep, alas! when France is up anew?
Sleep? when to conquer, and herself outdo,
She needs quick spirits and the sword waved high;—
Ah, my poor friend, for thy embrace I sigh!

Hail to thee, People, and thy swift career!
Thinking on him, to me thou art more dear:
No longer void my open arms shall be,—
All Frenchmen, brothers, from this day we see.
But down with age 't was meet for me to lie
Hushed as in death, when thou to arms didst fly;
Yet, with chilled blood, warm tears bedew mine eye—
People of France, for thy embrace I sigh!

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Commune of Paris comprised the organized socialists and other workingmen who rose in revolt against the new French Republic in March, 1871, shortly after the city was evacuated by the Germans. A large part of the National Guard, with their arms and equipments, joined it. It obtained possession of the city, and held it against a siege of seventy days, when, May 27, after prolonged fighting in the streets, the Communists were finally overwhelmed. Their occupation was marked by countless atrocious

deeds, and most of the leaders were executed, while many others were shot on the spot where they were taken.

"GARCON!—you—*you*,
Snared along with this cursèd crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
—Scarcely as much as ten years old.)
—Do you hear? Do you know
Why the *gendarmes* put you there, in the row,—
You,—with those Commune wretches tall,
With face to the wall?

"'Know?'—To be sure I know! Why not?
We 're here to be shot;
And there by the pillar 's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell.
—Ah, well!
That 's just the way I would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall!"

(*Sacré!*—Fair, open fight, I say,
Is right magnificent in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'T is a butcher's business).—*How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:
I knew his poor child's heart would fail;
—Yet his cheek 's not pale).
—Quick! Say your say: for don't you see,
When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You 're all to be shot?
—*What?*
'*Excuse you one moment?*' O ho, ho!
D' ye think to fool a *National* so?"

"But, sir, here 's a watch that a friend, one day,
—My father's friend, just over the way,—
Lent me; and if you 'll let me free
(It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*),
I 'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand 's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
—(Now, good Saint Martin! speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he 's* saved;

For I hardly think I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard
Me give the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.")

"*In time!*—Well, thanks that my desire
Was granted; and now I 'm ready. Fire!
—One word; that 's all:
You 'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"

"*Parbleu!*—Come out of the line, I say!
Come out!—(Who said that his name was *Ney?*
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!)"

Scribner's Monthly.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, son of the Emperor Napoleon III., and heir to the French throne, was born March 16, 1856. He was residing with his mother at Chiselhurst, England, when the Zulu war broke out, and was permitted to join the English army. He went to South Africa, and fell by the spears of the enemy soon after his arrival, while on a scout with a few soldiers, June 1, 1879.

"SOLDIERS, from yonder Pyramids
Two thousand years behold your deeds!"
The red-mouthed orators of war
Make answer, and the battle-car
Shakes Pharaoh's dust-heaped coffin lids.
While tawny Egypt bows and bleeds,
And sees her babes hid as of old
Along the river reeds.

* * * * * * * * *

Rides retribution like a ghost
To point the Sphynx where Libya bled?
O weep, fair maidens of fair France!
A boy, and in his breast a lance,
Lies dead in mail on God's outpost.
And thus to die!—die so, alone,
In that same land where *he* once led
Through legions to a throne!

Dead! Stark dead in the tall, rank grass!
Dead! and lone in the great, dark land!

O mother! not Empress now, mother,
And a nobler name, too, than all other,
The laurel leaf fades from the hand.
O mother that waiteth, a mass!
Masses and chants must be said,
And cypresses instead.

Dead! Dead in the long, strong grasses!
He died with his sword in his hand.
Who says it? who saw it? God saw it!
And *I* knew him! St. George! he would draw it
Though they swooped down in masses
Right on him and darkened the land!
Then the seventeen wounds in his breast!
Ah! these they witness best.

Fighting alone, single-handed,
All heathendom! Falling alone!
Pitiful God! The black creatures
With fierce, savage, cannibal features,
Cursed from the first and Cain-branded,
Rush on where he lies overthrown;
Strike him dead! Strip the dead!
Then back, as in dread.

Doing the thing he was born to do;
What may mortal else than this?
Peasant-born or born a lord,
Be a man at plow or sword.
High or low, let no man scorn to
Make his heritage all his;
Or, failing in this noblest aim,
To grandly die the same.

Content you so, for Heaven willed it,
Rear a white tombstone with pride
Where this boy crusader died,
So to mark the utmost limit
Of God's law and man's domain.
Noblest Prince's blood, he spilled it
Generous as heaven's white rain,
And so he would again.

Bravest, fairest boy! Oh, never

Knew France knightlier son than thou,
And Paris, changeful, woman Paris,
When she knows what her despair is,
She shall kindlier speak than now;
Naming thee her own forever,
She shall beg thy dust some day
From silent Africa.

Harper's Bazaar.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

OSCAR WILDE.

EAGLE of Austerlitz! where were thy wings
When far away upon a barbarous strand,
In fight unequal, by an obscure hand,
Fell the last scion of thy brood of kings?

Poor boy! thou wilt not flaunt thy cloak of red,
Nor ride in state through Paris in the van
Of thy returning legions, but instead
Thy mother France, free and republican,

Shall on thy dead and crownless forehead place
The better laurels of a soldier's crown,
That not dishonored should thy soul go down
To tell the mighty Sire of thy race

That France hath kissed the mouth of Liberty,
And found it sweeter than his honeyed bees,
And that the giant wave Democracy
Breaks on the shores where kings lay crouched at ease.

THE NETHERLANDS.

OVERTHROW OF THE TURKS.

JOANNES A. VAN DER GOES.

The Dutch joined the English with their fleet, in attacks upon the piratical Algerines, in 1669 and 1670, but not with decisive results. A Dutch fleet again united with the English in 1815, in the bombardment by which the city of Algiers was nearly destroyed, and the power of Algeria broken. Vice-Admiral Willem Joseph commanded the fleet in the action this poem commemorates. The translation is Sir John Bowring's.

ALGIERS, that on the midland sea
Rules o'er the bloody pirate-horde,
Sees now her crown in jeopardy,
And drops her cruel robber-sword.
The coast of Barbary, terrified,
Trembles beneath the conquerors' sway.
Our heroes on her waters ride,
While the fierce bandits, in dismay,
And mad with plunder and with ire,
Are smothered in a sea of fire.

Thrice had the sun from the orient verge
Into his golden chariot sprung;
From the rain-clouds his rays emerge,
With brightest glory round him flung.
The northern winds are roused,—the Turk
Is borne along;—in vain he tries,
While terrors in his bosom lurk,
To 'scape our glance:—in vain he flies.
He may not fly, for he is bound
In his pursuers' toils around.

Ye rapine vultures of the sea,
Haste, haste before the storm and stream;
Stretch out your pinions now, and be
The fearful, flying flock ye seem!
No! ye shall not escape,—for we
Have hemmed you in on every side;
Your crescent now looks mournfully,
And fain her paling horns would hide
But no! but no! ye shall be driven
From earth and ocean, as from heaven.

No! terror shakes the Afric strand,
The Moor perceives his glory wane;

The madman glares with fiery brand,
  As glares the heaven above the main.
The cannons rattle to the wind;
  Black, noisome vapors from the waves
The bright-eyed sun with darkness blind;
  And Echo shouts from Nereus' caves,
As if with rage and strength immortal,
Salmoneus shook hell's brazen portal.

How should they stand against the free,—
  The free, the brave, whom Ocean's pride
Hath loved to crown with victory,
  Yet victory never satisfied?
The Amstel's thunders roar around,
  While the barbarians clamor loud,
And, scattered on their native ground,
  The base retire before the proud;
While their sea-standards, riven and torn,
Are but the noisy tempest's scorn.

There twice three ships submit them, led
  By their commander. Ocean 's freed
From its old tyrants,—and in dread,
  On the wide waters when they bleed
From that inhospitable shore,
  Upon the mingled flame and smoke
Looks the heart-agitated Moor,
  Whose power is lost, and riven his yoke:
He stamps and curses as he sees
How his fear-stricken brother flees.

O, ye have earned a noble meed,
  Brave Christian heroes!—the reward
Of virtue. Gratitude shall speed
  Your future course: ye have unbarred
The prison-doors of many a slave
  Whom heathen power had bound,—and these
In memory's shrines your names shall have;
  And this shall be your stainless praise,—
Leaving sweet thoughts, as seamen ride
From land to land o'er foaming tide.

GERMANY.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND (DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND).

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

WAS ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Preussen-land, ist's Schwabenland?—
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe glüht?
Ist's wo am Belt die Möve Zieht?
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Baier-land, ist's Steier-land,
Gewiss ist es das Oesterreich,
An Siegen und an Ehrenreich?—
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
Ist Pommer-land, Westphalen-land?
Ist's wo der Sand der Dünen weht?
Ist's wo die Donau brausend geht?—
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?—
So nenne mir das grosse Land!
Ist's Land der Schweitzer? Ist's Tyrol?
Das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl!
O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land!
So weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt.—
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein!
Das, wack'rer Deutsche, nenne dein!

What is the German's fatherland?—
Is it Prussian land, or Swabian land?
Where the grape-vine glows on the Rhenish strand?
Where the seagull flies o'er the Baltic sand?
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?
Bavarian land, or Styrian land?
Now Austria it needs must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?
Pom'ranian land, Westphalian land?
Where o'er the sea-flats the sand is blown?
Where the mighty Danube rushes on?
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Say thou the name of the mighty land!
Is 't Switzerland, or Tyrol?—tell;—
The land and the people pleased me well.—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Name thou at length to me the land!—
Wherever in the German tongue

Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland—
Wo Eide schwört der Druchder Hand;
Wo Wahrheit aus dem auge blitzt,
Und Liebe warm im Herzen sitzt;—
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein!
Das, wack'rer Deutsche, nenne dein!

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott, von Himmel sich darein!
Und gieb uns echten Deutschen Muth,
Das wir es lieben treu und gut.
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein;
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

To God in heaven hymns are sung;—
That shall it be,—that shall it be:
That, gallant German, is for thee!

That is the German's fatherland
Where binds like oath the graspéd hand,—
Where from men's eyes truth flashes forth,
Where in men's hearts are love and worth.—
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

It is *the whole of Germany!*
Look, Lord, thereon, we pray to thee!
Let German spirit in us dwell,
That we may love it true and well!—
That shall it be,—that shall it be!
The whole, the whole of Germany!

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE (DIE WACHT AM RHEIN).

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

The following stirring ode is the national song of Germany. It was written in 1840, by a native of Thalheim, in Würtemburg, and has had immense popularity, especially during the last war with France, which was at first waged along the historic Rhine.

ES braust ein Ruf wie Donner-hall,
Wie Schwertge-klirr und Wogen-prall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
CHORUS.—
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und Aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel:
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
Firm stand thy sons, to watch the Rhine.

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They 'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.
CHORUS.—

So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Und eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.
CHORUS.—

Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch in Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir Alle wollen Hüter sein!—CHO.

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!
Dear Fatherland, etc.

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light on our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Dear Fatherland, etc.

THE LEGEND OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

ANONYMOUS.

Frederick I., surnamed Barbarossa, or "the Redbeard," was Emperor of Germany 1152–90 A. D., and a very energetic and courageous ruler. He led 100,000 men to the third crusade in 1189, and won two victories over the Saracens, but was drowned—or, as others say, chilled to death—while crossing a cold Syrian river near Tarsus. The following poem relates a popular German legend concerning the first of the great Fredericks.

IN Germany the tale is told
That though the Antioch waters rolled
O'er Frederick Barbarossa's head,
Not wholly then his life was fled:
But angels bore from Syria's strand
The hero back to German land:
And there, amid the mountains lone,
Close pent within a vault of stone,
With huge Kyffhäuser o'er his head—
Sword girt, and hauberk riveted—
His seated form abides, they say,
Sleeping long centuries away;
So long that through the granite veins
Of the rude slab on which he leans,
That russet beard, day after day,
For each stark hair hath forced a way.
Yet not forever. 'T is averred
He doth but wait the summoning word,
In some dark day, when Germany
Hath need of warriors such as he,
A voice, to tell of her distress,
Shall pierce the mountain's deep recess—
Shall ring through those dim vaults, and scare
The spectral ravens round his chair.
So shall the spell of ages break,
And from his trance the sleeper wake:
The solid mountain shall dispart,
The granite slab in splinters start
(Responsive to those accents weird)
And loose the Kaiser's shaggy beard.
Through all the startled air shall rise
The old Teutonic battle-cries;
The horns of war, that one could stir
The wild blood of the Berserkir,
Shall fling their blare abroad, and then,

The champion of his own Almain,
Shall Barbarossa come again!

A dream! and yet not all a dream;
So might the astonished peoples deem,
Which mark the high surpassing might
Of a roused nation in her right—
Roused at the Hohenzollern's call
When lay by Rhine the glove of Gaul.
"Have we not here," amazed they said,
As onward still the German sped
From victory to victory,
"Some power unkenned by mortal eye?
Have we not here the self-same might
Given to the old imperial knight?
Who else but he, that burst away
From Wörth on that tremendous day—
That caught the Frank, in grip of steel,
'Twixt red Sedan and Vionville—
Before whom Metz, the Amazon,
Must needs unbind her maiden zone—
Whose stubborn soldiers still made good
'Gainst sword and fire their onward road,
And bore the Teuton heraldry
From Rhineland to the Northern sea—
Who bade round leaguered Paris stand
The thin, blue line of heart and hand,
Braving at once the fierce advance
Of winter and of armèd France?—
Oh, surely," cried the tribes of men,
"'T is Barbarossa come again!"

O gallant nation! small thy need
To rouse from rest thy heroes dead.
Leave Barbarossa in his grave:
Sleep on by that Thuringian cave
The ruthless manhood of his day,
The infuriate thirst for battle-fray,
The grim revenge that would not halt
At Milan's ashes, sown with salt,
And all the scorn of life, revealed
In wasted realm and carnage-field.
While the old fighter, at this hour,
Casts on his race a spell of power:
While thou art mother of such men
(The living or the noble slain)
As served thee late, and will again—
Such heads to guide, such hearts to go
Where honor waits them, and the foe.
Oh, in such deeds and in such men
The better part, believe it then,
Of Barbarossa lives again.

And so when those are passed away
Whose deeds through Europe ring to-day—
When sleeps in consecrated shrine
Among the chiefs of Conrad's line
That good gray head which bore the brunt
Of battle-storm in Gravelotte's front
(A nobler crown than gold and gem
Wrought in imperial diadem)—
When Bismarck's mighty soul and will
Hath bent to power that 's mightier still,
And silent Moltke's thoughtful face
With the great "silent ones" hath place:
Then may some veteran proudly show
The tokens, scarred on breast or brow,
Of the hot work which them bestead
Who followed where the Red Prince led,
And tell, as round his German fire
He holds the children's listening quire,
How there were giants in the earth
When their great Deutschland thundered forth,
Upon those thrice nine fields of glory,
The mightiest feats in war's grim story:

How man to man, brother to brother,
Did knightly *devoir* each to other,
From king to drummer-boy, a band
Bound as one man for Fatherland.
And then, as each young German heart
Is stirred to play its manful part,
Leader or follower, prince or boor,
To do as these have done before—
While bounds the blood and soars the aim
At sound of each heroic name—
O Germany, it shall be seen
How the great dead can live again!

Appleton's Journal.

THE HUSSITES BEFORE NAUMBURG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Naumburg is a large town of Prussian Saxony, on the Saale, and was an important military point during the Thirty Years' and other wars, as the Prussian magazines were situated here. This amusing old song is founded upon an incident of the investment of the place by Procop, or Procopius, a Hussite leader, during the religious wars early in the fifteenth century.

THE Hussites invested Naumburg,
By way of Jena and Kamburg.
On the "Vogelwies," far and near,
Nought was seen but sword and spear,
Near one hundred thousand.

And when Naumburg they invested,
Plague the people a great distress did.
Hunger bit them, thirst held fast;
Half an ounce of coffee at last
Sixteen pennies cost them.

And when naught it seemed could save them,
One good scheme some hope still gave them;
For a pedagogue set his wit
To find a stratagem, and hit
On his little scholars.

"Children," said he, "you are young, sure;
None of you has done any wrong, sure.
I will lead you to Prokop.
He won't be so bad, I hope,
That he should destroy you."

Old Prokop this mightily please did;
He on cherries the youngsters feasted;
Then he drew his sword from its case,
And commanded, "Right about face!
Backward march from Naumburg!"

In this miracle's honor the people
Every year a holiday keep all.
Surely the cherry-feast you know,
Where with our cask to the tents we go,—
Victory and Freedom!

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

GOETHE.

During the Thirty Years' War Magdeburg, the chief city of Prussian Saxony, and the only one in Germany which had forcibly resisted the "Edict of Restitution," was besieged by the Catholic forces under Tilly and Pappenheim. It resisted bravely for more than a month, but was taken by storm May 10, 1631, and given up to the sword, fire,

and pillage. Nearly the whole city was destroyed; 30,000 of its inhabitants perished, and only 4,000, who had found a refuge in the cathedral, were spared. It is one of the most dreadful events in German history.

OH, Magdeburg the town!
Fair maids thy beauty crown,
Thy charms fair maids and matrons crown;
Oh, Magdeburg the town.

Where all so blooming stands,
Advance fierce Tilly's bands;
O'er gardens and o'er well-tilled lands
Advance fierce Tilly's bands.

Now Tilly 's at the gate.
Our homes who 'll liberate?
Go, loved ones, hasten to the gate,
And dare the combat straight!

There is no need as yet,
However fierce his threat;
Thy rosy cheeks I 'll kiss, sweet pet!
There is no need as yet.

My longing makes me pale;
Oh, what can wealth avail?
E'en now thy father may be pale.
Thou mak'st my courage fail.

O mother, give me bread!
Is then my father dead?
O mother, one small crust of bread!
Oh, what misfortune dread!

Thy father, dead lies he,
The trembling townsmen flee,
Adown the street the blood runs free;
Oh, whither shall we flee?

The churches ruined lie,
The houses burn on high,
The roofs they smoke, the flames out fly,
Into the street then hie!

No safety there they meet!
The soldiers fill the street,
With fire and sword the wreck complete:
No safety there they meet!

Down falls the houses' line;
Where now is mine or thine?
That bundle yonder is not thine,
Thou flying maiden mine!

The women sorrow sore,
The maidens far, far more.
The living are no virgins more:
Thus Tilly's troops make war!

DEATH OF THE BAVARIAN GENERAL TILLY.

WM. HERBERT.

Count Johann Tserclaes Tilly was one of the most famous generals on the Catholic side during the Thirty Years' war. One of his dreadful achievements was the sack of Magdeburg. He died of a wound received in battle with Gustavus Adolphus, April 5, 1632.

TILLY, thine hopes are fallen! by the stream
Of rapid Lech victorious cannons roar
With Swedish vengeance; on the adverse shore
Fraught with thy death the volleyed lightnings gleam!
Yet nor those hardy veterans, who seem

To mock all hinderance; nor those mouths which pour
The thundering voice of war with fierce uproar;
Nor e'en Gustavus mars thy glorious dream.
But she, who met thee with her ghastly train
Of murdered babes (a pale and vengeful ghost),
Sad Magdeburg, in Leipsic's dubious fight;
And with her heaven's red arm, which o'er the plain
Spread strange dismay: then victory fled thine host,
And thy bright glories sank in fatal night.

THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Prague, capital of Bohemia, is an old city on the Elbe, founded in 722. It was taken and nearly destroyed by the Hussites in the religious wars, and was afterwards repeatedly captured and recaptured. The battle herein sung was fought during the Seven Years' War, on the 6th of May, 1757. Count Schwerin, Field-Marshal under Frederick the Great, had taken the place September 16, 1744. He was killed at the great battle near the same, in the former year, between the forces of Frederick and those of Prince Charles of Lorraine, in the Seven Years' War. The Prussians, however, were successful, after a long and hard fight.

WHEN the Prussians they marched against Prague,
'Gainst Prague, the beauteous town,—
They took up in camp a position,
They brought with them much ammunition;—
They brought their cannons to bear—
Schwerin was the leader there!

And forth rode Prince Henry then,
With his eighty thousand men.
"My army all would I give, now,
If that Schwerin did but live now.
What an ill, what a terrible ill,
That Schwerin they should shoot and kill!"

The trumpeter was then sent down,
To ask if they 'd give up the town,
Or if it by storm must be taken.
In the townsmen no fear did this waken;
Their city they would not give in;
The cannonade must now begin.

Now, who hath made this little song?
To three hussars it doth belong;
In Seidlitz corps they enlisted,

In the army that Prague invested,—
O victory, hurrah, hurrah!
Old Fritz was there himself that day.

SONG OF VICTORY AFTER THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

In the following poem "Victoria" is the term for victory, and "Theresia" that for Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, and afterwards Empress of Germany.

VICTORIA! with us is God,
Low lies the haughty foe!
He lieth low—just is our God,—
Victoria! he lieth low!

What though our father be no more?
He died a hero's death;
From starry dome he looketh o'er
Our conquering host beneath.

The noble veteran hied away
For God and Fatherland;
His aged head was scarce so gray
As gallant was his hand!

With youthful fire his men he led
And a standard graspéd he;
Swung it aloft above his head,
That every man might see.

And "Children, to the hill!" he cried,
"'Gainst cannon and redoubt!"
Then man by man, and side by side,
Like lightning rushed we out.

But there, alas! our father fell;
He lay his flag beneath.
O, what a glorious tale to tell!
Schwerin, what happy death!

Thy Frederick hath wept for thee,
E'en while he gave command;
For vengeance on the enemy
Forth sallied all our band.

Thou, Henry, bor'st thee soldierly,
Thou fought'st in kingly wise;
At every gallant deed to thee,
Thou lion, turned our eyes.

Markers, and Pomeranians too,
Fought there like Christians stout;
Their swords were red; at every blow
The Pandour's blood gushed out.

From seven redoubts, in our career,
The bearskin caps we chased;
There, Frederick, thy grenadier,
O'er corse-heaps onward passed.

Deep in the murderous strife he thought
Of God, of home, and thee;
Nor 'mid the death-cloud could he aught
But thee, his Frederick, see.

Then trembled he, and 'mid the strife
His face hath fiery grown;
He trembled, Frederick, for thy life,
He recked not of his own.

The battle-tempest scorned he still,
The cannon thundering high;
And fiercer yet he fought, until
The foeman turned to fly.

The God of might now thanketh he,
And sings Victoria;

And may this day's dark slaughter be
  On thee, Theresia.

And if, the treaty to defer,
  She still should find pretext,
Then, Frederick, storm thou Prague
  for her,
  And on to Vienna next!

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The battle in the forest of Hohenlinden, a little village of Upper Saxony, was fought December 3, 1800, between the French under Moreau and the Austrians under the Archduke John. The latter were defeated, and an early result of the action was the peace of Lunéville, concluded February 9, 1801.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
  The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
  Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
  Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave.

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The grave shall be their winding-sheet,
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

Fought February 7th and 8th, 1807, between 85,000 French under the Emperor Napoleon, and 65,000 Russians and Prussians. It was a terrific action, in which about 50,000 men were lost. Both sides claimed the victory.

FAST and furious falls the snow;
Shrilly the bleak tempests blow;
With a sound of wailing woe,
O'er the soil;
Where the watch-fires blaze around,
Thick the warriors strew the ground,
Each in weary slumber bound,
Worn with toil.

Hearken to the cannon-blast!
Drums are beating fierce and fast
Fierce and fast the trumpets cast
Warning call.
From the battle's stern parade,
Charge the musket, draw the blade;
Square and column stand arrayed,
One and all.

On they rush in stern career,
Dragoon and swart cuirassier;
Hussar-lance and Cossack-spear
Clanging meet!
Now the grenadier of France
Sinks beneath the Imperial lance;
Now the Prussian horse advance,
Now retreat.

Davoust, with his line of steel,
Storms their squadrons till they reel,
While his ceaseless cannon-peal
Rends the sky.

'Gainst that crush of iron hail
Naught may Russia's ranks avail,
Like the torn leaves in the gale,
See, they fly!

Through the battle's smoky gloom
Shineth Murat's snowy plume:
Fast his cohorts to their doom
Spur the way.
Platoff, with his desert horde,
Is upon them with the sword;
Deep his Tartar-spears have gored
Their array.

With his thousands Augereau
Paints with blood the virgin snow:
Low in war's red overthrow
Sleep they on!
Helm and breastplate they have lost,
Spoils that long shall be the boast
Of the savage-bearded host
Of the Don.

Charge, Napoleon! Where be those
At Marengo quelled thy foes;
Crowning thee at Jena's close
Conqueror?
At this hour of deadly need
Faintly thy old guardsmen bleed;
Vain dies cuirassier and steed,
Drenched with gore.

* * * * * * *
Sad the frosty moonbeam shone
O'er the snow with corses strown,
Where the frightful shriek and groan
Rose amain:
Loud the night-wind rang their knell;
Fast the flaky horrors fell,
Hiding in their snowy cell
Heaps of slain!

Many a year hath passed and fled
O'er that harvest of the dead:
On thy rock the chief hath sped,
St. Helene!
Still the Polish peasant shows
The round hillocks of the foes,
Where the long grass rankly grows,
Darkly green.

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN.

The battle of Katzbach, fought August 26, 1813, by the Russians and Prussians against the French, to the utter defeat and rout of the last-named, is here called by the poet "Blücher's Ball," from the veteran Field-Marshal who led the allied forces. His energy and promptness had given him the sobriquet of "Marshal Forward!"

BY the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance;
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the great bass-viol an old German master famed,—
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt Lebrecht Blücher named.
Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay green carpets, that the dancing moistens there!
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and with Jauer;
Whew! he 's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy northern shower.
Ha! the dance went briskly onward, tingling madness seized them all,
As when howling, mighty tempests on the arms of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery, wants a pleasant, dancing chime,
And with gunstocks, clearly, loudly, beats the old Teutonic time.
Say who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the kettle-drum,
And, with crushing strength of arm, down lets the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Alemannia's envious foes
Smiles the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shivering blows.
And the old man scrapes the sweep-out: helpless Franks and hapless trulls!
Now what dancers lead the graybeard! Ha! ha! ha! 't is dead men's skulls!
But, as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be beat away!"

AFTER THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC.

HERKLOTS.

The action which inspired this poem has been called, from its importance and decisive character, "the Battle of Nations." It was fought during the three days October 16 to 18, 1813. Napoleon led to it 180,000 men, and the allied forces numbered almost 300,000. Their numerical superiority, and the skill with which they were commanded, prevailed against the French, who were defeated with about 38,000 loss in killed and wounded, and 30,000 prisoners.

REJOICE! our swords have nobly wrought,
When swung by men of might;
Rejoice! Thuiskon's race hath fought
The vengeance-laden fight!
The courage that the Romans braved
Hath struck another blow;
Behold, our fatherland is saved!
The tyrant's power lies low.

With Germans joined, their foes to face,
The northern hero-band;—
And men of Rurik's ancient race,
And men from Baltic's strand,—
And ardent through the combat brave,
Our battle-signal ran—
"No German shall be despot's slave!"
Was cried by every man.

Oh, then each noble heart beat high,
The warrior's meed to gain;
Three days hath blood unceasingly
Bedewed the battle-plain.
Then fear fell on the boastful band,
All-conquering deemed before;
Their pride upon our Rhenish strand
Was crushed, to rise no more.

Triumph! for Freedom's battle-cry
Shall give us courage new;
Our country shall stand fixedly,
While German hearts are true;
Then, countrymen, we 'll hand in hand
To Honor's fight away;
And free shall be our German land
Until the judgment day!

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

CHARLES T. KÖRNER.

The title of this poem was the unique name of the corps of volunteers recruited and commanded in 1813 by Major Lützow. It was composed of several hundred young men of education and refinement, among whom the poet found worthy companionship. He became one of its lieutenants, and wrote the consecration ode when it was consecrated in the village church at Breslau. He fell in an engagement near Rosenburg, at the early age of twenty-two.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the sunbeams' play?
Hark! hark! it sounds nearer and nearer;
It winds down the mountain in gloomy array,
And the blast of its trumpets is bringing dismay
To the soul of the manliest hearer.
Go, read it in each dark comrade's face—
"That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase."

What glances so swiftly through forest o'er fell,
From mountain to mountain flying?
In ambush like midnight it lies in the dell;
The hurrah rings, and the rifle's knell
Proclaims the French beadles are flying.
Go, read it in each dark hunter's face—
"That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase."

Where the rich grasses grow and the Rhine waves roar,
The tyrant thought safely to hide him;
With the swiftness of lightning it flies to the shore,
Leaps in, and with sinewy arms swims o'er,
And springs to the bank beside him.
Go, read it in each dark swimmer's face—
"That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase."

Why roars in yon valley the din of fight,
And broad swords tumultuously clashing?
Stern horsemen are battling with dreadful delight,
And the live spark of liberty, wakeful and bright,
In bloody-red flames is fast flashing.
Go, read it in each dark horseman's face—
"That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase."

Lo! smiling farewell 'mid the foe's dying wail,
Who lies there with bare bosom streaming?
Death lays his cold hand on that young brow, pale;
But never shall one of those true hearts quail,
For the star of their country is beaming.
Go, read it in each pale, marble face—
"That *was* Lützow's wild and desperate chase!"

The wild, wild chase, and the German chase
'Gainst hangman and tyrants, is ended.
Come, then, ye who love us, wipe tears from each face,
For the country is free, and the morn dawns apace,
Though our forms in the grave be extended.
Children's children shall cry, as our story they trace—
"That *was* Lützow's wild and desperate chase!"

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS. CAROLINE E. NORTON.

This fine poem celebrates no particular incident of history; but it is informed throughout with the German historic and martial spirit, and its great popularity also jus-

tifies its reproduction in this work. Bingen is an old town founded by the Romans in a charming spot on the left bank of the Rhine. Here may be seen the ruins of the castle in which Henry IV. was confined by his son in the year 1105, and other objects of historic interest.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And, 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild,
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye;
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There 's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye.
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine.

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak—
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field with bloody corpses strewn:—
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Hochheim is a village of Nassau, on the Main, unimportant except for its historic interest and its famous wine. This sonnet sets forth a situation during one of the several wars between France and Germany.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife; the field throughout,
Resting upon his arms, each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence, thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest-home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flushed, through battle-smoke
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—
The unconquerable stream his course pursue.

ODE ON THE RHINE'S RETURNING INTO GERMANY FROM FRANCE.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

The possession and control of that part of the Rhine flowing during many years of European history between France and Germany, have long been commanding objects for both governments. The great river here has sometimes belonged to one, sometimes to the other nation, and at times jointly to both. The last restoration to Germany occurred by virtue of the Franco-German war of 1870–71, which ceded Alsace and Lorraine to that nation.

OH, sweet is thy current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale and the dark linden bower;
Thy waves as they dimple smile back on the plain,
And Rhine, ancient river, thou 'rt German again!

The roses are sweeter, the air is more free,
More blithe is the song of the bird on the tree;
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain,
And Rhine, dearest river, thou 'rt German again!

The land is at peace and breaks forth into song,
The hills in their echoes the cadence prolong,
The sons of the forest take up the glad strain,
"Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!"

Thy daughters, sweet river, thy daughters so fair,
With their eyes of dark azure and soft, sunny hair,
Repeat 'mid their dances at eve on the plain,
"Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!"

THE STEEDS OF GRAVELOTTE.

KARL GEROK.

The battle of Gravelotte occurred around the village of that name, in Alsace-Lorraine, August 18, 1870, during the last Franco-German war. It is accounted the bloodiest and most fiercely contested action of that war. In some regiments, as indicated in this poem, the carnage was fearful almost beyond precedent.

HOT was the day and bloody the fight,
Cool was the evening and quiet the night.
From the edge of the wood in the valley below
Three times the shrill signal-trumpet did blow;
Sounding so loudly at break of the day,
To call the brave dragoons once more to the fray.

Hastily forming in long battle-row,
Each man finds his place, and they all charge the foe.

But, alas! all the troopers return not again,—
Many shall rise nevermore from the plain.
They come to reveille with strong life flushing red;
They lie at recall pale, bleeding, and dead.

Riderless horses with broken rein,
Uncontrolled, wander afar o'er the plain.
But, hark! from the wood in the valley below
Once more the shrill signal-trumpet doth blow.
But, see the black steed, how he pricks up his ear,
And, neighing, rejoices the trumpet to hear.

Behold the brave bay with the wound on his flank,
Forgetting his pain, seeks his place in the rank.
And then, flecked with blood, see that gallant old gray;
Though he halts on three legs, how he pants for the fray!
Hastily forming in long battle-row,
Each steed finds his place, and they all charge the foe.

The steed, like his rider, obeys the command;
When the shrill signal sounds, in his place he doth stand.
Over three hundred were counted that day,
Riderless horses that joined in the fray;
Over three hundred saddles—O horrible sight!
Were emptied at once in that terrible fight!

Over three hundred—O glorious brave!
Out of every four, one has there found his grave.
Over three hundred—O glorious steed!
Loyal and faithful in time of sore need.
Honor the brave, who to Gravelotte went,
And honor the steeds of the Guard Regiment.

KAISER WILHELM.

C. P.

William I., King of Prussia from January 2, 1861, and Emperor of Germany since 1871, is the second son of King Frederick William II., and was born March 22, 1797. He was nearly sixty-four years old when he ascended the throne; but has ruled with extraordinary skill and energy. About ten years afterwards he personally accompanied the armies of Germany in the war against France, and commanded at the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan. He was seriously wounded by the shot of an assassin in May, 1878; but at this writing (January, 1883) is still living and reigning with wonted power, though he has nearly completed his eighty-sixth year. The following poem is founded upon his triumphal entry into Berlin, at the close of the Franco-German war.

KAISER Wilhelm is come to his city again
A conqueror home from the war,
And Germany's heroes, Von Moltke and Roon,
And Bismarck, are riding before.

The gallant old king, with his grizzled moustache,
Is a king of the olden time;
The lance-bearing Uhlans are riding before,
And behind him a pageant sublime.

Unter den Linden, they 're coming, they 're coming,
Our Fritz and the princes before;
Then warriors wearing the broad cross of iron,
And bearing the trophies of war.

This, this is the army returning from conquest,
The gallant, the steadfast, the brave:
Another is camped on the field of their glory,
The cross of their faith on each grave.

And many a woman is wearing this morning
A dead hero's cross on her breast;
And one army enters the city in triumph,
And one is forever at rest.

But the graves on her border will guard for the future
The way to the beautiful Rhine:
Hail, Wilhelm! the Vaterland welcomes her heroes,
The great iron crown shall be thine!

But Wilhelm, our Kaiser, forgets not whose spirit
Is hovering over the land;
From the pageant he goes to the tomb of Louisa,
And lays there, with reverent hand,

The trophies from France, and the crown of our fathers
Germania placed on his head:
At the tomb of his mother our Kaiser is kneeling—
Fulfilled is the dream of the dead!

SWITZERLAND.

WILLIAM TELL.

ANONYMOUS.

The tradition concerning Tell is that he was a Swiss patriot early in the fourteenth century, who resisted the tyranny of Austria, and finally succeeded in freeing his native land, and that he was drowned in 1350, while trying to save a friend during a great flood. The following poem is based upon the familiar incident of his refusal to do homage to the ducal hat of Austria, for which he was condemned to shoot an apple from his son's head, or to die in case of refusal. The whole story of Tell has been gravely doubted, and the controversy is not yet satisfactorily settled.

PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said:
"Fix me the apple on his head.
Ha! rebel,—now
There is a fair mark for thy shaft:
There, try thy boasted archer-craft!"
And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed.
With quivering brow
The Switzer gazed; his cheek grew pale;
His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail
Their laboring breath.
"Ha! so you blench?" fierce Gesler cried.
"I have conquered, slave, thy soul of pride!"
No word to that stern taunt replied,—
All still as death.

"And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.
"Bold fool! when *slaves* like thee are tasked,
It is MY WILL;
But that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such fine archery,
If thou succeed'st, THOU GOEST FREE!
What! pause ye still?
Give him a bow and arrow there,—
One shaft,—*but one.*" Madness, despair,
And tortured love,
One moment swept the Switzer's face:
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve reigned like a grace
Caught from above.

"I take thy terms," he murmured low;
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;

The quiver searched;
Chose out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm and strong;
Placed it upon the sounding thong,—
The tough yew arched.
Deep stillness fell on all around:
Through that dense crowd was heard no sound
Of step or word.
All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,
To see that fearful arrow fly.
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute:
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
Yet never moved.
He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned
The daring coolness of that hand:
He knew it was the father scanned
The boy he loved!
Slow rose the shaft: it trembled, hung.
"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue.
He could not aim!
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth quail?
He shakes! his haughty brow is pale!"
"Shoot!" cried a low voice. "Canst thou fail?
Shoot, in Heaven's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took,
And cast to Heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft.
"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said.
He drew the bow—the arrow fled—
The apple left the stripling's head.
"'T IS CLEFT! 'T IS CLEFT!"
And cleft it was,—and Tell was free.

Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With flushing cheek;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,
"An arrow in thy belt is placed—
What means it? Speak!"
"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,

Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
Touched this, my boy!"

"Treason! Rebellion! Chain the slave!"
A hundred swords around him wave;
And hate to Gesler's features gave
Infuriated joy.
They chained the Switzer, arm and limb;
They racked him till his eyes grew dim,
And reeled his brain.
Nor groan, nor pain-wrung prayer gave he;
But smiled, beneath his belt to see
That shaft, whose point he swore should be
Not sped in vain!

And that one arrow found its goal,
Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,
When Lucerne's lake
Heard him his felon soul out-moan;
And Freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland, a giant grown,
Her fetters break.

From hill to hill the summons flew,
From lake to lake that tempest grew
With wakening swell;
Till balked Oppression crouched in shame,
And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,
And Freedom's watchword was—the name
Of WILLIAM TELL!

ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

"GRACE GREENWOOD."

Arnold of Winkelried furnishes another of the favorite traditions of the Swiss people; but his existence and deeds of heroism are better authenticated than those of Tell. Even his story, however, is denied by some of the historical skeptics. It runs that, during the invasion of Switzerland under Duke Leopold of Austria in 1386, his army was confronted by the Swiss at the narrow pass of Sempach. The Austrian knights and nobles dismounted to charge the patriots, and were about to advance an unbroken line of steel upon them, when Arnold, exclaiming, "I will open a way to liberty," rushed upon the ranks, and gathering into his body as many spears as he could grasp, made a breach through which his followers rushed and overthrew the invaders. Duke Leopold was among the slain, and the Swiss secured an honorable peace from his successor.

DAY immortal in Helvetia,—day to every Switzer dear,—
Day that saw the Austrian army down before Sempach appear,

Just as morning fresh and stilly dawned above the ancient town,
And the mountain mists uprolling let the waiting sunlight down.

Full four thousand knights and barons marched with Leopold that day,
With their vassals, squires, and burghers following in grand array;
'T was the Duke himself came foremost,—slowly came in state and pride,
With the knight of Ems, brave Eyloff, gravely riding at his side.
Fiery-eyed with ancient hatred rode proud Gesler, as became
One of the abhorrèd lineage, and the old accursed name.

It was while their serfs and hirelings cut the Switzer's tall grain down,
That the Austrian knights paraded on their steeds before the town.
"Ho! our reapers would have breakfast!" thus the Sire de Reinach calls.
"The Confederates make it ready!" cried the Avoyer from the walls.

Now, upon a hill to northward, in among the sheltering wood,
The Confederates' little army still and firm and fearless stood;
They from Gersau, Zug, and Glaris, the Waldstetten, and Lucerne,
But not a burgher or a knight from false and recreant Berne.
There with looks of old defiance glared they down upon the foe,
And their hearts were hot for vengeance when they thought of long ago;
For full many a pike now gleaming in the pleasant summer light
Had their fathers dipped in Austrian blood at Morgarten's mountain fight!

Up amid the winds and sunshine Austria's blazoned banners danced,—
With a mighty clash of armor Austria's haughty hosts advanced;
Calling on the God of freedom, with a shout for Switzerland,
Down against the mailèd thousands rushed the little patriot band!
With their short swords and their halberds, and their simple shields of wood;
With their archers and their slingers, and their pikemen stern and rude.

But as thick as stands at harvest golden grain along the Rhine,
Stood the spears of the invaders, gleaming down the threatening line;
And as pressed the hardy Switzers close upon their leader's track,
Everywhere that wall of lances met their way and hurled them back;
Till the blood of brave Confederates stained the hillside and the plain,
Drenching all the trampled greensward like a storm of mountain rain,
Till the boldest brow was darkened, and the firmest lip was paled,
Till the peasant's heart grew fearful, and the shepherd's stout arm failed.
Then from out the Swiss ranks leaping, Arnold, pride of Underwald,
O'er the backward surge of battle and the stormy tumult called,—
"Yield not, dear and faithful allies!—Stay, for *I* your way will make!
Care you for my wife and children, for your old companion's sake;
Follow now, and strike for freedom, God, and Switzerland!" he cried;

Full against the ranks close rushing, with his arms extended wide,
Caught, and to his bosom gathered, the sharp lances of the foe.
Then, as roll the avalanches down from wilds of Alpine snow,
Through the breach, on rolled the Switzers, overthrew the mail-clad ranks,
Smote, as smote their shepherd fathers, on Algeri's marshy banks!
Everywhere the Austrian nobles, serfs, and hirelings turned in flight,—
Soon was seen the royal standard wavering, falling in the fight;
'T was the Duke himself upraised it, and its bloody folds outspread,
Waved it, till his guard of barons all went down among the dead;
Then, amid the battle plunging, bravely bore the warrior's part,
Till the long pike of a Switzer cleft in twain his tyrant heart!

With their souls athirst for vengeance, through dark gorge and rocky glen,
On the footsteps of the flying, hot pursued the mountain men,—
Smiting down the bold invaders, till the ground for many a rood,
Round about that town beleaguered, was afloat with Austrian blood.
Then arose their shouts of triumph up amid the shadowy even,—
Loud rejoicings, fierce exultings, storming at the gates of heaven,—
Till a thousand mountain echoes rendered back the mighty cries,
With the sound of earth's contention making tumult in the skies.

But amid the rush of battle or the victor's proud array,
Came the savior of Helvetia? came the hero of the day?
Prone along the wet turf lay he, with the lances he had grasped,
All his valor's deadly trophies still against his brave heart clasped!
Feeling not the tempest surging, hearing not the roar of strife,—
With the red rents in his bosom and his young eye closed on life.
And when thus his comrades found him, there was triumph in their tears,—
He had gathered glory's harvest in that bloody sheaf of spears.

Lo, it is an ancient story, and as, through shades of night,
We are gazing through dim ages, on that fierce, unequal fight;—
But the darkness is illumined by one grand, heroic deed,
And we hear the shout of Arnold, and we see his great heart bleed!
Yet to-day, O hero-martyr, does the Switzer guard thy name,
And to-day thy glorious legend touches all his heart with flame;
And with reverence meek and careful still he hands thy memory down,
By the chapel in the mountains and the statue in the town.

Take thou courage, struggling spirit! Thus, upon life's battle-plain,
God for all his heroes careth, and they can not fall in vain!
And of Heaven forever blessed shall the soul heroic be,
Who, Oppression's close ranks breaking, makes a pathway for the free;
Though his faithful breast receiveth the sharp lances of the foe,

God, the God of Freedom, counteth all the life-drops as they flow.
He shall have the tears of millions and the homage of the brave,—
He shall have immortal crownings, and the world shall keep his grave.

THE BATTLE OF MURTEN.

VEIT WEBER.

The Battle of Murten, or Morat, was fought June 10, 1476, and is accounted one of the greatest in the Burgundian wars. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, with a large army, laid siege to Murten, which was defended by the Swiss. They repelled the assault with success until their allies arrived, when they joined in an attack, and won a complete victory, the Duke himself barely escaping. Weber was a poet of the same period, and this, says Mr. Longfellow, is the best of his battle-songs. The translation is by the late President Felton, of Harvard College.

THE tidings flew from land to land,
At Murten lies Burgund;
And all make haste, for fatherland,
To battle with Burgund.
In the field before a woodland green
Shouted the squire and knight;
Loud shouted René of Lorraine,
"We 'll forward to the fight!"
The leaders held but short debate,—
Too long it still appeared;—
"Ah, God! when ends the long debate?
Are they perchance afeard?
Not idle stands in heaven high
The sun in his tent of blue;
We laggards let the hour go by!
When shall we hack and hew?"
Fearfully roared Carl's cannonade;
We cared not what befell;
We were not in the least dismayed
If this or that man fell.
Lightens in circles wide the sword,
Draws back the mighty spear;
Thirsted for blood the good broadsword,
Blood drank the mighty spear.
Short time the foemen bore the fray,
Soldier and champion fled,
And the broad field of battle lay
Knee-deep with spears o'erspread.
Some in the forest, some the brake,
To hide from the sunlight sought;
Many sprang headlong into the lake,
Although they thirsted not.
Up to the chin they waded in;
Like ducks swam here and there;
As they a flock of ducks had been,
We shot them in the mere.
After them on the lake we sail,
With oars we smote them dead;
And piteously we heard them wail,
The green lake turned to red.
Up on the trees clomb many high,
We shot them there like crows;
Their feathers helped them not to fly,
No wind to waft them blows.
The battle raged two leagues around,
And many foemen lay
All hacked and hewed upon the ground,
When sunset closed the day;
And they who yet alive were found,
Thanks to the night did pay.
A camp like any market-place
Fell to the Switzer's hand;
Carl made the beggars rich apace
In needy Switzerland.
The game of chess is a kingly play;—
'T is a Leaguer now that tries;
He took from the king his pawns away;
His flank unguarded lies.

His castles were of little use;
  His knights were in a strait;
Turn him whatever way he chose,
  There threatens him checkmate.
Veit Weber had his hand on sword,
  Who did this rhyme indite,
Tillevening mowed he with the sword;
  He sang the stour at night.
He swung the bow, he swung the sword,
  Fiddler and fighter true,
Champion of lady and of lord,
  Dancer and prelate too.

THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Swiss courageously maintained their independence for several centuries, but in 1798 their country was seized by the French, and was held until 1815, when its freedom was restored. It has never since been subjugated.

TWO voices are there: one is of the sea,
  One of the mountains—each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,—
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven.
Thou from the Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave, to that which still is left.
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Vienna was ineffectually besieged by the Turks in 1529, and again more formidably in 1683, when the beleaguered Austrians were relieved by John Sobieski, King of Poland. He had driven the Moslem from his own country, and with his army and some French and German allies now raised the siege of Vienna and permanently beat back the tide of Ottoman invasion.

O FOR a kindling touch from that pure flame
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these: "Up, Voice of Song! proclaim
Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
For lo! the Imperial City stands released
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
And Christendom respires, from guilt and shame
Redeemed, from miserable fear set free,
By one day's feat, one mighty victory.
—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!
The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim;
He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
He conquering through God, and God by him."

ANDREW HOFER.

JULIUS MOSEN.

Andreas, or Andrew, Hofer was a leader of the Tyrolese patriots during the Napoleonic wars, and led an armed body of them against the French in 1796. In 1808 a successful insurrection placed him temporarily at the head of an independent government. He was finally betrayed into the hands of the French, taken to Mantua, in Lombardy, and there executed by shooting, February 20, 1810. A statue to his memory was erected at Innsbrück in 1834. The following ode is a translation from the German by Mr. Alfred Baskerville.

AT Mantua in chains
The gallant Hofer lay,
In Mantua to death
Led him the foe away;
His brothers' heart bled for the chief,
For Germany's disgrace and grief,
And Tyrol's mountain-land!

His hands behind him clasped,
With firm and measured pace
Marched Andrew Hofer on;
He feared not death to face,
Death whom from Iselberg aloft
Into the vale he sent so oft
In Tyrol's holy land.

But when from dungeon-grate,
In Mantua's stronghold,

Their hands on high he saw
His faithful brothers hold,
"O God be with you all!" he said,
"And with the German realm betrayed,
And Tyrol's holy land!"

The drummer's hand refused
To beat the solemn march,
While Andrew Hofer passed
The portal's gloomy arch;
In fetters shackled, yet so free,
There on the bastion stood he,
Brave Tyrol's gallant son.

They bade him then kneel down;
He answered, "I will not!
Here standing will I die,
As I have stood and fought.
As now I tread this bulwark's bank,
Long life to my good Kaiser Frank,
And, Tyrol, hail to thee!"

A grenadier then took
The bandage from his hand,
While Hofer spake a prayer,
His last on earthly land.
"Mark well!" he with loud voice exclaimed,
"Now fire! Ah! 't was badly aimed!
O Tyrol, fare thee well!"

WAR-SONG OF THE MAGYARS.

"GRACE GREENWOOD."

In 1848, the year of European revolutions, the liberty-loving Hungarians also rose in insurrection against the Austrian government. In September Lajos (Louis) Kossuth was made President of the National Committee of Defense, and the Hungarian Parliament continued its sessions, although formally dissolved by the Austrian Emperor. Military measures to suppress the revolt were not taken until winter, and then unsuccessfully. Kossuth virtually declared Hungary a republic. The next summer and early fall, however, the patriot armies were crushed with terrible atrocity, and the leaders either executed or forced into exile. Kossuth is still living, and resides in Turin, at the age of eighty-one.

A BATTLE-SHOUT for Hungary
Once more shall wake the day,—
A joyful summons to the brave
To rally for the fray;
To gird her round, and with their swords
Make lightning on her way!

The shout that each bold Magyar heart
With war's fierce rapture fills,
The cry that in the traitor's veins
The coward current chills,—
Let it ring up from the valleys,
And roll along the hills!

Let it sound amid the mountain land,
That mighty gathering cry,—
Go up from steep and crag and cliff,
Clear, terrible, and high,
Till the vultures and the eagles
Scream back their hoarse reply!

Like the mingling of all fearful sounds
Of vengeance and of woe,—
Like the rush of fire, the roar of floods,
When wintry tempests blow,—
Like the thunder of the avalanche,
It shall sweep against the foe!

God of the nations, thou didst hear
Poor Hungary's patient prayer,
From the prison of her bondage
And the night of her despair,

When the groanings of her spirit
Were burdening all the air!

Thou didst flash upon her darkness
A great and sudden light;
Didst break her chains, and lead her forth,
And gird her for the fight
With the weapons of thine anger,
And the armor of thy might!

Once more be thy victorious strength
On mortal hearts outpoured;
Take thou the blood-guilt from our strife,
And sanctify the sword
That strikes for Freedom! For the right
Make bare thine arm, O Lord!

Bless thou our banners, till their folds
On Freedom's ramparts wave,
And shade the patriot's holy rest;
O strengthen, guide, and save
Our PROPHET-HERO to the end,
God of the struggling brave!

ITALY.

VENICE.

LORD BYRON.

Venice, the ancient City of the Sea, after a career of great prosperity and glory during the Middle Ages and later times, became subject to Napoleon in 1796, and was ceded by him to Austria in the treaty of Campo-Formio the next year. It was held by that power, with an interval 1806–14, until 1866, when it became an integral part of the Italian kingdom.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea-Cybele fresh from ocean
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here—
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die:
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond

Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierra, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud place where an emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequaled dower.

CAPTAIN LOREDAN.

EDWARD KING.

The Sultan Bajazet II., in whose time (1481–1512) the Turco-Venetian war noticed below was waged, was one of the ablest of the remarkably able princes who built up the Ottoman Empire after the capture of Constantinople. He extended the Turkish dominions far into Asia and Europe, and attempted the conquest of Egypt, but was defeated by the Mameluke Sultan at Arbela, in 1493. He was the son of Mohammed II., who stormed Constantinople forty years before.

OLD Venice grappled with the Turk
In fourteen hundred ninety-nine;
In truth it was a troubled work,
And ruddy were the seas as wine;
For dread Bajazet set afloat
Against our fleet three hundred sail;
And when he took a fishing boat
Remorselessly his soldiers smote
Our helpless men and poured their blood.
Upon the Adriatic flood
His cruisers left a bloody trail.
* * * Our Admiral Grimani lay
In hesitating silence till,
While yet irresolute, one day
He heard our flock of galleys thrill
With lusty, manly singing,
With clamor loud and long,
And through his brain went ringing
This burden of the song:
"Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
For he will show the way!
Give us our Captain Loredan,
And we will tempt the fray!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar:
He 'll tell you how brave Loredan
Slew twenty Turks and more?"
So through the ships the story ran,
And o'er the stars the glory ran—
The story of
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan!

Grimani felt his cheeks grow white—

But not with fear; it was with rage;
For he had sworn that in this fight
He 'd blot proud Loredan's bright page.
"What is this Captain Loredan,
But officer at my command?"
He cried: "I 'll crush the daring man,
And lest he rush into the van
Of battle, newer fame to win—
I 'll fold my galley's banners in,
And hug the comfortable land."
So said he; and he paced the deck
With jealous envy at his side;
While grim Bajazet wrought his wreck
Among our shipping far and wide.
But still came breezes bringing
Our galley oarsmen's song;
O'er purple waters flinging
Its protest against wrong:
"Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
He 's here with us to-day!
Give us our Captain Loredan—
He will not bid us stay!
Now, listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar;
He 'll tell you how staunch Loredan
Has swept the waves before."
So through the ships the story ran,
And o'er the seas the glory ran—
The story of
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan!

Nor day nor night Grimani stirred;
The Turkish fleet, grown bold, drew near,
Our men, impatient, begged the word
For action, but Grimani's sneer
Froze up their hearts, until one morn
Out from the shimmering splendor broke
A blood-red dawn—for battle born,
And haughtily, as if in scorn
The Crescent's pennant fluttered high
Upon a mighty craft—close by—
Standing alone.
* * * Then, with one stroke
Of springing oars, a galley sped
Out from our midst: a second came
To join her, and like lightning fled
Beyond Grimani's cry of "Shame!
What are those oarsmen singing?
Who my command disdain?"
Back came the answer ringing
In strange ecstatic strain:
"This is the Captain Loredan;
These be his galleys twain!
Lo! here is Captain Loredan,
W hom fools can not restrain!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who toils upon his oar,
And win with Captain Loredan—
Or Venice see no more."
So through the ships the story ran—
And through all hearts the glory ran—
The story of
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan.

The Turkish monster thrilled with life;
From her gigantic sides rained down
Huge missiles with destruction rife;
And many a fighter fell to drown
Between the galleys' sides that shook
As if with frenzied laughter, when
The thunders of our cannon took
The yellow from the Turk's wild look
And brought the ashes to his lips.
He could not fight these bellowing ships—
Nor war with these enchanted men
Who climbed along his galleon's rail;
Who swam and sank and sprang in space,

Still fighting; men who scorned to wail,
  Tho' carved by swords; and who with grace
  Kept up their rhythmic singing
    With dying lips that bled;
  Sang—to the galleys clinging
    With fingers battle-red—
  "This is the Captain Loredan,—
    And we are all his men!
  How like you Captain Loredan,—
    Who fights you one to ten?
  Now listen to this hoary man
    Who still is at his oar;
  And fly from Captain Loredan,
    Or Byzance see no more!"
So through the ships the story ran,
And o'er the seas the glory ran—
    The story of
    The glory of
Victorious great Loredan.

Swift sailing from the roseate East
  Came kindred ships the Turks to aid;
And now the struggle's rage increased,
Wild flames broke forth to make afraid
  The Moslems on their conquered craft.
Just as the banner of Saint Mark
  Was raised upon her, fore and aft
  Came a weird shudder, and abaft
The wretched Turks ran quakingly
To leap into the crimson sea.
Then came vast thunder.
    It was dark.
The ship—our splendid galleys—all
  Went skyward—rending friends and foes.
And fire burst through the wooden wall
  To stores of powder.
    Then arose
  (Out from the chaos bringing
    A harmony complete)—
  A sound of voices singing
    This chorus strong and sweet:
  "To die with Captain Loredan
    Is joy enough for men!
  Who would not die with Loredan,
    No matter how or when?
  Oh, listen to this hoary man
    Who floats upon his oar;
  He sings the death of Loredan,
    Who ne'er will lead him more!"
To Venice, so the story ran,
And through the world the glory ran:
    The story of
    The glory of
Victorious dead Loredan!

Boston Journal.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Venice was nominally a republic until the invasion of Napoleon in 1796, although its government was wholly in the hands of an oligarchy known as the Council of Ten, and the State had become thoroughly effete and corrupt. Bonaparte destroyed this government, and the country has since been under kingly or imperial rule.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
  And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free:
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,

She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those tillers vanish, and that strength decay,
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day.
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

THE RECANTATION OF GALILEO.

FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

Galileo Galilei, who is accounted the creator of experimental science, was born at Pisa, February 15, 1564. His astronomical theories led to his condemnation by the Roman Inquisition for heresy, when he was seventy years old, and exceedingly infirm. He was compelled, upon his knees and under oath, to recant his scientific creed, and was imprisoned for a time. He died January 8, 1642, and was buried in the Cathedral of Santa Croce, where a superb monument perpetuates his fame.

FAR 'neath the glorious light of the noontide,
In a damp dungeon, a prisoner lay,
Aged and feeble, his failing years numbered,
Waiting the fate to be brought him that day.

Silence, oppressive with darkness, held durance;
Death in the living—or living in death;
Crouched on the granite and burdened with fetters,
Inhaling slow poison with each labored breath.

O'er the damp floor of his dungeon there glistened
Faintly the rays of a swift-nearing light;
Then the sweet jingle of keys, that soon opened
The door, and revealed a strange scene to his sight.

In the red glare of the flickering torches,
Held by the gray-gownèd soldiers of God,
Gathered a group that the world will remember
Long ages after we sleep 'neath the sod.

Draped in their robes of bright scarlet and purple,
Bearing aloft the gold emblems of Rome,
Stood the chief priests of the papal dominion,
Under the shadow of Peter's proud dome.

By the infallible pontiff commanded,
From his own lips their directions received;

Sent to demand of the wise Galileo
Denial of all the great truths he believed,—

Before the whole world to give up his convictions,
Because the great church said the world had not moved;
Then to swear before God that his science was idle,
And truth was unknown to the facts he had proved.

So, loosing his shackles, they bade the sage listen
To words from the mouth of the vicar of God:
"Recant thy vile doctrines, and life we will give thee;
Adhere, and thy road to the grave is soon trod!"

His doctrines—the truth, as proud Rome has acknowledged—
On low, bended knee, in that vault he renounced;
Yet, with joy in their eyes, the high priests retiring,
"Confinement for life," as his sentence pronounced.

But as they left him, their malice rekindled
Fires that their threats had subdued in his breast:
Clanking his chains, with fierce ardor he muttered,
"But it *does* move, and tyrants can ne'er make it rest."

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Coladi Rienzi was a famous tribune of the Roman State, born in Rome in 1313, of humble parentage. He became a warm advocate of the liberties of the people, and for three years harangued against the nobles in behalf of a better government. His greatest speech was pronounced May 20, 1347, to an assembly of citizens called together by him. As a result the aristocratic senators were expelled from the city, and Rienzi made virtual dictator, though taking the title of "Tribune of Liberty, Peace, and Justice." The Pope confirmed him in power, but afterwards withdrew his support, and Rienzi resigned his office. After many vicissitudes of fortune he was put to death in the Capitol by an infuriated mob, while attempting again to rule Rome.

FRIENDS!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords

Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name! Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Orsini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy. There was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

THE PIEDMONT MASSACRE.

JOHN MILTON.

The upper valleys of Piedmont were among the original seats of the Waldenses, the oldest Protestant church now in existence. They suffered there many persecutions, one

of the fiercest of which was that conducted by the Duke of Savoy, in 1655. The sympathies of the civilized world were enlisted in their behalf; and Cromwell, now at the height of his power, secured peace, and permission to the Waldenses to resume their worship. John Milton, writer of the following sonnet, was Latin Secretary of the Commonwealth, and wrote the letters to the Duke, dictated or directed by the Protector.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ITALY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This poem was written while the unity of Italy, accomplished in 1870 under King Victor Emanuel, was still undecided.

VOICES from the mountains speak;
Apennines to Alps reply;
Vale to vale and peak to peak
Toss an old remembered cry:
Italy
Shall be free!
Such the mighty shout that fills
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes
Quiver at that quickening word;
Como with a thrill awakes;
Garda to her depths is stirred;
Mid the steeps
Where he sleeps,
Dreaming of the elder years,
Startled Thrasymenus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,
Murmur freedom to their meads.
Tiber swift and Liris slow
Send strange whispers from their reeds.
Italy
Shall be free,
Sing the glittering brooks that slide,
Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain;
Brutus perished long ago;
Yet the living roots remain
Whence the shoots of greatness grow.
Yet again
Godlike men,
Sprung from that heroic stem,
Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,
They who chase the mountain boar,

Or, where cliff and billow meet,
Prune the vine or pull the oar,
With a stroke
Break their yoke;
Slaves but yestereve were they—
Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,
While his own with gladness flash,
"These," the Umbrian father cries,
"Ne'er shall crouch beneath the lash!
These shall ne'er
Brook to wear
Chains whose cruel links are twined
Round the crushed and withering mind."

Monarchs! ye whose armies stand
Harnessed for the battle-field!
Pause, and from the lifted hand
Drop the bolts of war ye wield.
Stand aloof
While the proof
Of the people's might is given;
Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed
Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,
As the fresh winds of the west
Blow the misty valleys clear.
Stand and see
Italy
Cast the gyves she wears no more
To the gulfs that steep her shore.

ITALIA.

OSCAR WILDE.

This sonnet evidently presents the Roman Catholic view of the occupation of Rome in 1870.

ITALIA! thou art fallen, though with sheen
Of battle-spears thy clamorous armies stride
From the North Alps to the Sicilian tide!
Ay! fallen, though the nations hail thee Queen
Because rich gold in every town is seen,
And on thy sapphire lake in tossing pride
Of wind-filled vans thy myriad galleys ride
Beneath one flag of red and white and green.
O Fair and Strong! O Strong and Fair in vain!
Look southward where Rome's desecrated town
Lies mourning for her God-anointed King!
Look heavenward! shall God allow this thing?
Nay! but some flame-girt Raphael shall come down,
And smite the Spoiler with the sword of pain.

THE SIEGE OF ROME.

LORD BYRON.

Rome was besieged in early May, 1527, by a disorderly and plundering army of Germans and Spaniards, under Fundsberg and the Constable de Bourbon. The latter was killed by a ball in the side, while placing a ladder to scale the walls. The city was taken, however, and for a fortnight was given up to pillage, desecration, and massacre.

The following poem is taken from the opening scene of the second part of the historical drama, "The Deformed Transformed."

'TIS the morn, but dim and dark,
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes:
O ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armor's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon;—
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new
Gather like a locust's crew.
Shade of Remus! 't is a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine;
Must its lot be like to thine?

Near, and near, and nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awakened ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder,
Onward sweeps the rolling host,
Heroes of th' immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is burning!

Onward sweep the varied nations,
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger
On they sweep. O glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou Eternal City!
Rouse thee! rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!
Ilion's children find no Hector;

Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Rome's great sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When the first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourned thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

Now they reach thee in their anger;
Fire and smoke and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou world's wonder,
Death is in thy walls, and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes,
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier;
Thicker grows the strife; thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest home;
But thy hearths, alas! O Rome!—
Yet be Rome amid thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

Yet once more, ye old Penates
Let not your quenched hearths be
Atè's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!
Though the son who slew his mother
Shed Rome's blood, he was your
brother:
'T was the Roman curbed the Roman;—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise, for yours are holiest charters!
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian, strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even Nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crushed in one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!

GARIBALDI.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Garibaldi, called the Liberator of Italy, was a native of Nice, born July 22, 1807. He early became a revolutionist, and was repeatedly compelled to flee from his native land, at one time residing near New York City, where he engaged in candle-making. Returning to Italy at opportune moments, he bore conspicuous part in the movements which finally resulted in the complete liberation and unification of Italy. He died at his island-home of Caprera, June 2, 1882. This poem represents his mingled emotions at an eventful period in the struggle of 1860. Palermo was taken by his troops about the first of June of that year.

HE bent his head upon his breast
Wherein his lion-heart lay sick:—
"Perhaps we are not ill-repaid—
Perhaps this is not a true test;
Perhaps that was not a foul trick;
Perhaps none wronged, and none
betrayed.

"Perhaps the people's vote which here

United, there may disunite,
And both be lawful as they think.
Perhaps a patriot statesman, dear
For chartering nations, can with right
Disfranchise those who hold the ink.

"Perhaps men's wisdom is not craft;
Men's greatness not a selfish greed;
Men's justice not the safer side.
Perhaps even women, when they laughed,
Wept, thanked us that the land was freed,
Not wholly (though they kissed us) lied.

"Perhaps no more than this we meant,
When up at Austria's guns we flew
And spiked them with a cry apiece,
'*Italia!*'—Yet a dream was sent—
The little house my father knew,
The olives and the palms of Nice."

He paused, and drew his sword out slow,—
Then pored upon the blade intent
As if to read some written thing:
While many muttered, "He will go
In that despairing sentiment
And break his sword before the King."

He, poring still upon the blade,
His large lid quivered, something fell.
"Perhaps," he said, "I was not born
With such fine brains to eat and trade,
And if a woman knew it well
Her falsehood only meant her scorn.

Yet through Varese's cannon smoke
My eye saw clear: men feared this man
At Como, where his sword could deal
Death's protocol at every stroke.
And now—the drop there scarcely can
Impair the keenness of the steel.

"So man and sword may have their use;
And if the soil beneath my feet
In valor's act is forfeited,
I 'll strike the harder, take my dues
Out nobler, and the loss confute
From ampler heavens above my head.

"My King, King Victor, I am thine!
So much Nice-dust as what I am
(To make our Italy) must cleave.
Forgive that."—Forward with a sign
He went,—You 've seen the telegram?
Palermo 's taken, we believe.

GARIBALDI.

ANONYMOUS.

The great Italian patriot was wounded at Aspromonte, a mountain in Southwestern Italy, August 28, 1862, in a battle between his volunteers and the Italian forces under Pallavicini. The former were defeated, and many of them, including Garibaldi, taken prisoners.

HIGH on Aspromonte flashed the red shirts early,
Up in the midst of them the glory of his face;
Low on Aspromonte, ere day was over,
He was down and bleeding, bound in helpless case.

Hands of brothers poured that crimson,—nevermore
Tears can wash it from the holy tri-color.
  Alas! alas! could they hit him where he stood,
    Himself thrown between the ranks, with passionate cries
  Calling on them but to spare each other's blood,
    And so, falling, gave himself a sacrifice.
O the pity and the passion of that morrow
  When, all lost, all ended, he the invincible
Lay there stricken in his ruin and his sorrow,
  Prisoner in the hands of those he loved so well.

Over rugged mountain-paths, without complaint,
Carried through long hours of torture, white and faint,
  By the faithful, silent in his silence all,
  Marching slow and soft as at a funeral.
Overhead all day the scorching August quivered,
  While the laurel leaves looked sadness, shading him,
As they bore him from the land he had delivered,
  Helpless, shattered, hot with anguish heart and limb;
No salute or sign or murmur as he passed;
But once, looking up, he waved his hand at last:
Farewell!—kneeling on the shore the people shivered,
  Stretching out their hands long after the white sails had grown dim.

GARIBALDI IN PIEDMONT.

PHŒBE CARY.

Garibaldi served in 1859 as an irregular auxiliary of the Piedmontese forces, in the struggle of Sardinia and France against Austria. He also joined in operations against the Austrians in the Tyrol, during the Austro-Prussian war of 1866.

HEMMED in by the hosts of the Austrians,
  No succor at hand;
Adown the green passes of Piedmont,
  That beautiful land,
  Moves a patriot band.

Two long days and nights, watchful, sleepless,
  Have they ridden, nor yet
Checked the rein, though the feet of their horses,
  In the ripe vineyard set,
  By its wine have been wet.

What know they of weariness, hunger,
  What good can they lack?
While they follow their brave Garibaldi,
  Who never turns back,
  Never halts in his track!

By the Austrians outnumbered, surrounded,
  On left and on right;
Strong and fearless he moves as a giant,
  Who rouses to fight
  From the slumbers of night.

So, over the paths of Orfano,
His brave horsemen tread,
Long after the sun, halting wearied,
Hath hidden his head
In his tent-folds of red.

Every man with his eye on his leader,
Whom a spell must have bound,
For he rideth as still as the shadow
That keeps step on the ground
In a silence profound.

With the harmony Nature is breathing
His soul is in tune;
He is bathed in a bath of the splendor
Of the beautiful moon,
Of the air soft as June!

But what sound meets the ear of the soldier?
What menacing tone?
For look! how the horse and the rider
Have suddenly grown
As if carvéd in stone.

Leaning down toward that fair grove of olives
He waits; doth it mean
That he catches the tramp of the Austrians—
That his quick eye hath seen
Their bayonets' sheen?

Nay! there, where the thick leaves about her
By the music are stirred,
Sits a nightingale singing her rapture;
And the hero hath heard
But the voice of a bird!

A hero! Ay, more than a hero
By this he appears;
A man, with a heart that is tender,
Unhardened by years;
Who shall tell what he hears?

Not the voice of the nightingale only,
Floating soft on the breeze;
But the music of dear human voices,
And blended with these
The sound of the seas.

Ah, the sea, the dear sea! from the cradle
She took him to rest;
Leaping out from the arms of his mother,
He went to her breast,
And was softly caressed.

Perchance he is back on her bosom,
Safe from fear or alarms,
Clasping close as of old that first mistress
Whose wonderful charms
Drew him down to her arms.

By the memories that come with that singing
His soul has been wiled
Far away from the danger of battle;
Transported, beguiled,
He again is a child,

Sitting down at the feet of his mother,
Whose prayers are the charm
That ever in conflict and peril
Has strengthened his arm,
And kept him from harm.

Nay, who knows but his spirit that moment
Was gone in its quest
Of that bright bird of paradise, vanished
Too soon from the nest
Where her lover was blest!

For unerring the soul finds its kindred,
Below or above;
And as over the great waste of waters
To her mate goes the dove,
So love seeks its love.

Did he see her first blush, burning softly
His kisses beneath?
Or her dear look of love, when he held her
Disputing with Death
For the last precious breath?

Lost Anita! sweet vision of beauty,
Too sacred to tell
Is the tale of her dear life, that, hidden
In his heart's deepest cell,
Is kept safely and well.

And what matter his dreams? He whose bosom
With such rapture can glow
Hath something within him more sacred
Than the hero may show,
Or the patriot know.

And this praise, for man or for hero,
The best were, in sooth;
His heart, through life's conflict and peril,
Has kept its first truth,
And the dreams of its youth.

A TALE OF VILLAFRANCA.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

The peace of Villafranca, concluded July 11, 1859, between the Emperors of France and Austria, was a bitter disappointment to the patriots of Italy, in that it recommended a mere confederation of the Italian States, and that under the Papal protectorate. The people throughout the whole peninsula indignantly rejected the proposal, and the next year annexations to Sardinia began, as preliminary to complete Italian unity. Mrs. Browning was residing in Florence during these events; and her great soul was stirred by them to its depths, as may be seen in the following poem.

MY little son, my Florentine,
Sit down beside my knee,
And I will tell you why the sign
Of joy which flushed our Italy,
Has faded since but yesternight;
And why your Florence of delight
Is mourning as you see.

A great man (who was crowned one day)
Imagined a great Deed:
He shaped it out of cloud and clay,
He touched it finely till the seed
Possessed the flower: from heart and brain
He fed it with large thoughts humane,
To help a people's need.

He brought it out into the sun—
They blessed it to his face:
"O great, pure Deed, that hast undone
So many bad and base!
O generous Deed, heroic Deed,
Come forth, be perfected, succeed,
Deliver by God's grace."

Then sovereigns, statesmen, north and south,
Rose up in wrath and fear,
And cried, protesting by one mouth,
"What monster have we here?—
A great Deed at this hour of day?
A great, just Deed, and not for pay?
Absurd,—or insincere.

"And if sincere, the heavier blow
In that case we shall bear,
For where 's our blessed 'status quo,'
Our holy treaties, where,—
Our rights to sell a race, or buy,
Protect and pillage, occupy,
And civilize despair?"

Some muttered that the great Deed meant
A great pretext to sin;
And others the pretext, so lent,
Was heinous (to begin).
Volcanic terms of "great" and "just?"
Admit such tongues of flame, the crust
Of time and law falls in.

A great Deed in this world of ours
Unheard-of the pretence is:
It threatens plainly the great powers;
Is fatal in all senses.
A just deed in the world?—call out
The rifles! be not slack about
The national defenses.

And many murmured, "From this source
What red blood must be poured!"
And some rejoined, "'T is even worse;
What red tape is ignored!"
All cursed the Doer for an evil
Called here enlarging on the Devil,—
There, monkeying the Lord!

Some said it could not be explained,
Some, could not be excused;
And others, "Leave it unrestrained,
Gehenna's self is loosed;"
And all cried, "Crush it, maim it, gag it!
Set dog-toothed lies to tear it ragged,
Truncated and traduced!"

But HE stood sad before the sun,
(The peoples felt their fate).
"The world is many,—I am one;
My great Deed was too great.
God's fruit of justice ripens slow:
Men's souls are narrow; let them grow.
My brothers, we must wait."

The tale is ended, child of mine,
Turned graver at my knee.
They say your eyes, my Florentine,
Are English: it may be:
And yet I 've marked as blue a pair
Following the doves across the square
At Venice by the sea.

Ah, child! ah, child! I can not say
A word more. You conceive
The reason now, why just to-day
We see our Florence grieve.
Ah, child, look up into the sky!
In this low world, where great Deeds die,
What matter if we live?

MOTHER AND POET.

MRS. BROWNING.

The "mother" in this superb ode was Laura Savio, a poet and ardent patriot of Turin, who lost two sons in the revolutionary struggles—one at Ancona on the Adriatic Sea, the other at Gaeta, on the Mediterranean.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art for a woman, men said.
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And *I* proud, by that test.

What art 's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

To teach them..It stings there. *I* made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." *I* taught them no doubt
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need,
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed...O my beautiful eyes!..
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it:—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained

To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two..would be with me ere long:
And 'Viva Italia' *he* died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls..was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah,—"his," "their" mother: not "mine."
No voice says '*my* mother' again to me. What?
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that 's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy 's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta 's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
  When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
  When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
    (And I have my Dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
  And burn your lights faintly!—*My* country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow.
  My Italy 's there,—with my brave civic Pair,
    To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
  And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
  Into wail such as this!—and we sit on forlorn
    When the man-child is born.

Dead!—one of them shot by the sea in the west,
  And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
  You want a great song for your Italy free,
    Let none look at *me!*

SPAIN.

LAMENTATION OF DON RODERICK.

LOCKHART'S ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

Don Roderick, or Rodrigo, was the last king of the Visigoths in Spain, and the hero of much poetry and historical romance. After a long war against the invading Moslem, he was finally defeated in the battle of the Gaudalete, July 17, 711. The chroniclers differ as to his death, disputing whether he was killed on the field, or drowned while attempting to cross the river and escape. He is the chief character in Mr. Southey's well-known epic poem, "Roderick the Goth."

THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,—
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame,—he could no further go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered, faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed:—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jeweled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see;
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn;
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the host of Spain;
But all were fled except the dead,—and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks like rain:—

"Last night I was the king of Spain,—to-day no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train,—to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
To-night not one I call mine own, not one pertains to me.

"O, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day
When I was born to have the power of this great seigniory!
Unhappy me! that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou? why fearest thou to smite?"

THE SALLY OF THE CID FROM THE CASTLE OF ALCOCES.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, FROM THE SPANISH.

The most famous hero of early Spanish history, Ruy or Roderigo Diaz, is popularly known as the Cid, or the Cid Campeador, "the lord-champion." So many strange and romantic adventures are related of him that many have believed the Cid to be only a mythical character. It is quite certain, however, that such a soldier-hero existed, born near Burgos about 1040, died at Valencia in 1099, and that he was standard-bearer and commander of the royal troops to Sancho II., king of Leon and Castile. His mature life was principally spent in fierce and successful combat with the Moors.

THEY fain would sally forth, but he, the noble Cid,
Accounted it as rashness, and constantly forbid.
The fourth week was beginning, the third already past,
The Cid and his companions they are now agreed at last.
"The water is cut off, the bread is well-nigh spent,
To allow us to depart by night the Moors will not consent;
To combat with them in the field our numbers are but few;
Gentlemen, tell me your minds; what do you think to do?"
Minaya Alvar Fañez answered him again:
"We are come here from fair Castile to live like banished men;
There are here six hundred of us, besides some nine or ten.
It is by fighting with the Moors that we have earned our bread;
In the name of God that made us, let nothing more be said,
Let us sally forth upon them by the dawn of day."
The Cid replied, "Minaya, I approve of what you say,
You have spoken for the best, and have done so without doubt."
The Moors that were within the town, they took and turned them out,
That none should know their secret. They labored all that night;
They were ready for the combat with the morning light.
The Cid was in his armor mounted at their head;
He spoke aloud amongst them; you shall hear the words he said:
"We must all sally forth! There can not a man be spared,
Two footmen only at the gates to close them and keep guard;
If we are slain in battle, they will bury us here in peace,
If we survive and conquer, our riches will increase.
And you, Pero Bermuez, the standard you must bear;
Advance it like a valiant man, evenly and fair,
And do not venture forward before I give command."
Bermuez took the standard, he went and kissed his hand.
The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they rushed.
The outposts of the Moorish hosts back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and vast;

The Moors were moving forward, the battle soon must join.
"My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line;
Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign."
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain.
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein;
"You see the foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it show the duty that he owes."
Earnestly the Cid called out, "For Heaven's sake, be still!"
Bermuez cried, "I can not hold," so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse and drove him on amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner, and compassed him about;
Had not his armor been so true, he had lost either life or limb.
The Cid called out again, "For Heaven's sake, succor him!"
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest leveled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
"I am Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake!"
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred bannered knights,—it was a gallant show:
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with every blow;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances and level them again;
There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lay shattered on the plain,
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain,
The Christians call upon St. James, the Moors upon Mahound,—
There were thirteen hundred of them slain upon a little spot of ground.
Minaya Alvar Fañez smote with all his might,
He went as he was wont, and was foremost in the fight;
There was Galin Garcia, of courage firm and clear;
Felez Munioz, the Cid's own cousin dear;
Antolinez of Burgos, a hardy knight and keen,
Munio Gustioz, his pupil that had been;
The Cid on his gilded saddle above them all was seen;
There was Martin Munioz that ruled in Montmayor;
There was Alvar Fañez and Alvar Salvador;—
These were the followers of the Cid, with many others more,
In rescue of Bermuez and the standard that he bore.
Minaya is dismounted, his courser has been slain,

He fights upon his feet, and smites with might and main,
The Cid came all in haste, to help him to horse again.
He saw a Moor well mounted, thereof he was full fain;
Through the girdle at a stroke he cast him to the plain;
He called to Minaya Fañez and reached him out the rein,—
"Mount and ride, Minaya: you are my right hand;
We shall have need of you to-day, these Moors will not disband."
Minaya leapt upon his horse, his sword was in his hand,
Nothing that came near him could resist him or withstand;
All that fall within his reach he dispatches as he goes.
The Cid rode to King Fariz, and struck at him three blows;
The third was far the best, it forced the blood to flow:
The stream ran from his side, and stained his arms below;
The King caught round the rein, and turned his back to go.
The Cid has won the battle with that single blow.

COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

The following poem belongs to a period not far remote from that of the preceding. The king of Aragon had invaded Castile, and met the queen's forces upon the field "de la Espina," near Sepulveda. A severe engagement followed, in which the Count of Lara fled at the first attack, and Gomez Gonzalez, Count of Candespina, bravely died beside his standard. The bearer of this was a gentleman of the house of Olea, who lost both his hands by sabre-strokes, but still clasped the banner in his arms as he fell, sounding his war-cry of "Olea!"

SCARCE were the splintered lances dropped,
  Scarce were the swords drawn out,
Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear,
  Had wheeled his steed about:
His courser reared, and plunged, and neighed,
  Loathing the fight to yield;
But the coward spurred him to the bone,
  And drove him from the field.
Gonzalez in his stirrups rose:
  "Turn, turn, thou traitor knight!
Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
  Thou dastard in a fight!"
But vainly valiant Gomez cried
  Across the warring fray:
Pale Lara and his craven band
  To Burgos scoured away.
"Now, by the God above me, sirs,
  Better we all were dead,
Than a single knight among ye all

Should ride where Lara led!
Yet ye who fear to follow me,
As yon traitor turn and fly;
For I lead ye not to win a field:
I lead ye forth to die.
Olea, plant my standard here—
Here on this little mound;
Here raise the war-cry of thy house,
Make this our rallying ground.
Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace,
The last care I shall have
Will be to hear thy battle-cry,
And see that standard wave."
Down on the ranks of Aragon
The bold Gonzalez drove,
And Olea raised his battle-cry,
And waved the flag above.
Slowly Gonzalez' little band
Gave ground before the foe;
But not an inch of field was won
Without a deadly blow;
And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widowed wives of Aragon,
That fatal news to hear.
Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel
Plainer and plainer rose the cry,
"Olea for Castile!"
Backward fought Gomez, step by step,
Till the cry was close at hand,
Till his dauntless standard shadowed him,
And there he made his stand.
Mace, sword, and axe rang on his mail,
Yet he moved not where he stood,
Though each gaping joint of armor ran
A stream of purple blood.
As, pierced with countless wounds, he fell,
The standard caught his eye,
And he smiled, like an infant hushed asleep,
To hear the battle-cry.
Now one by one the wearied knights
Have fallen, or basely flown;
And on the mound where his post was fixed

Olea stood alone.
"Yield up thy banner, gallant knight!
Thy lord lies on the plain;
Thy duty has been nobly done,
I would not see thee slain."
"Spare pity, king of Aragon!
I would not hear thee lie:
My lord is looking down from heaven
To see his standard fly."
"Yield, madman, yield! Thy horse is down,
Thou hast nor lance nor shield;
Fly! I will grant thee time." "This flag
Can neither fly nor yield!"
They girt the standard round about,
A wall of flashing steel;
But still they heard the battle-cry,
"Olea for Castile!"
And there, against all Aragon,
Full-armed with lance and brand,
Olea fought until the sword
Snapped in his sturdy hand.
Among the foe, with that high scorn
Which laughs at earthly fears,
He hurled the broken hilt, and drew
His dagger on the spears.
They hewed the hauberk from his breast,
The helmet from his head;
They hewed the hands from off his limbs;
From every vein he bled.
Clasping the standard to his heart,
He raised one dying peal,
That rang as if a trumpet blew,—
"Olea for Castile!"

THE BATTLE OF MURET.

CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

This action was fought in the year 1213, between the Catholics under the cruel Simon de Montfort, waging a relentless crusade against the Albigenses, and Pedro II., king of Aragon, who, although himself a Catholic, stood stoutly for civil and religious toleration. The king was slain in the battle. Sismondi says he was "a brave soldier, a skillful politician, and an elegant troubadour." De Montfort was killed five years afterwards, by a stone from a sling or catapult, at the siege of Toulouse.

BESIDE the Guadalquivir is heard the bugle's note;
From the old Moorish fastnesses a hundred banners float;

The shout goes up for Freedom! O hearts so strong and bold,
Forget not in your glory the glorious days of old!
For again they dawn, they brighten, they start to life again—
The good old days when Pedro ruled within the realm of Spain.

Those were the days of Gothic pride and spirit yet unbroke;
No Spanish neck had tamely bowed beneath a despot's yoke;
No Ferdinand had on the land sent out his edicts dire;
No schismatic had for his faith laid down his life in fire;
No Spanish galley filled with slaves had ever crossed the main,
In those good days when Pedro ruled within the realm of Spain.

Then freemen met at council-board, and freemen tilled the sod;
Then men were free even as they pleased to kneel and worship God.
And the name of Spain was hated by the nations of the West,
Because she succored the enslaved and battled for the oppressed;
And kings led forth her armies to break the tyrant's chain,
In those brave days when Pedro ruled within the land of Spain.

Don Pedro sends his summons. They come, each stalwart knight;
There Gomez, lord of Luna, rides, and Aznar, fierce in fight:
The noblest blood of Aragon, the blazons of their shields
Were won in many a well-fought day on Moorish battle-fields.
To Saragossa's stately halls they throng—a gorgeous train;
They gather round Don Pedro, their liege, the lord of Spain.

"Brave Spaniards, who so well have kept our liberties of old,
And to no foreigner paid yet our homage or our gold,
See now what tyrant armies work in Languedoc their ills—
The thunders of their horse-hoofs shake the Pyrenean hills.
The oppressed cry out to us for aid: they shall not cry in vain:
Come, follow me, and fight for God, for freedom, and for Spain."

The armies of De Montfort with cross on breast advance;
There are the priests of Italy, the lords and dukes of France;
Red are they with the slaughters of the valley of the Rhone,
The funeral pyres of Villemur, the flames of Carcassonne;
They have trampled on a hecatomb of babes and women slain,
And now by the Garonne they stand to wait the knights of Spain.

'T was in the balmy sweetness of a soft September day
Along the banks of the Garonne Don Pedro led the array;
The spearmen of Toulouse were there, the horsemen clad in mail,
The banners of proud Aragon waved brightly on the gale;

By Muret's ancient fortress the gallant troops draw rein:
There, grappling, meet the lords of France and chevaliers of Spain.

Alas, brave heart! Don Pedro! that field of battle gave
To thee the hero's guerdon—the glory and the grave.
"'T is I, the king, Don Pedro," he challenges the foe;
'Gainst him a hundred men to one the treach'rous Frenchmen go;
They whelm him with their numbers; he sinks upon the plain:
There, heaped with dead, lies cold and still the bravest heart of Spain.

For it pleased the Lord of battles to suffer for a time
The oppressor to fill full his cup of slaughter and of crime;
And fair Provence lies desolate, her strongholds are no more,
Her cities leveled in the dust, her vineyards drenched in gore;
And a wail through Saragossa goes: they chant a sad refrain—
A dirge for brave Don Pedro, the noblest knight of Spain.

Harper's Magazine.

FROM MERCILESS INVADERS.

ANONYMOUS.

This little poem, from an old manuscript, dated 1588, is supposed to have been written in view of the threatened invasion of England by the Armada.

FROM merciless invaders,
From wicked man's device,
O God, arise and help us
To quell our enemies!
Sink deep their potent navies,
Their strength and courage break!
O God, arise and save us,
For Jesus Christ his sake!

Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathen legions come,
O God, arise and arm us!
We 'll die for our home.
We will not change our *credo*
For pope, nor book, nor bell;
And if the devil come himself,
We 'll hound him back to hell.

THE ARMADA.

T. B. MACAULAY.

An immense fleet was built and fitted out by Philip II., king of Spain, during several years of busy preparation, to co-operate with a land force in the invasion of England. It comprised one hundred and thirty vessels, most of them larger than had ever been seen in Europe; and hence received the name of "the Invincible Armada." In 1588 it set sail, under the Marquis of Santa-Croce. But the combined forces of Nature and the English fleet proved more than a match for it; and but few of the splendid squadron returned to tell the tale of sea-fight and storm.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear
Our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds
She wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible
Against her bore in vain

The richest spoils of Mexico,
The stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close
Of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship
Full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet,
Beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves
Lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van,
By God's especial grace,
And the tall Pinta till the noon
Had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun
Was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof
Of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out
To pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur
Rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted,
The stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers,
Before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross
Make clear an ample space;
For there behooves him to set up
The standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal,
And gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind
The royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea
Lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw
Treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight,
On that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow,
And Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt
In wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws
The princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight:
Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute:
Ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously;
Ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious *semper eadem*,
The banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled
That banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed
That haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach,
And on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been,
Nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
From Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright
And busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west
The ghastly war-flame spread.
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone,
It shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw,
Along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,
Those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock
On Tamar's glittering waves;
The rugged miners poured to war
From Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,
The fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge,

The rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night
Rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse
Had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate
Looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill
The streak of blood-red light;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar
The death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry,
The royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates
Arose the answering fires;
From all the batteries of the Tower
Pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames
Sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard
The rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags
Rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze,
And louder still the din,
As fast from every village round
The horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath
The warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall
The gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills
Flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor
They started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause,
Untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang;
They sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag
O'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven
The stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
On Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind
The Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth
On Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms
O'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces
The sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on
O'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned
On Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused
The burghers of Carlisle.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CLEAR shone the morn, the gale was fair,
When from Coruña's crowded port,
With many a cheerful shout and loud acclaim,
The huge Armada passed.

To England's shores their streamers point,
To England's shores their sails are spread;

They go to triumph o'er the sea-girt land,
And Rome hath blest their arms.

Along the ocean's echoing verge,
Along the mountain range of rocks,
The clustering multitudes behold their pomp,
And raise the votive prayer.

Commingling with the ocean's roar,
Ceaseless and hoarse their murmurs rise;
And soon they trust to see the wingèd bark
That bears good tidings home.

The watch-tower now in distance sinks;
And now Galicia's mountain rocks
Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
And now they fade away.

Each like some moving citadel,
On through the waves they sail sublime;
And now the Spaniards see the silvery cliffs,
Behold the sea-girt land.

O fools! to think that ever foe
Should triumph o'er that sea-girt land!
O fools! to think that ever Britain's sons
Should wear the stranger's yoke!

For not in vain hath Nature reared
Around her coast those silvery cliffs;
For not in vain old Ocean spreads his waves
To guard his favorite isle.

On come her gallant mariners!
What now avail Rome's boasted charms?
Where are the Spaniard's vaunts of eager wrath,
His hopes of conquest now?

And hark! the angry winds arise;
Old Ocean heaves his angry waves;
The winds and waves against the invaders fight,
To guard the sea-girt land.

Howling around his palace-towers,
The Spanish despot hears the storm;

He thinks upon his navies far away,
And boding doubts arise.

Long over Biscay's boisterous surge
The watchman's aching eye shall strain;
Long shall he gaze, but never wingèd bark
Shall bear good tidings home.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

REV. WM. L. BOWLES.

During a part of the temporary retirement of Wellington, Sir John Moore was in command of the English army in the Peninsula. After the fall of Madrid before the French, Napoleon advanced against his 25,000 at the head of 70,000 men, and he was obliged to retreat through the storms of winter. His army arrived in sad case at the fortified seaport of Corunna (from which the Invincible Armada sailed in 1588), and here stood at bay against a superior force of the enemy, who were defeated in a desperate battle January 16, 1809. Sir John was struck by a cannon-ball early in the action, but survived to see the victory. He was hastily buried the same night, wrapped in his military cloak, on the ramparts of Corunna, where a monument now marks the spot.

THE tide of fate rolls on. Heart-pierced and pale
The gallant soldier lies,[1] nor aught avail
The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,
From rapine's armèd hand thy vales to save,
Land of illustrious heroes, who of yore
Drenched the same plains with the invader's gore,
Stood frowning in the front of death, and hurled
Defiance to the conquerors of the world!
Oh, when we hear the agonizing tale
Of those who, faint, and fugitive, and pale,
Saw hourly, harassed through their long retreat,
Some worn companion sinking at their feet,
Yet even in danger and from toil more bold,
Back on their gathering foes the tide of battle rolled;—
While tears of pity mingle with applause,
On the dread scene in silence let us pause;
Yes, pause, and ask, Is not thy awful hand
Stretched out, O God, o'er a devoted land,
Whose vales of beauty Nature spread in vain,
Where Misery moaned on the uncultured plain,
Where Bigotry went by with jealous scowl,
Where Superstition muttered in his cowl;
Whilst o'er the Inquisition's dismal holds
Its horrid banner waved in bleeding folds!

1 Sir John Moore.

And dost thou thus, Lord of all might, fulfil
With wreck and tempests thy eternal will,
Shatter the arms in which weak kingdoms trust,
And strew their scattered ensigns in the dust?
Oh, if no human wisdom may withstand
The terrors, Lord, of thy uplifted hand;
If the dark tide no prowess can control,
Yet nearer charged with dread commission, roll;
Still may my country's ark majestic ride,
Though sole, yet safe, on the conflicting tide;
Till hushed be the wild rocking of the blast,
And the red storm of death be overpast!

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Lord Byron thought the following the most perfect poem in the language.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;

But little he 'll reck, if they 'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

TALAVERA.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

On the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, an important battle was fought near the ancient town of Talavera de la Reyna, in the province of Toledo, between 16,000 British troops under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, and 30,000 French under Victor, Jourdan, and Sebastiani. Notwithstanding their numerical superiority, the latter were beaten and forced to retreat.

YON wide-extended town, whose roofs and towers
And poplar avenues are seen far off,
In goodly prospect over scattered woods
Of dusky ilex, boasts among its sons
Of Mariana's name he who hath made
The splendid story of his country's wars
Through all the European kingdoms known.
Yet in his ample annals thou canst find
No braver battle chronicled than here
Was waged, when Joseph, of the stolen crown,
Against the hosts of England and of Spain
His veteran armies brought. By veteran chiefs
Captained, a formidable force they came,
Full fifty thousand. Victor led them on,
A man grown gray in arms, nor e'er in aught
Dishonored, till by this opprobious cause.
He, over rude Alverche's summer stream
Winning his way, made first upon the right
His hot attack, where Spain's raw levies, ranged
In double line, had taken their strong stand
In yonder broken ground, by olive groves
Covered, and flanked by Tagus. Soon from thence,
As one whose practised eye could apprehend
All vantages of war, his troops he drew;

And on this hill, the battle's vital point,
Bore with collected power, outnumbering
The British ranks twice told. Such fearful odds
Were balanced by Sir Arthur's master mind
And by the British heart. Twice during night
The fatal spot they stormed, and twice fell back,
Before the bayonet driven. Again at morn
They made their fiery onset, and again
Repelled, again at noon renewed the strife.
Yet was their desperate perseverance vain,
Where skill by equal skill was countervailed,
And numbers by superior courage foiled;
And, when the second night drew over them
Its sheltering cope, in darkness they retired,
At all points beaten. Long in the red page
Of war shall Talavera's famous name
Stand forth conspicuous. While that name endures,
Bear in thy soul, O Spain, the memory
Of all thou sufferedst from perfidious France,
Of all that England in thy cause achieved.

PORTUGAL.

THE FALL OF GOA.

DU BOCAGE.

Goa, on the Malabar coast of India, and a capital of the Portuguese Indies, was captured in 1503 by Albuquerque, otherwise called Alfonso the Great, or "the Portuguese Mars," one of the most renowned commanders of the age.

FALLEN is the emporium of the Orient,
That stern Alfonso's arms in dread array
Erst from the Tartar despot tore away,
Shaming in war the god omnipotent.
Goa lies low! that fortress eminent,
Dread of the haughty Nayre, the false Malay,
Of many a barbarous tribe. What faint dismay
In Lusian breasts the martial fire has spent!
O bygone age of heroes! days of glory!
Exalted men! ye who, despite grim death,
Still in tradition live, still live in story,
Terrible Albuquerque, and Castro great,—
And you, their peers, your deeds in memory's breath
Preserved, avenge the wrongs we bear from fate!

TORRES VEDRAS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The annexation and occupation of Portugal by the French, upon the flight of the reigning prince in 1807, was the exciting cause of the Peninsular war. The earlier operations of the allies against Napoleon were consequently carried on in this country, and the battle of Vimiera, in which Wellington defeated Junot, drove the French from the land. Torres Vedras, thirty miles north of Lisbon, was not the scene of a battle, but derives fame from the strong lines of defense which protected Wellington's army in 1810, when he was unable longer to hold the Portuguese frontier against the French. The next year he sallied out from them, and by a series of victories cleared both Portugal and Spain of their invaders.

THROUGH all Iberia, from the Atlantic shores
To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left
His trophies; but no monument records
To after-time a more enduring praise
Than this which marks his triumph here attained
By intellect, and patience to the end
Holding through good and ill its course assigned,
The stamp and seal of greatness. Here the chief
Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure defense,

A vantage-ground for all reverse prepared,
Where Portugal and England might defy
All strength of hostile numbers. Not for this
Of hostile enterprise did he abate,
Or gallant purpose: witness the proud day
Which saw Soult's murderous host from Porto driven;
Bear witness, Talavera, made by him
Famous forever; and that later fight
When from Busaco's solitude the birds,
Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,
Fled from the thunders and the fires of war.
But when Spain's feeble counsels, in delay,
As erring as in action premature,
Had left him in the field without support,
And Bonaparte, having trampled down
The strength and pride of Austria, this way turned
His single thought and undivided power,
Retreating hither the great General came;
And proud Massena, when the boastful chief
Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found himself
Stopped suddenly in his presumptuous course,
From Ericeyra on the western sea,
By Mafra's princely convent, and the height's
Of Montichique, and Bucellas famed
For generous vines, the formidable works
Extending, rested on the guarded shores
Of Tagus, that rich river who received
Into his ample and rejoicing port
The harvests and the wealth of distant lands,
Secure, insulting with the glad display
The robber's greedy sight. Five months the foe
Beheld these lines, made inexpugnable
By perfect skill, and patriot feelings here
With discipline conjoined, courageous hands,
True spirits, and one comprehensive mind
All overseeing and pervading all.
Five months, tormenting still his heart with hope,
He saw his projects frustrated; the power
Of the blaspheming tyrant whom he served
Fail in the proof; his thousands disappear,
In silent and inglorious war consumed;
Till hence retreating, maddened with despite,
Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave,
Never to be redeemed, that vaunted name.

DENMARK.

THE BARD.

ADAM G. OEHLENSCHLÄGER.



GREAT was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the south her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead:
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The busy buckler and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And poured his notes, amidst the ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre:
Then shone the eye with greater fury fired;
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names, through ages uneffaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguiled;
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived th' imperishable song.

And th' impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide,
While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs, reposing after battle-tide:
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ;
He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

Translated by Wm. S. Walker.

KING CHRISTIAN.—A NATIONAL SONG.

JOHANNES EVALD.

Denmark has had several kings bearing this name, and Christian IX. is now reigning. The poem below refers to the fifth of the name, who ascended the throne in 1670. Nils Juels was his most famous admiral, and "Tordenskiold" was Peder Wessel, who for his achievements had received the popular name of "Thunder-shield." The lines are given in the translation of Mr. H. W. Longfellow.

KING Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Their champions to thine arms were sent;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

This is also called the Battle of Copenhagen, and belongs as much to English as to Danish history. It was fought near that port April 2, 1801, between the English vessels under Admiral Nelson (then Baron Nelson of the Nile), and the Danish fleet in personal command of the Prince-royal, who issued his orders from a shore-battery. The action resulted in the virtual destruction of the naval power of Denmark, and of the coalition formed by the three northern kingdoms against England. Nelson fought the battle against orders; but his disobedience was forgotten in the glory of his great triumph.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

* * * * * * *

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Harold the Fair-haired was a hero of the eighth century, the first to create a genuine nationality for Norway. He reduced many petty states to its sway, and cleared his domains of pirates, who swarmed to the south and eastward, many of them becoming the "Varangians" or exiles, noted in the chronicles of Byzantium and the Eastern Empire.

THE sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
In the midst the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,
"Soon we feast on dead and dying,—
Fair-haired Harold's flag is flying."

Many a crest on air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doomed to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks
Horses neigh and armor clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing,
"Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
To the field, ye gallant Norsemen!"

"Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number;
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scattered, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.—
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

"Fatal choosers of the slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,
Victory and wrath and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen."

CHARLES XII.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

This, the most famous soldier-sovereign of Sweden, succeeded to the throne in 1697, when but fifteen years old, and was declared by the States already fit to reign. Denmark, Poland, and Russia promptly made a league to take advantage of his presumed weakness; but he rapidly overthrew them in successive movements and battles. After a career of almost uniform triumph, he was killed by a musket-shot at the siege of Friedrichshald, November 30, 1718. Notwithstanding his successes, Sweden was so exhausted by his campaigns that at his death it ceased to be ranked among the great powers of Europe.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
'Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes; nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day.
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
And did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The most disastrous defeat ever sustained by Charles XII. was at the battle of Pultowa, or Poltava, in South Russia, June 27, 1709, where the Swedes were crushed by the Russians under Peter the Great, and Charles was compelled to take refuge for a time in Turkey. A monument to the victory stands in the public square at Pultowa.

ON Vorska's glittering waves
The morning sunbeams play;
Pultowa's walls are thronged
With eager multitudes;
Athwart the dusty vale
They strain their aching eyes,
Where to the fight moves on
The conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.

Him Famine hath not tamed,—
The tamer of the brave.
Him Winter hath not quelled;
When man by man his veteran troops sunk down,
Frozen to their endless sleep,
He held undaunted on.
Him Pain hath not subdued;
What though he mounts not now
The fiery steed of war?
Borne on a litter to the field he goes.

Go, iron-hearted king!
Full of thy former fame;
Think how the humbled Dane
Crouched underneath thy sword;
Think how the wretched Pole
Resigned his conquered crown:
Go, iron-hearted king!
Let Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast;
The death-day of thy glory, Charles, hath dawned!
Proud Swede! the sun hath risen
That on thy shame shall set!

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest!
For over that relentless Swede
Ruin hath raised his unrelenting arm;
For ere the night descends,
His veteran host destroyed,
His laurels blasted to revive no more,
He flies before the Muscovite.

Impatiently that haughty heart must bear
Long years of hope deceived;
Long years of idleness
That sleepless soul must brook.
Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest!
To him who suffers in an honest cause
No death is ignominious; not on thee,
But upon Charles, the cruel, the unjust,—
Not upon thee, on him
The ineffaceable reproach is fixed,
The infamy abides.
Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest!

THE VETERAN.

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

I LOVE the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story;
For he was blithe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
O, reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff and swords of giant height.

BATTLE SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

MICHAEL ALTENBURG'S TRANSLATION.

Gustavus II., better known in history as Gustavus Adolphus, reigned over Sweden 1611–32. He was a wise administrator, a brave and successful soldier, and a pious Lutheran. He was killed in the battle of Lützen, November 6, 1632, while aiding the Protestants of Germany against the Catholic League and the Government forces under Wallenstein. The Swedes rushed into battle singing the battle-hymn composed by their king, and also Luther's famous "Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott." They were victorious, though opposed to the ablest general in Europe, after Gustavus.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage often faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;—
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory can not fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

RUSSIA.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

This grand poem was written upon the occasion of the erection of a monument with imposing ceremonies at Novgorod, the ancient capital of Russia, Sept. 20, 1862, to celebrate the completion of a thousand years of Muscovite history. The empire was founded in 862 by the Scandinavian Rurik, chief of the tribe of Variago-Ross (whence the names Russ and Russia). At the invitation of neighboring tribes he united them all under one government, established a capital at Nóvgorod, and made the beginnings of the greatness of Russia.

A THOUSAND years! Through storm and fire,
With varying fate, the work has grown,
Till Alexander crowns the spire
Where Rurik laid the corner-stone.

The chieftain's sword, that could not rust,
But bright in constant battle grew,
Raised to the world a throne august,—
A nation grander than he knew.

Nor he alone; but those who have,
Through faith or deed, an equal part:
The subtle brain of Yaroslav,
Vladimir's arm, and Nikon's heart:

The later hands that built so well
The work sublime which these began,
And up from base to pinnacle
Wrought out the Empire's mighty plan.

All these to-day are crowned anew,
And rule in splendor where they trod,
While Russia's children throng to view
Her holy cradle, Novgorod.

From Volga's banks; from Dwina's side;
From pine-clad Ural, dark and long;
Or where the foaming Terek's tide
Leaps down from Kasbek, bright with song;

From Altai's chain of mountain-cones;
Mongolian deserts far and free;

And lands that bind, through changing zones,
The Eastern and the Western Sea!

To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade,
Till, far beyond the dreams of Rome,
Her Cæsar's mandate is obeyed.

She blends the virtues they impart,
And holds within her life combined
The patient faith of Asia's heart,
The force of Europe's restless mind.

She bids the nomad's wanderings cease;
She binds the wild marauder fast;
Her plowshares turn to homes of peace
The battle-fields of ages past.

And, nobler yet, she dares to know
Her future's task, nor knows in vain,
But strikes at once the generous blow
That makes her millions men again!

So, firmer-based, her power expands,
Nor yet has seen its crowning hour,—
Still teaching to the struggling lands
That Peace the offspring is of Power.

Build, then, the storied bronze, to tell
The steps whereby this height she trod,—
The thousand years that chronicle
The toil of Man, the help of God!

And may the thousand years to come—
The future ages, wise and free—
Still see her flag, and hear her drum,
Across the world, from sea to sea!—

Still find, a symbol stern and grand,
Her ancient eagle's wings unshorn:
One head to watch the Western Land,
And one to guard the Land of Morn!

PETER THE GREAT.

ANONYMOUS.

Peter I., surnamed the Great, became the greatest monarch of Russia, by his energy and courage, and the shrewdness with which he fostered the material greatness of the empire. His story is too well known to need recapitulation here. His reign extended from 1682, when he was but a boy of ten years and was crowned jointly with his brother Ivan, to 1724.

IMMORTAL Peter, first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toiled
Through long successive ages to build up
A laboring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! Behold the matchless prince
Who left his native throne, where reigned till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurned the slothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port,
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gathered the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charged with the stores of Europe home he goes.

Then cities rise amid th' illumined waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social joined;
The astonished Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foamed
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance and vice
Of old dishonor proud; it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade;
For what his wisdom planned and power enforced,
More potent still, his great example showed.

THE STORMING OF AZOF.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Azof (Azov, or Azow) is an old town in Southern Russia, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Don. It was called Tanaïs as a Greek colony; Tana by the Genoese, who seized it in the thirteenth century; Asak by the Turks, when taken in 1471; and finally, under the Russian occupation, by its present name. It was anciently a city of large importance, but has declined to a mere village from war and the obstruction of its harbor by sand and mud. It was stormed by the Russians in the time of Peter the Great, and again in 1774, after a period of Turkish ownership. During the Crimean War, it was bombarded and destroyed by a fleet of the allies.

THE poor soldiers have no rest,
  Neither night nor day!
Late at evening the word was given
  To the soldiers gay;
All night long their weapons cleaning,
  Were the soldiers good.
Ready in the morning dawn,
  All in ranks they stood.

Not a golden trumpet is it
  That now sounds so clear:
Nor the silver flute's tone is it
  That thou now dost hear.
'T is the great White Tzar who speaketh,
  'T is our father dear.
Come, my princes, my boyars,
  Nobles great and small!
Now consider and invent
  Good advice, ye all!
How the soonest, how the quickest
  Fort Azof may fall!

The boyars they stood in silence,
  And our father dear
He again began to speak,
  In his eye a tear:
"Come, my children, good dragoons,
  And my soldiers all,
Now consider and invent
  Brave advice, ye all,
How the soonest, how the quickest
  Fort Azof may fall!"

Like a humming swarm of bees,
So the soldiers spake
With one voice at once they spake:
"Father dear, great Tzar!
Fall it must! and all our lives
  Thereon we gladly stake."

Set already was the moon,
Nearly past the night;
To the storming on they marched
With the morning light;
To the fort with bulwarked towers
And walls so strong and white.

Not great rocks were they which rolled
From the mountains steep;
From the high, high walls there rolled
Foes into the deep.
No white snow shines on the fields
All so white and bright;
But the corpses of our foes
Shine so bright and white.
Not up-swollen by heavy rains
Left the sea its bed;
No! in rills and rivers streams
Turkish blood so red!

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

This most amusing "skit" hits off the famous attempt of the Emperor Napoleon to invade Russia by way of Moscow, in the autumn of 1812. From Sept. 14 to Oct. 24 the city was actually held by the French, who were then compelled to retire from the country, in consequence of its destruction by fire, at the hands of the Russians themselves. The awful miseries endured upon the retreat, and the great loss of life accompanying it, are familiar facts of history. But a small remnant of the splendid army of invaders ever saw their beloved France again.

THE Emperor Nap he would set out
For a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green and the sky was blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more,
Heigh-ho, for Moscow!
There were marshals by dozens and dukes by the score,
Princes a few, and kings one or two,
While the fields are so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho, for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp and Emperor Nap,
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But they must be marched to Moscow!

But the Russians they stoutly turned to,
All on the road to Moscow,
Nap had to fight his way all through,
They could fight, but they could not parley-vous.

But the fields were green and the sky was blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,
For they set fire to Moscow,
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Than to march again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow;
There was Tormazow and Gomalow,
And all the others that end in *ow;*
Rajefsky and Noverefsky,
And all the others that end in *efsky;*
Schamseff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,
And all the others that end in *eff;*
Wasiltschecoff, Kostomaroff, and Theoglokoff,
And all the others that end in *off*;
Milaradovitch, and Juladovitch, and Karatchkowitch,
And all the others that end in *itch;*
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky, Kasatichkoffsky,
And all the others that end in *offsky;*
And Platoff he played them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Tutchkoff he touched them off,

And Kutusoff he cut them off,
And Woronzoff he worried them off,
And Dochtoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodinoff he flogged them off,
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man, with a terrible name,
A name which you all must know very well,
Nobody can speak, and nobody can spell.

They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
Nap would rather parley-vous than fight;
But parley-vous would no more do,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
For they remembered Moscow!

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow!
The Emperor Nap found, as he went,
That he was not quite omnipotent;
And worse and worse the weather grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue;
Morbleu! Ventrebleu!
What a terrible journey from Moscow!

The devil take the hindmost,
All on the road from Moscow!
Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight
To fight all day and to freeze all night;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
All by himself from Moscow.

BORODINO.

ANONYMOUS.

The battle of Borodino was fought September 7, 1812, during the advance on Moscow, between the Russians and the French under the personal command of Napoleon. It was one of the most fiercely contested in history, nearly one-third of the entire number engaged (240,000) being killed and wounded. Both sides claimed the victory, but the French held the field.

ONE foot in the stirrup, one hand on the mane,
One toss of white plumes on the air;
Then firm in the saddle, and loosened the rein;
And the sword-blade gleams bare!

A white face stares up from the frozen ground;
The prowler will shadow it soon:
The dead and the dying lie writhen around,
Cold and bright shines the moon!

There 's laurels and gold for the living and proud:
But the ice-wreath of Fame for the slain;

Only Love turns away from the revelling crowd
To her own on the plain!

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveler old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For it was he, dread Winter, who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the reigns of the Pole
They shrunk, insane Ambition's barren goal;
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride.
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why,—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home,—ah, why should hoary Age be bold?
Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink,—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them,—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear, blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

ALMA.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

In 1853 a war broke out in Eastern Europe, nominally over a quarrel between the Latin and Greek churches for precedence at the holy places in Jerusalem, but really caused by Russian designs upon Turkey. From the principal scene of warfare it is known as the Crimean War, in which Russia stood single-handed against England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, and was defeated after a campaign of little more than two years. The first action of importance was the battle of the Alma, Sept. 20, 1854, when the English and French drove back the Muscovites, with a loss of 5,000 men.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.
Yesterday unnamed, unhonored, but to wandering Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice forever, to the world's four corners blown.
In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star forever shining in their firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine:
Can not shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head—
Can not lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly murmuring, say,—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away:—
"He has passed from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hillside!"
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose—
Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done,
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.
O thou river! dear forever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

MRS. MULOCK-CRAIK.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop, that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands,—
Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since,—father kind,
Who this night may— Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that he may hear
Who is God of battles; say,
"Oh, keep father safe this day
By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work,
Any flag i' the wind may roll

On thy heights, Sebastopol;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stands: God sure the child's prayer heard
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day:
That 's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away,—
Hundreds, thousands! Let us weep,
We who need not,—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning come again,
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and *fell*
By the Alma River.

Come, we 'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is, poor and hard:
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark—
Where *he buries* those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
God will keep us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes— Child, say thy prayer
Once again,—a different one:
Say, "O God, thy will be done
By the Alma River!"

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The battle of Balaklava occurred Oct. 25, 1854, resulting in Russian defeat. The action is chiefly memorable for two remarkable cavalry charges against tremendous odds —the first of the Heavy Brigade, under Lord Scarlett, in which the Russians were driven, and the second soon following, of the Light Brigade led by the Earl of Cardigan, into the teeth of many hostile batteries, the needless effort, based upon an error in transmitting orders, thus costing the brigade most of its horses and men. As the poem of Mr. Meek concerning the latter is less familiar than Mr. Tennyson's famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," we give it place instead. The lines next below are among the laureate's most recent productions.

THE charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and staid,
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed;
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die.

"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own,
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill,
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

Fell, like a cannon-shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crashed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing, blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillins and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light.
And some of us all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red-coat sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

But they rode like victors and lords,
Through the forest of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew

The foe from the saddle and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock,
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered, and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

BALAKLAVA.

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

O THE charge at Balaklava!
O that rash and fatal charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava,
On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day the Russian columns,
Fortress huge and blazing banks,
Poured their dread, destructive volumes
On the French and English ranks,
On the gallant allied ranks!
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud incessant thunder!
When a strange but stern command—
Needless, heedless, rash command—
Came to Lucan's little band,—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces:
"England 's lost unless you save her!
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles
Soar o'er smoky hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles
Dense and countless, round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!
Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies—
Float as erst at old Ramillies!
And beside them, lo! the Lion,
With her trophied cross, is flying!
Glorious standards!—shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by Heavens! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Lucan's[1] little band!
Brave six hundred! lo! they charge!
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play,—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli,—
Down that gorge they swept away!

1 Lord Lucan commanded the entire cavalry of the English army, of which the Light Brigade was part.

Down that new Thermopylæ.
Flashing swords and helmets see!
Underneath the iron shower,
  To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
  Press they without fear or pause
  To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
  At the field of Roncesvalles,
  Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
  O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend that little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
  Screaming wildly, sink away;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
  Now but lifeless clods of clay,—
  Now but bleeding clods of clay!

Never, since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!
Yet your remnant, brave six hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
  Till they storm the bloody pass,
  Till, like brave Leonidas,
  They storm the deadly pass!

Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
In that wild, shot-rended valley,—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava!
  O that rash and fatal charge,
  On that battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corses,
  Drive the thinned assailants back,
  Drive the feeble remnant back,
  O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!
Twice your number lie asleep
In that valley dark and deep,
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire,—
That tempestuous storm of fire,—
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
  Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the knights of Balaklava.
  Honor to each hero's name!
Yet their country long shall mourn
For the rank so rashly shorn,
So gallantly, but madly shorn,
  In that fierce and fatal charge,
  On the battle's bloody marge.

THE DIRGE OF NICHOLAS.

WM. S. DANIEL.

Nicholas I., for thirty years Emperor of Russia, was the chief instrument in precipitating the Crimean War. He died during its progress, March 2, 1855, of diseases induced or aggravated by the burdens of the struggle and chagrin at his defeats. He was a stern and severe ruler, especially while crushing out the Polish and Hungarian insurrections; but withal fairly enlightened, as witness his codification of the Russian laws, and other measures of progress.

HARK, hark! to the telegraph bell!
There are news on the trembling wire,

That well their mighty message tell
  In words of living fire;
    A man lies dead
    On a royal bed,
  Who hath spilt man's blood like rain;
    But his hour is come,
    And his lips are dumb,
  And he 'll never shed blood again:
Coffin him, coffin him under the sod,
Nicholas Romanoff meets his God!

Speed the news by the swelling sail,
  And the hoof of the desert steed,
To darksome nooks where mourners wail,
  And fields where brave men bleed;—
Speed the news to the freeman's strand,
  And the captive's rayless cell—
Breathe them o'er Siberian land,
  Where the despot's victims dwell,
Crushed in body, seared in heart,
By the fell tormentor's art,—
    And whisper low
    O'er the silent snow—
"Exile! raise your drooping head,
The monarch of the knout is dead!"

Send the welcome tidings forth,
O'er the pine-woods of the North;
Finland! arm you for the fight
With the hated Muscovite;
Swedes! whom great Gustavus led,
Claim your own—the tyrant 's dead!

Bear the tale to Schamyl Bey,
  The gray old Lion of the Hill,
Where, amid his wild array,
  He defies the Russian still;—
And the lion's whelps will roar,
Like the waves that lash their shore:
Launch the news, like darts of fire,
  To fair Warsaw's shattered wall,
And let every trembling spire
  Thunder for the tocsin-call;
Up, thou gallant Polish land!
Back the steed, and grasp the brand;
Let your lances shine like flame,—
On! in Kosciusko's name!
Lord and peasant, boy and man,
Forward, forward to the van!
He who on your birthright trod,
Stands before wronged Poland's God!

Mourning woman! lift your voice
  From the black abyss of woe;
Let your stricken soul rejoice
  That the spoiler's head is low—
Ye who blistering tears have shed
For brothers, lovers, husbands dead—
Georgian, Turk, Circassian fair!
Dry the cheek and braid the hair,
In the festal song take part,
Send the chorus from the heart—
Polish lady, Polish lass,
Sing the dirge of Nicholas!

EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Serfdom, or a modified system of human slavery, prevailed in Russia from the 16th century to the reign of Alexander I., when it was abolished in Courland and Livonia. The second Alexander, the late Tzar, completed the liberation by an edict taking effect in March, 1863. Since that date the peasantry have been free in their persons, and enjoy the perpetual use of their cottages and gardens, and of designated tracts of cultivable land.

AGAIN, sweet bells of the Russias,
  Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!

O Tzar of the North, Alexander,
Thy justice to those that were least
Now girds thee with strength of the victor,
And makes thee the lord of the East!

It was midnight on the Finland,
And o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal sky of winter
The lamps of God hung low.
A sea of ice was the Neva,
In the white light of the stars,
And it locked its arms in silence
Round the city of the Tzars.

The palace was mantled in shadow,
And, dark in the starlit space,
The monolith rose before it
From its battle-trophied base.
And the cross that crowned the column
Seemed reaching to the stars,
O'er the white streets, wrapped in silence,
Round the palace of the Tzars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sullen light;
Who comes to the sacred altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince with a deep heart-burden
Approaches the altar's stair,
To take the wine and the wafer,
And bow for the help of prayer?

'T is the Tzar, whose word in the morning
Shall make the Russias free
From the Neva to the Ural,
From the Steppe to the winter sea;
Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
Ring freedom to every man,
From the serf on the white Ladoga
To the fisher of Astrakhan.

O faith in Eternal Power!
O faith in Eternal Love!
O faith that looked up to heaven,
The promise of ages to prove!
The cross and the crown gleam above him;
He raises his brow from prayer,
The cross of humanity's martyr
Or crown of the hero to wear.

Slept the serf on the Neva and Volga,
Slept the fisher of Astrakhan,
Nor dreamed that the bells of the morning
Would ring in his rights as a man.
He saw not night's crystal gates open
To hosts singing carols on high,
He knew not a Bethlehem glory
Would break with the morn in the sky!

The morn set its jewels of rubies
In the snows of the turret and spire,
And shone the far sea of the Finland,
A sea of glass mingled with fire.
The Old Guard encircled the palace
With questioning look on each cheek,
And waited the word that the ukase
To the zone-girded empire should speak.

The voice of the Russias has spoken;
Each serf in the Russias is free!
Ring, bells, on the Neva and Volga,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian Sea!
O Tzar of the North, Alexander,
Thy justice to those that were least
Shall gird thee with strength of the victor,
Shall make thee the lord of the East!

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
Your voice on the March air fling!

Ring, bells on the Volga and Dwina,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
Thy triumphs of peace, Alexander,
  Outshine all thy triumphs of war,
And thou at God's altar wert grander
  Than throned as the conquering
  Tzar!

SIC SEMPER LIBERATORIBUS!

["THUS EVER TO THE LIBERATORS!"]

EMMA LAZARUS.

Written upon the death of the Czar Alexander II., March 13, 1881. He was nearly torn to pieces by bombs thrown by assassins, as he was returning in his sleigh from a military review.

AS one who feels the breathless nightmare grip
His heart-strings, and through visioned horrors fares,
Now on a thin-edged chasm's rock-crumbling lip,
Now on a tottering pinnacle that dares
The front of heaven, while always unawares
Weird monsters start above, around, beneath,
Each glaring from some uglier mask of death,

So the White Czar imperial progress made
Through terror-haunted days. A shock, a cry,
Whose echoes ring the globe. The specter 's laid.
Hurled o'er the abyss, see the crowned martyr lie
Resting in peace—fear change, and death gone by.
Fit end for nightmare—mist of blood and tears,
Red climax to the slow, abortive years.

The world draws breath—one long, deep-shuddering sigh,
At that which dullest brain prefigured clear
As swift-sure bolt from thunder-threatening sky.
How Heaven-anointed humblest lots appear
Beside his glittering eminence of fear;
His spiked crown, sackcloth purple, poisoned cates,
His golden palace honey-combed with hates!

Well, it is done! A most heroic plan,
Which after myriad plots succeeds at last
In robbing of his life one poor old man,
Whose sole offense—his birthright—has but passed
To fresher blood, with younger strength recast.
What men are these who, clamoring to be free,
Would bestialize the world to what they be?

Whose sons are they who made that snow-wreathed head
Their frenzy's target? In their Russian veins,
What alien current urged to smite him dead
Whose word had loosed a million Russian chains?
What brutes were they for whom such speechless pains,
So royally endured, no human thrill
Awoke, in hearts drunk with the lust to kill?

Not brutes! No tiger of the wilderness,
No jackal of the jungle, bears such brand
As man's black heart, who shrinks not to confess
The desperate deed of his deliberate hand.
Our kind, our kin, have done this thing. We stand
Bowed earthward, and with shame, to see such wrong
Prorogue Love's cause and Truth's—God knows how long!

POLAND.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The first partition of unhappy Poland, which had long but vainly resisted her enemies, was made in 1772, between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the first-named getting the lion's share. The second partition occurred in 1793, Russia getting 96,000, and Prussia 22,000 square miles of territory. The three powers before named joined in the final partition two years after, by which the nationality of Poland became practically extinct.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars;
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum and twanged her trumpet horn.
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men, our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die!"

He said; and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly—
Revenge, or Death! the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her woe.

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and crushed her high career.
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air:
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevails! the rampart yields a way—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook! red meteors flashed along the sky!
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return,
The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannockburn.

TO KOSCIUSKO.

JOHN KEATS.

Tadeusz (Thaddeus) Kosciusko, a Russian born, but of a Lithuanian family, became the most distinguished of the Polish patriot generals. While yet a youth he served with distinction in the American Revolution, and afterwards battled bravely for the freedom of his own country. In the battle of Maciejowice he was repeatedly wounded, and at last fell from his horse, exclaiming, "An end of Poland!" He survived, however, until 1817, when he was killed by the falling of his horse down a precipice.

GOOD Kosciusko! thy great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone,
And now it tells me that in worlds unknown
The names of heroes, burst from clouds concealing,
Are changed to harmonies, forever stealing
Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.
It tells me, too, that on a happy day,
When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
Thy name, with Alfred's and the great of yore,

Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
To where the great God lives forevermore.

THE VARSOVIENNE.—POLISH WAR SONG.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

IT dawns, the day of blood! and with its light
See our deliverance, hour by hour, advance.
Poland's white eagle soars in lofty flight,
Its eyes fixed on the rainbow over France,
Up to that July sun, whose lustre filled the skies,
Cutting the air it soars, and as it rises cries,
"For Poland true and brave,
Thy sun, O Liberty, or thy night, O Grave!
'Poles! *a la baionnette,*'
Our battle-cry shall be,
Let our drums re-echo it.
'*A la baionnette!*
Vive la Liberté!'

"War.....To horse, ye Cossacks of the desert:
"Sabre rebellious Poland," they have cried;
"The Balkans are no more: the land is open,
Across it at the gallop ye may ride."
Halt! not a step beyond! The real Balkans see
In living Poles, whose land holds but the brave and free,
Poland rejects the slave,
And to her foemen only yields a grave.
Poles! *a la baionnette,* etc.

Poland, for thee thy sons will combat now;
Happier than when victorious they died,
And mixed their ashes with the Memphian sands,
Or saw before them fall the Kremlin's pride.
From the Alps to Tabor, from Ebro to Black Sea,
For twenty years they fell, on shores far, far from thee;
This time, O mother blest!
Dying for thee, they 'll sleep upon thy breast.
Poles! *a la baionnette,* etc.

Come, Kosciusko! let thine arm strike home!
The enemy who talks of mercy, slay.
What mercy did he show in that fell hour

When Prague in blood beneath his sabre lay?
His blood shall pay for those ruthlessly slaughtered!
Our earth thirsts for it; let her with it be watered!
And we with that red dew
Will make our martyrs' laurels bloom anew.
Poles! *a la baionnette*, etc.

On, warriors! one gallant effort make,
And win!—Our women scorn the foe, ye see.
My country, show the giant of the North
The marriage ring they sacrifice for thee.
Of vict'ry's life-blood let it wear the purple stain,
March on!—bear it triumphant o'er the battle-plain,
And let it henceforth be
Betrothal ring 'twixt Liberty and thee.
Poles! *a la baionnette*, etc.

Frenchmen! the balls of Jena's fatal plain
Have stamped our services upon our breast;
Marengo's sword has lasting furrows made,
And Champ-Aubert has glorious scars impressed.
To win or die together was of yore our pride,
Brothers-at-arms we fought at Paris side by side....
Will you give only tears?
Brothers, we gave *you* blood in those past years.
Poles! *a la baionnette*, etc.

O you, at least, whose blood in exile shed
Was poured like water on the battle-field,
Victorious dead! arise from every land
To bless our efforts and our country shield.
Like you, victor or martyr may this people stay
Beneath the giant's arm, barring in death his way,
And in the vanguard fall,
A rampart for the liberty of all.
Poles! *a la baionnette*, etc.

Sound, clarion! into your ranks, O Poles!
Follow through fire your eagle's brave advance;
Freedom herself beats on our drum the charge,
And victory is resting on our lance.
May conquest crown the glorious flag that erst of yore
Laurels of Austerlitz and palms of Edom bore,
O Poland, whom we love;

Living we *will* be free; who dies *is* free above!
Poles! *a la baionnette*, etc.

POLAND.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

A general insurrection of the Polish people broke out in 1830, and was put down only by the combined efforts of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The Poles were successful in the earlier stages of the conflict; and this poem was composed after a defeat of the Russians had given fresh hopes to the friends of Poland.

HAIL, Poland! the day of thy bondage is past,
And broken for aye is the chain that embound thee;
The Tyrant Usurper has staggered at last,
And the slaves of his power, at thy terrible blast,
Lie dead on the plains that surround thee.

Dear land of the injured, the good, and the brave,
Though now for thy slain thou in anguish art weeping,
How green and how pure are the laurels that wave,
In Freedom and Liberty's bloom, o'er the grave
Where the hearts of the mighty are sleeping.

How bright is the glory that encircles thy brow,
How holy the smile that is on thee from Heaven;
O Poland, awake to thy liberty now!
A voice from the Highest forbids thee to bow
Where the name of a tyrant is given.

The sword of Omnipotence, awful in power,
And mighty to save, is unsheathed to defend thee;
Away, then, away! and avenge thee the hour
When the despot, revengeful, emerged from his tower,
Like the demon of carnage, to rend thee.

But hark! from the battle-field stretching afar,
From the plains where the lance and the bayonet are gleaming,
The trumpet's shrill echo is loud for the war:
On, battlemen, on! it is Victory's star
That o'er you in brightness is beaming.

On, Warsaw, to glory!—the conquest is thine,
The hosts of the Highest are marshaled before thee;
No more shalt thou weep before Tyranny's shrine—
Oh, no! for the sun of thy freedom shall shine,
While patriots live to adore thee.

But the tyrant shall groan in the depth of his gloom,
As his spirit reels back at the shrieks of the dying;
No bosom shall bleed with regret at his doom,
Nor tear of sincerity water the tomb
Where Poland's oppressor is lying.

The songs of thy minstrels shall bless thee again,
Though long have their harps been hung up on the willow;
The bloom of thy beauty be sweet on the plain,
And the tear and the flower in their purity reign,
Where the warrior sleeps on his pillow.

The tears and the sighs that were thine shall away,
As incense on wings of devotion, to heaven;
And bright in futurity glances the day
That finds thee attired in that holy array
Thy holier virtues have given.

And Scotia twines, from her mountains and plains,
From the glens of her beauty, a garland to bless thee;
The deeds of thy heroes are sung in her strains,
And her breathing of soul is that Slavery's chains
May nevermore meet to oppress thee.

Dear land of the injured, the good, and the brave,
The fame of thy glory shall pass from thee never;
The banners of freedom around thee shall wave,
Till the sword of that Power that is mighty to save
Be sheathed in its scabbard forever!

THE POLISH INSURRECTION:—1833.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

These lines mark another outbreak, following the complete extinction of Polish Independence in 1832. In this case, for the first time, the gallows supplied the punishment for most of the insurrectionists taken.

BLOW ye the trumpet, gather from far
The hosts to battle: be not bought and sold.
Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold;
Break through your iron shackles—fling them far.
O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to his strength among his deserts cold;
When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
The growing murmurs of the Polish war!

Now must your noble anger blaze out more
Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—
Than when Zamoysky smote the Tatar Khan;
Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

SERVIA.

THE BATTLE OF KOSSOVO.

E. L. MIJATOVICE.

This was fought June 15, 1389, at a village in Roumelia, the metropolitan province of European Turkey, occupying the ancient Thrace and Macedonia. By it the independence of Servia was destroyed by the Turks under the Sultan Bajazet, and its king, Lazar, was slain. Servia was made a tributary State, and in 1459 it was thoroughly subjugated. Its freedom was restored by the Berlin Treaty in 1878.

THERE resteth to Servia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to Servia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation
Of the mourning heart of a widowed nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation.

Yea, long as a babe shall be born,
Or there resteth a man in the land,
So long as a blade of corn
Shall be reaped by a human hand,
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo,—
So long, so long, even so,
Shall the glory of those remain
Who this day in battle were slain.

TURKEY.

THE SONG OF LEPANTO.

LUIS DE GONGORA.

One of the greatest sea-fights of history occurred Oct. 7, 1571, in the Gulf of Lepanto, near Corinth, between the Turkish fleet of three hundred galleys, under Ali Pasha, and the allied fleets of Spain, Venice, Genoa, Malta, and the Papal States, numbering two hundred and ten sail, and commanded by Don John of Austria, a natural son of the Emperor Charles V. The naval power of Turkey was crushed by this action, more than half of the galleys being sunk or taken, and 30,000 men killed or wounded. Many thousands of Christian galley-slaves were liberated.

HO! the Paynim's pride is broken,
Torn and shattered, wings and van,
Where we closed, with fiery gun-decks,
Plank to plank, and man to man.

Where is now vain Uluc-Ali?
Fled to sea in shame and fear;
And the Pasha's head, grim ensign,
Frowns on Spain's avenging spear.

Slaves are free who toiled in galleys:—
Pitying God, thy grace alone
Saved them by the threefold succors,
In the bond of truth made one.

Victory! let the shout in thunder
Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
Wake her trump with "Victory."

Glory waits on thy returning,
John of Austria, to the sound
Of the cannon's voice and clarions,
Heard these seagirt isles around.

Where all fiery red with slaughter
Breaks the bubbling foam nd spray;
Smouldering spars and turbans floating
Crowd each cove and inland bay.

Victory speak each blazing beacon,
Victory speak each booming gun!
Victory speak each rock and headland
By the Christian victors won!

Victory! let the shout in thunder
Roll afar to seas and sky;
Memory waft it on, and Glory
Wake her trump with "Victory!"

THE SIEGE OF FAMAGUSTA.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Famagusta, on the east coast of Cyprus, was a large and flourishing city when besieged by the Turks in 1571. They reduced the place after a siege of four months, and it speedily went to decay, an earthquake in 1735 completing its ruin. This poem is substantially a translation from the Italian.

THUS saith the Lord:—"In whom shall Cyprus trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride!

In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
Her harlot daughters, and her queen of lust?
My day is come when o'er her neck in dust
Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish:—I the Lord am just.

"Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their lot deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more."

THE LAST REDOUBT.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

An incident of one of the numerous wars between Turkey and Russia. The commander named was doubtless that able general and shrewd intriguer who became Viceroy of Egypt in 1806, freed the country from Mameluke rule, secured partial independence for it, and maintained his viceroyalty with great vigor until 1848.

KACELYEVO'S slope still felt
The cannon's bolt and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second—a third straight filled his place;
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored,
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It can not be held: 't is no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt.
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled; but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'t is an Infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
And daintily bury this dainty dead!

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair,
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN BULGARIA.

OSCAR WILDE.

One of the exciting causes of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78, was the frightful atrocity and barbarity with which an insurrection in Bulgaria was put down in April, 1876. Most of the murders and savage excesses were committed by the "bashi-bazouks," or irregular troops of the Turkish army. One result of the war was to secure self-government for the province of Bulgaria.

CHRIST, dost thou live indeed? or are thy bones
Still straightened in their rock-hewn sepulcher?
And was thy Rising only dreamed by Her
Whose love of thee for all her sin atones?
For here the air is horrid with men's groans,
The priests who call upon thy name are slain:
Dost thou not hear the bitter wail of pain
From those whose children lie upon the stones?
Come down, O Son of God! incestuous gloom
Curtains the land, and through the starless night
Over thy Cross the Crescent moon I see!
If thou in very truth didst burst the tomb,
Come down, O Son of Man! and show thy might,
Lest Mahomet be crowned instead of Thee!

MONTENEGRO.

MONTENEGRO.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The little principality of Montenegro (Tsernagora in the native speech) is situated near the east shore of the Adriatic. As its name implies, it is a mountainous region; and its character as a natural fortress, with the rare bravery and liberty-loving spirit of its people, have kept it practically free during nearly its whole history, notwithstanding the constant aggressions upon it of the Ottoman Empire.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and through the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,—
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

INDIA.

THE LAST DAY OF TIPPOO SAIB.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Tippoo Sahib, or Saib, sometimes called Tippoo Sultan, was ruler of Mysore, and one of the greatest of native potentates in India. He was born in 1749, waged war persistently and at times effectively against the encroaching British power, and died of wounds received in battle, May, 1799. He is esteemed by the Mohammedans as a martyr to the faith of Islam.

THAT day he rose Sultan of half the East.
The guards awoke, each from his feverish dream
Of conquest or of fear: the trumpet plained
Through the far citadel, and thousands trooped
Obedient to its mournful melody,
Soldier and chief and slave: and he the while
Traversed his hall of power, and with a look
Deeply observant glanced on all: then, waving
His dusky arm, struck through the listening crowd
Silence and dumb respect: from his fierce tongue
Streamed words of vengeance; fame he promised,
And wealth and honors to the brave, but woe
To those who failed him. There he stood, a king
Half circled by his Asian chivalry,
In figure as some Indian god, or like
Satan when he beneath his burning dome
Marshaled the fiery cherubim, and called
All hell to arms. The sun blazed into day;
Then busy sights were seen, and sounds of war
Came thickening: first the steed's shrill neigh; the drum
Rolling at intervals; the bugle note,
Mixed with the hoarse command; then (nearing on)
The soldier's silent, firm, and regular tread;
The trampling horse; the clash of swords; the wheel
That, croaking, bore the dread artillery.
How fierce the dark king bore him on that day!
How bravely! Like a common slave he fought,
Heedless of life, and cheered the soldier on;
Deep in his breast the bullets sank, but he
Kept on, and this looked nobly,—like a king,
That day he earned a title with his life,
And made his foes respect him. Towards night
He grew faint, very faint with many wounds:

His soldiers bore him in: they wept: he was
Their old commander, and, whate'er his life,
Had led them on to conquest. Then (it was
His wish) they placed him on his throne. He sate
Like some dark form of marble, with an eye
Staring, and strained with pain, and motionless,
And glassy as with death: his lips compressed
Spoke inward agony, yet seemed he resolute
To die a king. An enemy came, and strove
To tear away his regal diadem:
He turned his eye: he rose,—one angry blush
Tinted his cheek, and fled. He grasped his sword,
And struck his last, faint, useless blow, and then
Stood all defenseless. Ah! a flash, and quick
Fled the dark ball of death: right through the brain
It went (a mortal messenger), and all
That then remained of that proud Asian king,
Who startled India far and wide, and shook
The deserts with his thunder, was—a name.

THE MUTINY OF THE SEPOYS.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

The poetry of East Indian history relates chiefly to the story of the great rebellion against the English power, in 1857–58. It began with a mutiny of the Sepoys, or Hindu soldiers in the British army, at Meerut, near Delhi, April 23d, 1857, caused by the use of greased cartridges, which was contrary to their religion. The insurrection spread rapidly, and was not put down without great loss of life and property. Terrible outrages were committed by the rebels at the English cantonments and residences. Many of those who were taken in arms were blown to pieces from the mouths of cannon.

NOW doth the balmy east wind bring
A low and plaintive wail,
Like fancied shriek borne on the wing
Of some spent Indian gale—
And now the vales of Albion ring
With slaughter's dreadful tale!

A conquered race who, ages past,
Have groaned beneath the rod
Which spared not mystic faith or caste,
Or saint, or household god,
To arms from every hamlet rushed,
From Punjaub to Pegu,
And turned to sting the heel that crushed
The children of Vishnu.

Louder by far, and fiercer than
The jungle-tiger's roar,
The vengeance-cry of Industan
Is sounding in Lahore,
And carnage sets its fatal ban
On Lucknow and Cawnpore!

With thirst for blood each bosom burns,
Unseen the imploring tear,
Insatiate rage to mercy turns

A deaf, unpitying ear.
Mother and child and blooming maid,
Churchman and soldier brave,
Together slain, together laid,
All share a common grave.

But Retribution whets his knife,
Thousands of miles away,
And sternly counts the lives each life
Thus ravished shall repay!
Arms, England, for the deadly strife,
Her ships are on the way;
And notes of vengeful war are rife
From Berwick to Bombay!

AFTER CAWNPORE.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

The first notable atrocities of the rebellion were perpetrated at Cawnpore, a considerable city at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. The rebels were led by Nana Sahib, a native prince who was still allowed a body guard and some cannon by the English, which he treacherously used, June 25, to reduce Cawnpore to submission. After promising safety to the garrison, they were shot down; but the white women and children were imprisoned until July 16, when they were slaughtered with the utmost barbarity. A very few escaped the massacres. Nana was finally driven beyond the English lines, and it has never been certainly known what became of him. An inscribed column at Cawnpore commemorates the tragedy.

FOURTEEN, all told, no more,
Packed close within the door
Of that old idol-shrine:
And at them as they stand,
And from that English band,
The leaden shower went out, and
Death proclaimed them, *Mine!*
Fourteen against an army; they, no more,
Had 'scaped Cawnpore.

With each quick volley-flash
The bullets ping and flash:
Yet, through the tropic noon
With furnace-fury broke
The sulphur-curling smoke,
Scared, seared, thirst-silenced, hunger-faint they stood: and soon
A dusky wall,—death sheltering life,—uprose
Against their foes.

Behind them now is cast
The horror of the past;
The fort that was no fort,
The deep, dark-heaving flood
Of foes that broke in blood
On our devoted camp, victims of fiendish sport;
From that last huddling refuge lured to fly,
—And help so nigh!

Down toward the reedy shore
That fated remnant pour,
Mad Fear and Death beside
And other spectres yet
Of darker vision flit,—
Old, unforgotten wrongs, the harshness and the pride
Of that imperial race which swayed the land
By sheer command!

O little hands that strain
A mother's hand in vain
With terror vague and vast:—
Parched eyes that can not shed
One tear upon the head,

A young child's head, too bright for such fell death to blast!
Ah! sadder captive train ne'er filed to doom
Through vengeful Rome!

From Ganges' reedy shore
The death-boats they unmoor,
Stacked high with hopeless hearts;
A slowly drifting freight
Through the red jaws of Fate,
Death-blazing banks between, and flame-winged arrow-darts:—
Till down the holy stream those cargoes pour
Their flame and gore.

In feral order slow
The slaughter-barges go,
Martyrs of heathen scorn;
While, saved from flood and fire
To glut the tyrant's ire,
The quick and dead in one, from their red shambles borne,
Maiden and child, in that dark grave they throw,
Our well of woe!

O spot on which we gaze
Through Time's all-softening haze,
In peace, on them at peace
And taken home to God!
—O whether 'neath the sod,
Or sea, or desert sand, what care,—when that release
From this dim shadow-land, through pathways dim,
Bears us to him?

—But those fourteen, the while,
Wrapt in the present, smile
On their grim, baffled foe;
Till o'er the wall he heaps
The fuel-pile, and steeps
With all that burns and blasts; and now, perforce, they go
Hacked down and thinned, beyond that temple-door,
But seven,—no more.

O elements at strife
With this poor human life,
Stern laws of Nature fair!
By flame constrained to fly,
The treacherous stream they try,—
And those dark Ganges waves suck down the souls they bear!—
O crowning anguish! Dawn of hope in sight;
Then, final night!

And now four heads, no more,
Life's flotsam flung ashore,
They lie:—O, not as they
Who o'er a dreadful past
The heart's-ease sigh may cast!
Too worn!—too tired!—their lives but given them as a prey!
Whilst all seems now a dream, a nought of nought,
For which they fought!

—O stout fourteen, who bled
O'erwhelmed, not vanquishéd!
In those dark days of blood
How many did and died,
And others at their side
Fresh heroes, sprung,—a race that can not be subdued!
—Like them who passed Death's vale, and lived;—the four
Saved from Cawnpore!

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The most famous incident of the Sepoy rebellion was the persistent and remarkably courageous defense of Lucknow, the capital of Oude and a large city, against an overwhelming force. The siege began June 30, 1857. The commandant, Sir John Lawrence, died of his wounds July 5. No relief came until Gen. Havelock entered, after one of the most difficult marches on record. Sir Colin Campbell arrived soon after, when the whole city was again recovered by the English.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard; but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days, or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hailed on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded; for often there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echoed away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defenses our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the tide—
So many thousands that, if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapped with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure.
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:
"Children and wives—if the tiger leap into the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusilades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defense ten or twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: "Follow me, follow me!"—
Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged, and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer, and not what we do. We can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms.
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butchered, for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shattered walls
Millions of musket-bullets and thousands of cannon-balls;—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Hark cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" We have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

ARABIA.

MAHOMET.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Mahomet, or Mohammed ("the Praised"), founder of the religion of Islam, was born about the year 570 A. D., at Mecca, in Arabia, which has been since his time the chief holy place of his followers; and died at Medina June 8, 632.

UTTER the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed,
Prophet and priest, who scattered abroad both evil and blessing,
Huge, wasteful empires founded and hallowed slow persecution,
Soul-withering, but crushed the blasphemous rites of the Pagan
And idolatrous Christians.—For veiling the Gospel of Jesus,
They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.
Wherefore Heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca,
Choosing good from iniquity, rather than evil from goodness.
Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;—
Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts
Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation
Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruinous river
Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar bewildered,
Rushes dividuous all—all rushing impetuous onward.

THE BATTLE OF SABLA.

TAAFER BEN ALBA.

Both the place and the incident of history commemorated in this poem are obscure; but the lines themselves, in translation from a native poet, are well worth perpetuating.

SABLA, thou saw'st the exulting foe
In fancied triumph crowned;
Thou heard'st their frantic females throw
These galling taunts around.

"Make now your choice; the terms we give,
Desponding victims, hear;
These fetters on your hands receive,
Or in your hands the spear."

"And is the conflict o'er?" we cried,
"And lie we at your feet?
And dare you vauntingly decide
The fortune we must meet?

"A brighter day we soon shall see,
Though now the prospect lowers,
And conquest, peace, and liberty
Shall yield our future hours."

The foe advanced: in firm array
We rushed o'er Sabla's sands;
And the red sabre marked our way
Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writhed in death's cold grasp,
We cried, "Our choice is made:
These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
Your hearts shall have the blade."

ABYSSINIA.

MAGDALA.

C. P.

England went to war with King Theodore of Abyssinia in 1867, to release some British and other Europeans held as prisoners. An expedition of 10,000 men advanced through great obstacles to the capital at Magdala, near which Theodore delivered battle, April 10, 1868, but was defeated so signally that he surrendered the captives without further delay. Three days after, however, he had to bear the storming of his citadel by the English, when peace was made. The songs are omitted from the following poem, as unnecessary to the narrative.

I SING the fall of Abyssinia,
The fate of Theodorus, king of kings!
Where the Blue Nile comes from Ethiopia
To pay his tribute to the mystic tide;
Father of waters in dark Egyptus,
Giver of life, born on untrodden heights,
Bearing forgotten graves when the north star
First set its beacon in the azure night
Of Afric's glowing climes! Whose shiny ebb,
And fertile flooding of slow refluent waters,
Recorded time before the years were numbered;
Wearing the image of the Southern Cross
'Mid the dark secrets of his troubled breast.

In Magdala, the city of the hills,
The sunny hills, King Theodorus reigned,
The heaven-born, begotten of the gods,
Of Sheba's royal line, the king of kings.
His spears wrung tribute from the lesser kings,
And captives swelled the pageant of his train:
Till in a hapless year, there came a band
Of white-faced strangers prying through the land;
Then Theodorus, watchful that they thus
Unbidden came, bade all his trusty men
Bind them with chains, and from this seed there sprung
Foul desolation over all the land.

Then through the plains the glistening banners flashed,
And scarlet trappings glimmered in the sun,
And the loud trumpet woke the faint alarm
Of distant echoes in the purple hills.
Before the troubled eyes of dusky tribes

They passed, a vision of white warriors,
With gleaming sabres and with nodding plumes,
And all laid siege to sunny Magdala.

They hurled the trembling captives down the cliff
To lie in quivering masses at its base,
And from the burnished east the birds of prey
Gathered and darkened to their reeking feast.
Forth from the walls the Abyssinians came
With bows and spears, and all the pomp of war:
Wound down the mountain path, and at their head
The mighty monarch, Theodorus, walked,
Fronting the proud invaders of the land
With all the presence of an outlawed king.

The cruel anger gleaming in his eyes
Crouched like a panther ready for the spring.
But vain are bosoms bared to meet the foe,
'Gainst cunning engines, belching smoke and fire:
And vain are spears against a foe that stands
Beyond the wingéd arrow's utmost flight.
Like some lone pine that shudders to its fall,
And shakes the earth with dying majesty,
Across the path of those that spoiled the land
The mighty monarch, Theodorus, fell.

Weep for the fall of Abyssinia,
Mother of lands in the dawn of days,
She sits uncrowned upon the stricken hills,
Her hearths made desolate, her children slain.
Where is the Queen of Sheba's sacred dust,
Where is the pomp of all her pageants now,
And where her sons who ne'er should cease to reign?

UNITED STATES.

VINLAND.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The first men of European stock to see the Atlantic coast of America were undoubtedly the Northmen from Greenland, whose voyages thither began with Bjarne Herjulfson, in the summer of 986. But the first to settle the land was Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, about the year 1000. One of his men found grapes growing abundantly in the woods, and Leif called the country Vinland, or "Wineland." This title named originally but a limited tract in Massachusetts and Rhode Island; though some of the old maps apply it to territory stretching thence far to the northeastward.

GREENLAND'S bold sons by instinct sallied forth
On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
Crossed without magnet undiscovered seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touched on the line of that twin-bodied land
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds that see no winter sun
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's straits, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found;
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crowned;
Spread o'er the vast savannas, buffalo herds
Ranged without master; and the bright-winged birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turned the air to music with their song.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Wineland the glad discoverers called that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore;
But soon returned with colonizing bands,—
Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands,
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil;
Bold master-spirits, where they touched they gained
Ascendance, where they fixed their foot they reigned.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissevered; stemming to and fro the tide,
Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye.



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,
Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own their unlost Paradise.
Yet was their Paradise forever lost:
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, withered from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile, relapsing into night.

SONNETS ON COLUMBUS.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven,
And Ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of even;
When on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms and doubtful thoughts oppressed,
Columbus sat, till sudden hope was given--
A ray of gladness, shooting from the West.
Oh, what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind—
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius, face to face, and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand—
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath her wand.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue:
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick or confront
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God,
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.

Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
That hymns thee ever with resounding wave!
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign;
Fruits, flowers, and gems in rich mosaic pave
Thy paths, like giant altars o'er the plain
Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, 'mid the rave
Of mighty streams that shoreward rush amain,
Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.
Joy, joy for Spain! a seaman's hand confers
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
But where is he—that light whose radiance glows
The lode-star of succeeding mariners?
Behold him! crushed beneath o'ermastering woes,
Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to his foes!

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Juan Ponce de Leon, Spanish grandee, voyager with Columbus, afterwards conqueror and governor of Porto Rico, in his old age (1512) sailed with an expedition to the Bahamas, in search of the Fountain of Eternal Youth. Failing there in his quest, he set sail to the westward. Reaching the mainland on an Easter Sunday, and observing its richly blooming verdure, he named the country Florida, "the Land of Flowers."

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.
By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.
Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango, before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing enfold;
Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of gold!"

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told

Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottoes and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores;
They flourish in beauty eternal
Who set but their foot on its shores!"
Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
"I am withered, and wrinkled, and old;
I would rather discover that fountain
Than a country of diamonds and gold."

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor,
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wandering vision
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors, and lo!
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow,
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
As feasted his eye on the shores,
"We have come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
And here is the life-giving fountain—
The beautiful fountain of youth."

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
Unfurled his old banner, and sung;
But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
All around was so fresh and so young.
The palms, ever-verdant, were blooming,
Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;
O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers
Hung deep from the branches of trees.
"Praise the Lord!" sung De Leon, the sailor;
His heart was with rapture aflame;
And he said: "Be the name of this region
By Florida given to fame.
'T is a fair, a delectable country,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
I soon shall partake of the fountain—
The beautiful fountain of youth!"

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
In search of that fountain in vain;
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again.
And his anchor he lifted and murmured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
To the calm of his own native shores,
And that he grew older and older
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,
Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,

The beautiful fountain of youth.
* * * * * * *

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And when his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,
He thought of the heavenly country,
Of the city of jasper and gold.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
I now am approaching the fountain,
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the wind of the ocean low sighing
Through the groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
'Neath the low-hanging vines of the roof;
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

LEVI BISHOP.

The remarkable explorations of the French in the New World began early in the sixteenth century, within fifteen years after Columbus sailed. They were everywhere accompanied by the missionaries of the cross, who labored among the savages with extraordinary energy, self-denial, and success, founding missions in some cases that remain to this day. The following tribute is from the opening of the sixteenth canto of Mr. Bishop's "Teuchsa Grondie." The title of this poem was one of the Indian names of Detroit.

FROM all the sweets of social life,
And charms of all-endearing home,
To brave the torch and scalping-knife
The Jesuit would distant roam.
The world might hold him in derision,
But crowns of glory led him on;
Clear was his faith, like raptured vision,
In view of final victory won,
His Mother Church he ne'er forgot,
Her rule of faith he questioned not.
His action, too, with firm belief
Was guided by his ruler-chief;
And when his mission was begun,
The cloistered life he well might shun;
In every land of every zone
The active life was all his own.
The cross to Western world he bears,
With an intense, unflagging zeal,
And every danger freely shares
His work by martyrdom to seal.
Go where you may, the Jesuit declares
His presence still. The princely court he shares,
The school he guides. In hood or in disguise,
With tact and skill, his arts he ever plies.
At the confession conscience firm he gains,
And in the social circle calmly reigns,

His constant aim to sway the human mind,
And in united faith the world to bind.
And yet with all his faults, from pole to pole
He spreads the truth and feeds the human soul,
In Ethiope, on Chilian mount sublime,
In Paraguay, in Congo's sunny clime,
In Bactriana, and in China far,
In Japan's thousand isles, in Caffrara,
In California, on the Amazon,
In Australasia, by the Oregon,
In *Nouvelle France*, in Aztec Mexico,
In Iceland chill, and wheresoe'er we go,
To earth's remotest bounds, we find him there;
Yea, here he dwelt, at Teuchsa Grondie fair.

POCAHONTAS.

MRS. HEMANS.

The story of Pocahontas is seriously doubted—in fact, flatly denied—by many of the later historians; but the legend, possibly with a "caveat," will keep its place in our history. These lines are from a much longer poem, entitled "The American Forest Girl," whose theme is derived from Captain Smith's rescue and escape.

SHE had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervor swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close liannes; then raised her glistening eye
And clear-toned voice, that said, "He shall not die!"
"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed: their dark souls bowed before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of heaven in silence felt and seen,
And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree:
"Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,—
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now;
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,



THE DEPARTURE OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

And shall guard this ice-bound shore
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

[Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 21, 1620.]

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang—
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine
Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

THE TREATY ELM.

T. B. READ.

Under a great elm, whose site is now marked by a small monument near the corner of Beach and Hanover streets, in Philadelphia, William Penn is said to have made his famous treaty of amity and peace with the Indians, late in the year of his arrival, 1682. It is gravely doubted, however, whether any such treaty was made, as all contemporary documents are silent concerning it. The opening and close of Mr. Read's poem refer to the presentation of some interesting relics, including a piece of the Treaty Elm, to President Lincoln.

ERE to the honored mansion yonder
These charmed and emblematic relics pass,
Upon the sacred fragments let me ponder,
While Fancy to the admiring eye of Wonder
Withdraws the veil, as in a magian's glass.

I see the "Treaty Elm," and hear the rustle
Of autumn leaves, where come the dusky troops,
In painted robes and plumes, to crowd and jostle,—
A savage scene, save that the peace-apostle
Stands central, and controls the untamed groups.

These are the boughs the forest eagle lit on,
Long ere he perched upon our nation's banner.
Beneath their shade I see the gentle Briton,
And hear the contract, binding, though unwritten,
And worded in the plain old scriptural manner.

Across the Delaware the sound comes faintly,
And fainter still across the tide of time,
Though history yet repeats the lesson quaintly,
That from the lips of Penn, the calm and saintly,
Speaking of love, the only true sublime.

This is his mission, and his sole vocation;
To hear of this the savage round him presses;
How sweetly falls the beautiful ovation,
Which bids them hear the marvelous revelation
Of Christian peace through all their wildernesses!

Not to defraud them of their broad possessions
He comes, or to control their eagle pinions,
But to pledge friendship and its sweet relations,
Truth and forbearance, gentleness and patience,
To all the people of their wild dominions.

"We meet," he said, "upon the open highway
Of broad good-will and honest faith and duty,
Let love fraternal brighten every byway,
And peace inviolate be thy way as my way,
Till all the forest blossoms with new beauty."

So spake their friend, and they revered his teaching;
They said, "We will be true to thee and thine."

And through long seasons toward their future reaching
No act was shown their plighted faith impeaching—
  Marring this compact, loving and divine.

O thou, like noble Penn, who truth adorest,
  A priest at her great shrine in Freedom's temple,
While o'er this gift in thoughtful mood thou porest,
Point to the faithful children of the forest,
  And bid the nations learn from their example.

INDIAN NAMES.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

YE say they have all passed away--
  That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
  From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
  There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters—
  Ye may not wash it out.

'T is where Ontario's billow
  Like Ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
  The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
  Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
  On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
  That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
  Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
  Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
  Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
  Upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
  Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
  Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
  Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
  Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
  Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
  Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
  Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
  The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
  The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands
  Ye break of faith the seal;
But can ye from the court of Heaven
  Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
  With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
  A caravan of woe:

Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to Him?

ALABAMA.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

This beautiful poem is founded upon the tradition that the chief of an Indian tribe, defeated centuries ago and hard pressed in their flight by the enemy, struck his spear into the ground beside a noble stream they had reached, exclaiming in his native tongue, "Alabama"—here we rest! Thus the name was given to the river, and subsequently to the State.

BRUISED and bleeding, pale and weary,
Onward to the South and West,
Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
By relentless foemen pressed,—
Came a tribe where evening, darkling,
Flushed a mighty river's breast;
And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
"Alabama! Here we rest!"

By the stern steam-demon hurried,
Far from home and scenes so blessed,
By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
Sleepless, houseless, and distressed,—
Days and nights beheld me hieing
Like a bird without a nest,
Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
In the pale and darksome West,
And my weary frame is sinking
With its cares and woes oppressed,—
May I, as I drop the burden
From my sick and fainting breast,
Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,
"Alabama! Here I rest!"

RED JACKET

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Sa-co-te-wat-ha, or Red Jacket, was a celebrated chief of the Senecas, whose life reached from 1752 to 1830. He was an eloquent orator, and had great influence with his people. He was friendly to the Americans, and rendered important service to them in the border struggles and the war of 1812. In his later years he was much addicted to intemperance.

YES, thou wast monarch-born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely. If no poet's magic
Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Though some one, with a genius for the tragic,
Hath introduced it in a pantomime,

Yet is it music in the language spoken
  Of thine own land, and on her herald roll;
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token
  As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's?
  Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings, the Argo's gallant sailors,
  Heroes in history and gods in song.

In eloquence?—Her spell is thine that reaches
  The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there 's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
  The secret of their mastery—they are short.

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
  The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
  The hearts of millions till they move as one:

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
  The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrels at their sepulchres have shrouded
  With banner-fields of glory the dark pall.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
  Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a dying hour,
With voice as low, and gentle, and caressing
  As e'er from maiden's lip in moonlit bower;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil,
  With motions graceful as a bird's in air,
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
  That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair?

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
  Its lips as moveless and its cheeks as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
  Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow,—all save fear.

Love for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
  Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in war;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
  Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs may be, by the Great Spirit
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne!

DANIEL BOONE.

T. B. READ.

This famous Kentucky pioneer and Indian-fighter was born in Bucks Co., Pennsylvania, February 11, 1731, and died in Missouri September 26, 1820. These lines are an extract from an elaborate poem entitled, "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

LO, on the south extends the lovely land
Where strode the solitary man of old,
Bursting upon the entangled night of woods,
Like prophecy, proclaiming where he went
The forest's fall and the red man's decline!
Here the lone Nimrod of the pathless West
Reigned with his rifle, and, through hostile wilds,
Won to himself an empire undisturbed.
His nights o'erhung with royal tents of boughs,
His vernal board with venison was crowned,
His cup with coolest crystal from the rocks;
And oft unto his morning throne of state—
A crag which overbrowed the stateliest woods—
He mounted and surveyed his wide domain,
Deciding where to bend his further sway.
Behind him, like the murmuring of the sea,
Which, to a constant wind, invades the shore,
He heard the encroaching tumult of the world;
And, with the sun, strode on a few swift miles,
Usurping westward what he eastward lost.

Such was the realm of Boone, the pioneer,
Whose statue, in the eternal niche of fame,
Leans on his gleaming rifle; and whose name
Is carved so deep in the Kentuckian rocks,
It may not be effaced. His glorious soul,
Heroic among kindred hero-souls,
Now threads the boundless forest of the stars;
While still his memory, like a spirit, walks
With living influence in his favorite land.

BETTY ZANE.

DR. T. DUNN ENGLISH.

The attack upon Fort Henry, now Wheeling, Virginia, was made Sept. 27 and 28, 1777. Miss Zane was of the famous family of borderers which gave the name to Zanesville, Ohio, and to Zane's trace, the first wagon-road that penetrated the Ohio country.

WOMEN are timid, cower and shrink
At show of danger, some folks think;
But men there are who for their lives
Dare not so far asperse their wives—
We let that pass—so much is clear,
Though little dangers they may fear,
When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way,
And so our wondering praise obtain,
As on a time did Betty Zane.

A century since, out in the West,
A block-house was by Girty pressed—
Girty, the renegade, the dread
Of all that border, fiercely led
Five hundred Wyandots, to gain
Plunder and scalp-locks from the slain;
And in this hold—Fort Henry then,
But Wheeling now—twelve boys and men
Guarded with watchful ward and care
Women and prattling children there,
Against their rude and savage foes;
And Betty Zane was one of those.

There had been forty-two at first
When Girty on the border burst;
But most of those who meant to stay
And keep the Wyandots at bay,
Outside by savage wiles were lured,
And ball and tomahawk endured,
Till few were left the place to hold,
And some were boys, and some were old;
But all could use the rifle well,
And vainly from the Indians fell
On puncheon roof and timber wall
The fitful shower of leaden ball.

Now Betty's brothers and her sire
Were with her in this ring of fire,
And she was ready, in her way,
To aid their labor day by day,
In all a quiet maiden might:
To mould the bullets for the fight,
And, quick to note and so report,
Watch every act outside the fort;
Or, peering from the loopholes, see
Each phase of savage strategy.
These were her tasks, and thus the maid
The toilworn garrison could aid.

Still drearily the fight went on,
Until a week had nearly gone,
When it was told—a whisper first,
And then in loud alarm it burst—
Their powder scarce was growing; they
Knew where a keg unopened lay
Outside the fort at Zane's. What now?
Their leader stood with anxious brow.
It must be had at any cost,
Or toil and fort and lives were lost.
Some one must do that work of fear:
What man of men would volunteer?

Two offered; and so earnest they
Neither his purpose would give way;
And Shepherd, who commanded, dare
Not pick or choose between the pair.
But ere they settled on the one
By whom the errand should be done,
Young Betty interposed and said,

"Let me essay the task instead.
Small matter 't were if Betty Zane,
A useless woman, should be slain;
But death, if dealt on one of those,
Gives too much vantage to our foes."

Her father smiled with pleasure grim,
Her pluck gave painful pride to him;
And while her brothers clamored "No!"
He uttered, "Boys, let Betty go!
She 'll do it at less risk than you;
But keep her steady in your view,
And be your rifles shields for her.
If yonder foe make step or stir,
Pick off each wretch who draws a bead,
And so you 'll serve her in her need!
Now I recover from surprise
I think our Betty's purpose wise."

The gate was opened—on she sped;
The foe astonished gazed, 't is said,
And wondered at her purpose, till
She gained that log hut by the hill.
But when, in apron wrapped, the cask
She backward bore, to close her task,
The foemen saw her aim at last,
And poured their fire upon her fast.
Bullet on bullet near her fell,
While rang the Indians' angry yell;
But safely through that whirring rain,
Powder in arms, came Betty Zane.

They filled their horns, both boys and men,
And so began the fight again.
Girty, who there so long had stayed,
By this new feat of feet dismayed,
Fired houses round and cattle slew,
And moved away—the fray was through.
But when the story round was told
How they maintained the leaguered hold,
It was agreed, though fame was due
To all who in that fight were true,
The highest meed of praise, 't was plain,
Fell to the share of Betty Zane.

A hundred years have passed since then;
The savage never came again.
Girty is dust; alike are dead
Those who assailed and those bestead.
Upon those half-cleared, rolling lands,
A crowded city proudly stands.
But of the many who reside
By green Ohio's rushing tide,
Not one has lineage prouder than
(Be he poor or rich) the man
Who boasts that in his spotless strain
Mingles the blood of Betty Zane.

THE OLD THIRTEEN.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

The thirteen colonies, whose delegates to the Continental Congress signed the Declaration of Independence, were New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

THE curtain rises on a hundred years,—
A pageant of the olden time appears.
Let the historic muse her aid supply,
To note and name each form that passes by;

Here come the old original Thirteen!
Sir Walter ushers in the Virgin Queen;
Catholic Mary follows her, whose land
Smiles on soft Chesapeake from either strand;
Then Georgia, with the sisters Caroline,—
One the palmetto wears, and one the pine;
Next, she who ascertained the rights of men,
Not by the sword, but by the word of Penn,—
The friendly language hers of "thee" and "thou;"
Then, she whose mother was a thrifty vrouw,—
Mother herself of princely children now;
And, sitting at her feet, the sisters twain,—
Two smaller links in the Atlantic chain,—
They, through those long dark winters, drear and dire,
Watched with our Fabius round the bivouac fire;
Comes the free mountain maid, in white and green;
One guards the Charter Oak with lofty mien;
And lo! in the plain beauty once she wore,
The Pilgrim mother from the Bay State shore;
And last, not least, is Little Rhody seen,
With face turned heavenward, steadfast and serene,—
She on her anchor, Hope, leans, and will ever lean.

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Freneau, whose poetry richly illustrates the spirit and many of the events of the Revolution, was a native American, born in New York in 1752. He graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1771, already a boy-poet of some note. His patriotic strains were of much service to the prolonged campaign for independence. In 1780 he was taken by the British, and confined in one of their dreadful prison-ships. He survived until 1832. The names of King George, General Gage, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, will readily recur to the reader of the following lines.

WHEN a certain great King, whose initial is G,
Forces STAMPS upon paper, and folks to drink TEA;
When these folks burn his tea and stampt paper, like stubble,—
You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

But when a PETITION he treads under feet,
And sends over the ocean an army and fleet,
When that army, half-famished, and frantic with rage,
Is coop'd up with a leader, whose name rhymes to *cage;*
When that leader goes home, dejected and sad;
You may then be assur'd the king's prospects are bad.

But when B. and C. with their armies are taken
This king will do well, if he saves his own bacon:
In the year seventeen hundred and eighty and two
A stroke he shall get, that will make him look blue:
And soon, very soon, shall the season arrive,
When *Nebuchadnezzar* to pasture shall drive.

In the year eighty-three, the affair will be over
And he shall eat turnips that grow in *Hanover:*
The face of the Lion will then become pale,
He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be shear'd of his tail———
O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore,
From the *Stars* and the *Stripes* you will mercy implore,
And your Lion shall growl, but hardly bite more.———

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

PENNSYLVANIA PACKET.

The East India Company was authorized in 1773 to send their tea to England free of duty, but not to the American colonies, except upon an impost of threepence a pound. The colonists revolted against this, as a probable "entering wedge" of the British Ministry for further taxation, as well as upon its own merits; and it was resolved to send back the tea as fast as it came. The first ships with the taxed tea (three hundred and forty-two chests) on board, arrived at Boston Nov. 29, 1773. About seven thousand residents of that city and neighboring towns met and unanimously agreed that the tea should not be landed. While the meeting was still in session, a party disguised as Indians raised the war-whoop at the door, and proceeded thence to the wharves, where they boarded the ships, broke up the tea-chests, and threw their contents into the sea. This was the famous "Boston Tea Party." This old piece was published a short time after the affair, in the Pennsylvania Packet newspaper, under the title, "A New Song, to the plaintive tune of 'Hozier's Ghost.'"

AS near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without tack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode.

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe, and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky
Three bright angel-forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you 'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers help afforded,—
What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;—
Thus at once our fears were ended;
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains, once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers
When they thought to cheat the brave.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

SIDNEY LANIER.

During the night of April 18, 1775, General Gage, commanding the British forces in Boston, started a detachment for Concord, twenty miles distant, to destroy a magazine of military stores formed there by the patriots. News of the movement spread swiftly through the adjacent towns; and early next morning armed resistance was offered on the green near the Lexington meeting-house, by a band of seventy or eighty militiamen. They were quickly overcome, with a loss of seven killed and ten wounded, and the British pushed on to Concord, where brisk skirmishing ensued. They met with some loss here, and were dreadfully harried by the sturdy yeomanry on their return march to Boston, losing in all sixty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded, and twenty-eight prisoners.

THEN haste ye, Prescott and Revere!
Bring all the men of Lincoln here;
Let Chelmsford, Littleton, Carlisle,
Let Ashton, Bedford, hither file—
Oh, hither file, and plainly see
Out of a wound leap Liberty.

Say, Woodman April, all in green,
Say, Robin April! hast thou seen
In all thy travel around the earth
Ever a morn of calmer birth?
But Morning's eye alone serene
Can gaze across yon village green
To where the trooping British run
Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still;
The men in red come o'er the hill;
Lay down your arms, damned rebels! cry
The men in red full haughtily.
But never a grounding gun is heard;
The men in fustian stood unstirred;
Dead calm, save may be a wise bluebird
Puts in his little heavenly word.
O men in red! if ye but knew
The half as much as bluebirds do,
Now in this little tender calm
Each hand would out, and every palm
With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke
Or e'er these lines of battle broke.

O men in red! if ye but knew
The least of all that bluebirds do,
Now in this little godly calm
Yon voice might sing the Future's Psalm—
The Psalm of Love with the brotherly eyes,
Who pardons and is very wise—
Yon voice that shouts, high-hoarse with ire,
Fire!

The red-coats fire, the homespuns fall:

The homespun's anxious voices call,
Brother, art hurt? and, *Where hit, John?*
And, *Wipe this blood*, and, *Men, come on!*
And, *Neighbor, do but lift my head,*
And, *Who is wounded? Who is dead?*
Seven are killed. My God! my God!
Seven lie dead on the village sod.
Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,
Monroe, and Porter,—these are down.
Nay, look! stout Harrington not yet dead!
He crooks his elbow, lifts his head.
He lies at the step of his own house-door;
He crawls and makes a path of gore.
The wife from the window hath seen, and rushed;
He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed;
He hath crawled to the step of his own house-door,
But his head hath dropped: he will crawl no more.
Clasp, wife, and kiss, and lift the head;
Harrington lies at his doorstep dead.

But, O ye six that round him lay,
And bloodied up that April day!
As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell—
At the door of the house wherein ye dwell;
As Harrington came, ye likewise came
And died at the door of your House of Fame.

THE CONCORD HYMN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The following lines, composed by Concord's foremost citizen, were sung April 19, 1836, at the dedication of the monument to the memory of the patriots who fell at the "North Bridge," in the affair of April 19, 1775.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,

Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

BUNKER HILL.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

[June 17, 1775.]

"NOT yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
On came the foe in even line,
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"
A sheet of flame; a roll of death!
They fell by scores: we held our breath!
Then nearer still they came.
Another sheet of flame;
And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight!
Foreshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, re-enforced,
'Mid louder roar of ships' artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry,
And shouts and groans anear, afar,
All the new din of dreadful war.
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood's birthright claiming.

Onward once more they came:
Another sheet of deathful flame!
Another and another still.
They broke, they fled;
Again they sped
Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
Stormed with commanders' rage.
Into each emptied barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge
Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill.
That volley was the last:

Our powder failed.
On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet
From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
Led off the remnant of those heroes true;
The foe too weakened to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
Flowed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
To men, to man, a sudden dower.
History took a fresh, higher start
From that stanch, beaming hour;
And when the speeding messenger, that bare
The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington,
With hands uplifted, cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
"Our liberties are safe! the cause is won!"
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred in haste to lead such noble men.

SEVENTY-SIX.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of Freedom rung,
And to the word of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;

The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
  Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
  Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
  To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
  The fair, fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
  And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
  Already blood on Concord plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
  Like brooks of vernal rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
  Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
  Profaned the soil no more.

INDEPENDENCE.

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

About a month before the Declaration of Independence, this ode was published in the Freeman's Journal or New Hampshire Gazette, at Portsmouth, N. H., one of the most pronounced and fearless supporters of the freedom of the colonies. The Tory papers thought it a good specimen of "high-born rebel melody."

FREEMEN, if you pant for glory,
  If you sigh to live in story,
If you burn with patriot zeal,
Seize this bright auspicious hour,
Chase those venal tools of power
  Who subvert the public weal.
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

See Freedom her banner display,
Whilst glory and virtue your bosoms inspire,
Corruption's proud slaves shall with anguish retire.
Would traitors base with bribes beguile you,
Or with idiot scoffs revile you,
  Ne'er your sacred trusts betray.
Hancock, Adams, nobly pleading,
Never from the truth receding,
  Them North's vengeance can't dismay.

See! Their glorious path pursuing,
All Britannia's troops subduing,
  Patriots whom no threats restrain.
Lawless tyrants all confounding,
Future times their praise resounding
  Shall their triumphs long maintain.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

TO the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
  To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the deed,
  And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!

O'er the bones of the bold
Be that story long told,
And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame:
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung
Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

ANONYMOUS.

This piece is by one of the Revolutionary poets, but his name remains unknown.

ON Christmas Day, in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see—the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we pass'd the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumb'd with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In centre, front, and rear was seen,
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let 's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway:
And as our life is but a span,
Let 's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

NATHAN HALE.

FRANCES MILES FINCH.

Nathan Hale, a Connecticut school-master, was but twenty years old when (1775) he joined the patriot army, where he soon rose to the rank of captain. He was taken within the British lines about New York, September 21, 1776, and hanged the next morning, under circumstances of great brutality. His last words are said to have been, "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

TO drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye.
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented lines;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pines;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
The monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.

WASHINGTON AT PRINCETON.

MISS C. F. ORNE.

The battle of Princeton was fought about sunrise, January 3, 1777. By a night march Washington surprised the enemy, and won an important victory, with small loss to his own force, except General Mercer, who was mortally wounded.

THE Assunpink was choked with dead between us and the foe,
We had mowed their ranks before our guns, as ripe grain is laid low;
But we were few, and worn and spent—many and strong were they,
And they waited but the morning dawn to fall upon their prey.
We left our camp-fires burning, that their ruddy, gleaming light
Might hide from Lord Cornwallis our hurried march by night.
While fiery Erskine fretted at his leader's fond delay,
All silently and swiftly we were marching on our way.
For the British troops at Princeton our little force was bound,—
We tracked with bare and bleeding feet the rough and frozen ground;
All night we hastened onward, and we spoke no word of plaint,
Though we were chilled with bitter cold, with toil and fasting faint:
We hailed with joy the sunlight, as o'er the hills it streamed,
And through the sharp and frosty air on the near homesteads beamed.
We were weary, we were hungry; before us lay good cheer,
And right gladly to the hearth-fires our eager steps drew near.
But sudden, on our startled sight, long lines of bayonets flash;
The road 's aglow with scarlet coats! The British on us dash!
The smoke-wreaths from our volleys meet; then hand-to-hand the fight;
Proud, gallant Mercer falls; our lines are wavering in flight;
"Press on!" cries Mawhood, "by St. George! the rebel cowards fly,
We 'll sweep their ranks before our charge, as storm-winds sweep the sky."

They burst with bold and sudden spring as a lion on the prey,
Our ranks of worn and weary men to that fierce rush gave way.
Black was that bitter moment, and well-nigh all was lost,
But forth there sprang a godlike form between us and the host.
The martyr-fires of freedom in his flaming glances burned,
As his awful countenance sublime upon the foe he turned;
And, reining up his gallant steed, alone amid the fight,
Like an angel of the Lord he stood to our astonished sight!
And instantly our wavering bands wheeled into line again,
And suddenly from either side the death-shots fell like rain.
All hearts stood still, and horror-struck was each averted eye;
For who could brook that moment's look, or who could see *him* die?
But when the smoke-clouds lifted, and still we saw him there,
Oh, what a mighty shout of joy filled all the startled air!
And tears fell like the summer showers from our bravest and our best,
As dashing up with fiery pace around him close they prest.

A moment's hand-grasp to his aid, that told the tale of hours,—
"Away! bring up the troops," he cried; "the day is wholly ours."

"Now, praised be God!" from grateful lips the fervent prayer uprose,
And then, as with an eagle's swoop, we burst upon our foes.
And "Long live Washington!" we cried, in answer to his shout,
As still he spurred his charger on amid the flying rout.
They broke their ranks before our charge; amain they wildly fled;
Stiff on the slopes, at Princeton, they left their hapless dead.
No more a band of weary men, we followed in his track,
And bore, with stern, resistless force, the British lion back.
Our toilsome march, our sleepless nights, cold, hunger—what were they?
We broke the yoke of foreign power on that eventful day.
The great heart of our leader went on before us then,
And led us forth to wield the strength of more than mortal men;
The pulses of that noble heart a nation's life concealed,
But fate refused the sacrifice whose offer won the field.

MOLLY PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, was fought at Freehold, Monmouth county, New Jersey. Among the artillerists was a gunner named Pitcher, who was killed in the action, when his place was taken by his wife. One of the most picturesque figures of the Revolution is that of "Molly Pitcher" in her red petticoat, beside her gun at Monmouth. It is said that General Washington made her a sergeant for her conduct in this affair.

ON the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne;
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene's and Lee's brigades could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusillade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well,

Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades, it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly:
"We can strike another blow."
* * * * * * *
Quickly leaped she to the cannon
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington!"

Greene's brigade, though shorn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan,
Turned and charged the foe again:
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
'T was the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns
Leaped the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating rank,
And behind them onward dashing
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

F. BRET HARTE.

Parson Caldwell accomplished this extraordinary exploit at the battle of Springfield, New Jersey, June 23, 1780.

HERE 's the spot. Look around you. Above, on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere, and you 'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay, one moment; you 've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word

Down at Springfield? What, no? Come—that 's bad; why he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God,—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At "the Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened, none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot. Enough! there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach? Did he pray? Think of him, as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view,—
And what could you—what should you—what would you do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then, above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice, "Put Watts into 'em—boys, give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere, and you 'll turn up a ball;
But not always a hero like this—and that 's all.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

WILL CARLETON.

The British occupied Philadelphia between Sept. 26, 1777, and June 17, 1778. Mary Redmond was the daughter of a patriot citizen, and remained during the hostile occupation, making herself useful to the American cause by assisting in the transmission of correspondence through the lines, by such ingenious strategy as is related in these lines. This amusing poem may be found, with others of the kind, in the Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes, published in 1876.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find:
And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said:
And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
And, "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street;
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

THE DEATH OF JASPER.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

Sergeant William Jasper, a brave young South Carolinian, leaped outside the walls of Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor, when the flag was shot away by the British June 28, 1776, and replaced the banner, in a storm of missiles. The act made him one of the heroes of the Revolution. Gov. Rutledge, of his native State, presented him with his own sword. Jasper was killed in the assault on Savannah in October, 1779.

'TWAS amid a scene of blood
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune like a flood
Swept our fairest hopes away;
'T was on Savannah's plain,
On the spot we love so well,
Amid heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring Jasper fell.

He had borne him in the fight
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight
Of the glorious olden time;
And, unharmed by sabre blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe
Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on Freedom's ground
Had her children shed their gore;
So he slowly turned away
With the remnant of the band
Who amid the bloody fray
Had escaped the foeman's hand.

But his banner caught his eye
As it trailed upon the dust,
And he saw his comrade die
Ere he yielded up his trust:
"To the rescue!" loud he cried;
"To the rescue, gallant men!"
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose
O'er its field of broidered gold,
And the blood of friends and foes
Stained alike its silken fold;
But unheeding wound and blow,
He has snatched it 'midst the strife,
He has borne that flag away,
But its ransom is his life!

"To my father take my sword,"
Thus the dying hero said;
"Tell him that my latest word
Was a blessing on his head;
That when death had seized my frame,
And uplifted was his dart,
I ne'er forgot the name
That was dearest to my heart.

"And tell her whose favor gave
This fair banner to our band,
That I died its folds to save
From the foe's polluting hand;
And let all my comrades hear,
When my form lies cold in death,
That their friend remained sincere
To his last expiring breath."

It was thus that Jasper fell
'Neath that bright autumnal sky;
Has a stone been reared to tell
Where he laid him down to die?

To the rescue, spirits bold!
To the rescue, gallant men!
Let the marble page unfold
All his daring deeds again!

ANDRÉ'S LAST MOMENTS.

THOMAS B. BRADLEY.

Major John André, Adjutant-general of the British army in America, was taken within the American lines, near Tarrytown, N. Y., September 22, 1780, and was executed as a spy on the 2d of October. A monument to his memory stands in Westminster Abbey.

THE captive from his prison his guards in silence bore,
And he walked upon the scaffold as on his native shore.
He looked towards his own green isle, and saw his mother's form,
And heard her sobs far o'er the sea, and felt her tear-drops warm.
The gibbet! ah! the gibbet! Should the dangling noose be flung
Around that neck where sisters fond with dear caresses hung?
Should shame upon that lofty brow her stamp of torture place
Where Affection's kiss had lingered, and Honor left its trace?

But morning breezes lifted up his curls of flowing hair,
He gazed upon the calm blue sky, for God was smiling there;
And a glory lit his forehead, and brightly beamed his eye,
Let cowards wince at pangs of death, but brave men bravely die!
When the hangman stood by the prisoner's side, all hearts were dumb and still,
And sad bells rung in every breast when the hangman worked his will.
Then full upon the dead man's face the mocking sunbeams shone,
And a funeral gun the signal fired that the deed of death was done.

ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Benedict Arnold closed his infamous career in America in December, 1781, when he set sail for England, where he died twenty years afterwards. The following is a clever imitation of Horace's Tenth Epode—"In Mævium poetam."

WITH evil omens from the harbour sails
The ill-fated ship that worthless ARNOLD bears,
God of the southern winds, call up thy gales,
And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,
And may the east wind on a leeward shore

Her cables snap, while she in tumult rides,
And shatters into shivers every oar.

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,
With such a rage as when from mountains high
He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast,
And ruin spreads, where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen;
No moon, attendant, dart one glimmering ray,
Nor may she ride on oceans more serene
Than Greece, triumphant, found that stormy day

When angry Pallas spent her rage no more
On vanquished Ilium, then in ashes laid,
But turn'd it on the barque that Ajax bore,
Avenging thus her temple and the maid.

When toss'd upon the vast Atlantic main
Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,
How will your sailors sweat, and you complain
And meanly howl to Jove, that will not hear!

But if, at last, upon some winding shore
A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,
A wanton goat to every stormy power,
And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WM. C. BRYANT.

Gen. Francis Marion was a sailor and farmer until the outbreak of the war for independence, when he promptly volunteered his services. His conduct at the defense of Fort Moultrie gave him the grade of lieutenant-colonel, and he ultimately became a brigadier in command of a partisan corps, which annoyed the enemy incessantly. During this part of his career Marion, from his cunning, was called "the Swamp Fox." One of the last of his battles was that fought at Eutaw Springs, S. C., Sept. 8, 1781, which is celebrated below by the poet of the Revolution.

OUR band is few, but true and tried, our leader frank and bold:
The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is told;
Our fortress is the good greenwood, our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us, as seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery that little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight a strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire, they grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem a mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release from danger and from toil!
We talk the battle over and share the battle's spoil;
The woodland rings with laugh and shout, as if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered to crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind that in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly on beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon the band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles, the scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb across the moonlit plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind that lifts its tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—a moment and away
Back to the pathless forest before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee, grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion, for Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band with kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer and tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms, and lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton forever from our shore.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FELL AT EUTAW.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

AT Eutaw Springs the valiant died:
Their limbs with dust were covered o'er,—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
O, smite your gentle breast and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall and ask a tear;
'T is not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;

Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear, but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly:
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved, in such a cause, to die,—

But, like the Parthians, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw;
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band,
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

ANONYMOUS.

This action, waged October 7, 1780, was made the subject of many ballads of the period, and has recently been treated exhaustively in an elaborate history. The following, by an unknown author, was written soon after, and published as a broad-sheet. The battle, by its total defeat of the British and capture of nearly their whole force, its commander being killed in the affair, was decisive of the Southern campaigns.

'TWAS on a pleasant mountain
The Tory heathens lay,
With a doughty leader at their head,—
One Ferguson, they say.

Cornwallis had detach'd him,
A-thieving for to go,
And catch the Carolina men
Or bring the rebels low.

The scamp had rang'd the country
In search of royal aid,
And with his owls, perchèd on high,
He taught them all his trade.

But ah! that fatal morning
When Shelby brave drew near!
'T is certainly a warning
That ministers should hear.

And Campbell, and Cleveland,
And Colonel Sevier,
Each with a band of gallant men
To Ferguson appear.

Just as the sun was setting
Behind the western hills,
Just then our trusty rifles sent
A dose of leaden pills.

Up, up the steep together
Brave Williams led his troop,
And joined by Winston, bold and true,
Disturb'd the Tory coop.

The royal slaves, the royal owls
Flew high on every hand;
But soon they settled, gave a howl,
And quarter'd to Cleveland.

I would not tell the number
Of Tories slain that day;
But surely it is certain
That none did run away.

For all that were a-living
Were happy to give up;
So let us make thanksgiving,
And pass the bright tin-cup.

To all the brave regiments,
Let 's toast 'em for their health,
And may our good country
Have quietude and wealth.

THE FALL OF YORKTOWN

HENRY A. CLARK.

[October 19, 1782.]

'TWAS the dawn of a lovely day,
In the glorious times of old;
Before the heights of Yorktown lay
Columbia's warriors stern and bold;
St. George's banner o'er the fort,
With morning's dallying winds held sport;
The deep-mouthed cannon fiercely pealed,
As daybreak's glories woke,
And hid the army on the field
With clouds of curling smoke,—
Baptized with blood and fire the day
When fell forever England's sway!

The eagle and the fleur-de-lis
Rose gaily in the morning sun,
And mingled on the swelling breeze
The battle-shout of Washington,
With the loved name of Lafayette;
While bristling sword and bayonet
Were blazing in the early light,
Alas! in hero's gore,
To dim and sadden ere the night
Should draw its mantle o'er.
On with a fierce, resistless sweep
Rushed the brave army up the steep.

The din of battle loudly rose,
Busy the bullet and the blade;
And warriors in their last death-throes
Cursed deeply war's fell, fearful trade.
The firm battalions scale the walls,
St. George's crimson banner falls;
The Briton yields the hard-won fight,
He sees his soldiers flee:
Waved in the sun's long, lingering light
The proud flag of the free;
And Washington and Lafayette
On Yorktown's heights victorious met.

Then fell Britannia's tyrant reign
Forever on Columbia's shore;
Her hireling soldiers trod the plain,
Her flag streamed o'er the hills no more;
Back to their far and rock-ribbed isle,
Bold Freedom chased them with a smile;
And then were lit within our land
Oppression's funeral pyres,
By freedom's breezes fondly fanned,
Kept burning by our sires;
And bright o'er Tyranny's dark grave
Hope's star shone on our Western wave.

ON DISBANDING THE ARMY.

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

The patriot army was disbanded at Newburgh, on the Hudson, at the close of the Revolutionary struggle. It gave rise to many touching scenes, among them Washington's farewell to his fellow-officers, at the foot of Broadway, New York. Col. David Humphreys, author of the following sonnet, was a member of Washington's staff, and is known as "the soldier-poet of the Revolution." His own note with the lines is: "It will be difficult for any person who was not present with the troops at the conclusion of the war, to form an adequate idea of the affecting circumstances which attended the disbanding of the army."

YE brave Columbian bands, a long farewell!
Well have ye fought for Freedom—nobly done
Your martial task—the meed immortal won—
And Time's last records shall your triumphs tell.
Once friendship made their cup of sufferings sweet—
The dregs how bitter, now those bands must part!
Ah! never, never more on earth to meet;
Distill'd from gall that inundates the heart,
What tears from heroes' eyes are seen to start!
Ye, too, farewell, who fell on fields of gore,
And chang'd tempestuous toil for rest serene;
Soon shall we join you on the peaceful shore,
(Though gulfs irremeable roll between),
Thither by death-tides borne, as ye full soon have been.

THE HESSIAN DEBARKATION.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Some time after the close of the war, from New York, November 25, 1783.

REJOICE, O Death! Britannia's tyrant sends
From German plains his myriads to our shore,
The fierce Hibernian with the Hessian join'd—
Bring them, ye winds, but waft them back no more!

To these far climes with stately step they come,
Resolv'd all prayers, all prowess to defy:
Smit with the love of countries not their own,
They come—alas! to conquer, not to die.

In the slow breeze I hear their funeral song,
The dance of ghosts the infernal tribes prepare;
To hell's dark mansions haste the abandon'd throng,
Tasting from German sculls great Odin's beer.

From dire Cesarea—forc'd these slaves of kings,—
Quick let them take their way on eagles' wings,
To thy strong posts, Manhattan's isle, repair,
To meet the vengeance that awaits them there.

WASHINGTON.

ELIZA COOK.

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on History's wide page!

Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star:
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'T is stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom 's to be won.
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be their "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth—
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
Oh! keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell forevermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I will not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
Away, thou gallant ship! I 'd cry, and bear me swiftly on,
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington!

MOUNT VERNON.

REV. WM. JAY.

THERE dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his noble mind;
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true;
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name;
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;
And oh, Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But *there* retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

REUBEN JAMES.

G. H. CALVERT.

This poem is based upon an incident related in Cooper's Naval History of the United States, of the war with Algiers, 1815–16.

ON the deck, blood-soiled,
In death-grip coiled,
The captains lay;
Decatur up,—below, the Turk.
Fierce round them play
The Christian sword and Moslem dirk.
Above the hero's head
A scymetar keen flashes;
An instant more, he 's sped:
Down the sharp weapon dashes.
To ward the blow,
To seize the foe,
No arm nor sword is there; by stands
But one poor tar, maimed in both hands.
Down sweeps the Turkish glave,—
Decatur naught can save.
What can not a brave heart?
That tar, with a quick start,
Thrusts his young head between:
It takes the steel's deep seam.
'T was for a hero by a hero done:
Both must be great that deed so great be won.
Higher among heroic names
Stands thenceforth none than Reuben James.

BATTLE AT THE RIVER RAISIN.

LEVI BISHOP.

Fought January 22, 1813, at Frenchtown, now Monroe, Michigan, between an American force, chiefly Kentuckians, under General Winchester, and the British and Indians under Proctor. The Americans were defeated, and many of them perished in the dreadful "Massacre of the Raisin" the next day.

NOW gleam and thunder, from afar,
The threatening clouds of savage war;
The war-whoop and the wild hurrah
Proclaim the rising gloom.

Now waves on high the savage crest;
Revenge now heaves the savage breast;
His race now send their high behest—
The white man's bitter doom.

And yet that small but fearless band
Is there, with firm resolve, to stand
The bulwark of their native land,
Whatever may betide.

Then let the deadly bullet fly—
The arrow sing along the sky:
They echo back the battle-cry,
The issue they abide.

Now sweep the red men o'er the plain,
And Proctor's columns charge amain,
And rifles rattle, and again
The deafening cannon boom.

And Raisin's banks are heaped with dead,
And Raisin's flood is dyed with red;
Brave warriors find a lowly bed—
The soldier's honored tomb.

Though victory we can not boast,
Yet hold the field at any cost;
Oh! yield it not till it has lost
Its very last defender!

That fearful shout, that fiendish yell!
As from the very gates of hell!
Alas! too plainly they foretell
The folly of surrender.

Enough; the vanquished yield the strife,
Assured of safety and of life;
'Gainst tomahawk and scalping-knife
The Briton's faith is given.

That faith is not an empty sound?
Then where shall treachery be found?
Speak, whitening bones above the ground,
Denied for months the burial-mound!
Is Britain's honor riven?

Victors! the torture, slaughter, ply!
All your infernal engines try!
Wring out the deep, the cursing sigh!
Call down the vengeance of the sky!
Just retribution now is nigh—
Defeat and burning shame.

Ho! Chivalry of the West, awake!
Your country calls, the plow forsake,
The victor's vaunted power to shake;
Beside the Thames his ranks shall break;
Avenge the torture and the stake!
And forest, prairie, river, lake,
Shall swell your lasting fame.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

On the 10th of September, 1813, off Put-in Bay, in the southwestern waters of Lake Erie, Commodore Perry signally defeated the British fleet under Barclay, capturing or destroying all its vessels.

BRIGHT was the morn,—the waveless bay
Shone like a mirror to the sun;
'Mid greenwood shades and meadows gay,
The matin birds their lays begun;

While swelling o'er the gloomy wood
Was heard the faintly echoed roar,
The dashing of the foaming flood
That beat on Erie's distant shore.

The tawny wanderer of the wild
Paddled his painted birch canoe,
And where the wave serenely smiled,
Swift as the darting falcon flew;
He rowed along that peaceful bay,
And glanced its polished surface o'er.
Listening the billow far away,
That rolled on Erie's lonely shore.

What sounds awake my slumbering ear?
What echoes o'er the waters come?
It is the morning gun I hear,
The rolling of the distant drum.
Far o'er the bright illumined wave
I mark the flash, I hear the roar,
That calls from sleep the slumbering brave,
To fight on Erie's lonely shore.

See how the starry banner floats
And sparkles in the morning ray:
While sweetly swell the fife's gay notes
In echoes o'er the gleaming bay:
Flash follows flash, as though yon fleet
Columbia's cannons loudly roar,
And valiant tars the battle greet,
That storms on Erie's echoing shore.

O, who can tell what deeds were done
When Britain's cross, on yonder wave,
Sunk 'neath Columbia's dazzling sun,
And met in Erie's flood its grave?
Who tell the triumphs of that day
When, smiling at the cannon's roar,
Our hero, 'mid the bloody fray,
Conquered on Erie's echoing shore.

Though many a wounded bosom bleeds
For sire, for son, for lover dear,
Yet sorrow smiles amid her weeds,—
Affliction dries her tender tear;
Oh! she exclaims, with glowing pride,
With ardent thoughts that wildly soar,
My sire, my son, my lover died,
Conquering on Erie's bloody shore.

Long shall my country bless that day,
When soared our eagle to the skies;
Long, long in triumph's bright array
That victory shall proudly rise:
And when our country's lights are gone,
And all its proudest days are o'er,
How will her fading courage dawn
To think on Erie's bloody shore!

OLD IRONSIDES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The frigate Constitution, the first large vessel built by the United States, was specially prominent in the naval victories won during the war of 1812–15, and by her exemption from fatal injury obtained the popular title of "Old Ironsides." Many years after, a proposition to break her up as unfit for service called forth the following indignant protest. The ship is still in existence, though long since out of commission.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky:

Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean-air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
The lightning and the gale.

THE SPIRIT OF RHODE ISLAND IN 1842.

BISHOP GEORGE BURGESS.

Rhode Island subsisted under its old colonial charter of 1663, until 1842, when a State constitution was framed. By this act the people were divided into factions, which elected rival governors, from one of whom, Thomas W. Dorr, the insurrectionary movement has the name of "Dorr's Rebellion." The affair was quelled without serious difficulty, and Dorr was punished by imprisonment until June, 1845.

O GALLANT band of spirits true,
Still bear that stainless shield:
That anchor clung, the tempest thro';
That hope, untaught to yield!
Fair city, "all thy banners wave,"
And high thy trumpets sound!
The name thy righteous father gave
Still guards thee round and round!

No thirst for war's wild joy was thine,
Nor flashed an hireling sword;
Forth, for their own dear household shrine,
The patriot yeomen poured;
Then, rank to rank, like brethren stood,
One heart and step and hand;
And crushed the robber's stranger brood,
And kept their father's land!

High hung the rusting scythe awhile,
And ceased the spindle roar;
The boat rocked idly by the isle,
And on the seagirt shore;
The belted burgher paced his street,
The seaman wheeled his gun,
Steel gleamed along the ruler's seat,
And study's task was done.

Old Narragansett rang with arms,
And rang the silver bay;
And that sweet coast whose girdled charms
Were Philip's ancient sway;
And our own island's halcyon scene
The black artillery rent;
And answered from the home of Greene
The men of dauntless Kent.

Can freedom's truth endure the shock
That comes in freedom's name?
Rhode Island, like a Spartan rock,
Upheld her country's fame;
The land that first threw wide its gates,
And gave the exile rest,

First arms to save the strength of States,
And guards her freedom best.

Oh, ever thus, dear land of ours,
Be nurse of steadfast men,
A firmer fort than hills and towers,
Or rocky pass and glen!
For peace alone, so dare the fight,
The soldier for the laws;
Thine anchor fast in heavenly might,
Thy hope a holy cause!

[For poems relating to the Mexican War, see "Mexico."]

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On the 19th of May, 1858, during the struggle in Kansas over the question of Freedom or Slavery in the new State, twenty-five ruffians from Missouri, led by one Hamilton, seized several Free-State men, including one minister, at and near Chouteau's Trading Post, in Linn county, carried them three miles, and there, in a ravine of the locality known as "Le Marais des Cygnes," or Marsh of the Swans, shot them down in cold blood. Five were instantly killed; another, slightly wounded, was killed by a second shot; and the others, though badly wounded, escaped by feigning death. The murderers robbed the fallen, and rode away. A battle was fought near the spot in October, 1864, between the rebels and the Union forces under Gen. S. R. Curtis, in which the latter were victorious.

A BLUSH as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
O Marais du Cygne,
On death for the strong life,
On red grass for green!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless

As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

JOHN BROWN.

PHŒBE CARY.

Captain John Brown, of North Elba, N.Y., an enthusiast for the abolition of human slavery, whose exploits in the Kansas troubles had given him the title of "John Brown of Osawatomie," made a descent upon Harper's Ferry, Va., Oct. 16, 1859, with twenty-two men, and captured the arsenal, which he held until the second day, when it was stormed and taken by a party of Federal marines. Brown was tried for treason against Virginia, and other crimes, with six of his band. All were found guilty, and were executed by hanging.

MEN silenced on his faithful lips
Words of resistless truth and power;—
Those words, re-echoing now, have made
The gathering war-cry of the hour.

They thought to darken down in blood
The light of Freedom's burning rays;
The beacon-fires we tend to-day
Were lit in that undying blaze.

They took the earthly prop and staff
Out of an unresisting hand;
God came and led him safely off
By ways they could not understand.

They knew not, when from his old eyes
They shut the world forevermore,
The ladder by which angels come
Rests firmly on the dungeon floor.

They deemed no vision bright could cheer
His stony couch and prison ward;
He slept to dream of Heaven, and rose
To build a Bethel to the Lord!

They showed to his unshrinking gaze
The "sentence" men have paled to see;
He read God's writing of "reprieve,"
And grant of endless liberty.

They tried to conquer and subdue
By marshaled power and bitter hate;
The simple manhood of the man
Was braver than an arméd State.

They hoped at last to make him feel
The felon's shame and felon's dread;
And lo! the martyr's crown of joy
Settled forever on his head!

THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

[Charlestown, December 2, 1859.]

REAR on high the scaffold-altar! All the world will turn to see
How a man has dared to suffer that his brothers may be free!
Rear it on some hillside looking North and South and East and West,
Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow upon his breast,
And the sun look down unshaded from the chill December sky,
Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to die!

All the world will turn to see him;—from the pines of wave-washed Maine
To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain,
And from clear Superior's waters, where the wild swan loves to sail,
To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by ocean's softest gale,—
Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its scorn,
For the man nor courts nor prisons can annoy another morn!
And from distant climes and nations men shall Westward gaze and say,
"He who periled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies to-day."

Never offering was richer, nor did temple fairer rise
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian skies;
Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave the air
Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam waiting there;
And the victim, wreathed and crowned, not for Dian nor for Jove,
But for Liberty and Manhood, comes, the sacrifice of Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the victor's cry
When they see him darkly swinging like a speck against the sky;
Ah! the dying of a hero that the right may win its way,
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow May!
Now his story shall be whispered by the firelight's evening glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton where the hot noon passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watchword from Missouri to the sea,
And his planting find its reaping in the birthday of the Free!

Christ, the crucified, attend him! Weak and erring though he be,
In his measure he has striven, suffering Lord, to love like Thee!
Thou the vine,—Thy friends the branches,—is he not a branch of Thine,

Though some dregs from earthly vintage have defiled the heavenly wine?
Now his tendrils lie unclaspèd, bruised, and prostrate on the sod,—
Take him to thine upper garden where the husbandman is God!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

This is esteemed the best of the many stirring lyrics produced during the late civil war.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER.

A. D. L., OF RALEIGH, N. C.

The South was almost equally as prolific of rhymes as the North during the great conflict; and a number of pieces reflecting the Confederate sentiment, of which the following is one, are included in this compilation. All given hereafter in this division, of Southern authorship, are of this character. The date of Sumter's surrender is April 14, 1861.

'TWAS in the early morning—all Charleston lay asleep,
While yet the purple darkness was resting on the deep,
In the middle of the channel Fort Sumter stood afar,

Above it waved the banner which yet bore every star.
Outside the bar, at sunset, seven steamers we could see,
We knew they brought the slaves of slaves who would coerce the free.
At midnight came the order that when the day should break
The guns from out our batteries must then their challenge speak.
Oh, how anxiously we waited for the dawning of the day!
There was little sleeping all that night in the forts of Charleston bay.
All night along the seashore and up the shelving strand,
Like the ghosts of our old heroes, did the curling sea-mist stand.
They saw their children watching there, as they had watched before,
When a British fleet had crossed the bar and threatened Charleston shore.
But when the first loud gun announced the dawning of the day,
The mists they broke and, lingering, they slowly rolled away.
When the first red streak upon the east told of the rising sun,
'T was then the cannonading from the batteries begun.
All day the cannon thundered along the curving shore,
All day the sea resounded with Sumter's steady roar.
When the land-breeze from the city brought the noon-chimes clear and strong,
We saw the starry flag no more which had floated there so long;
For while the fight was raging we 'd seen the banner fall,
A round-shot cut the staff in twain, and tore it from the wall.
But when they raised no other our General sent them one,
For they 'd kept the lost one bravely, as true men should have done.
The fleet turned slowly southward; we saw the last ship go,
We had saved old Carolina from the insults of the foe.
Oh, we were very thankful when we lay down to rest,
And saw the darkness fall again upon the harbor's breast.
For now above Fort Sumter floats a banner yet unknown,
Upon it are but seven stars, where thirty-two had shone.

APOCALYPSE.

RICHARD REALF.

The theme of this poem is derived from the slaughter of Private Arthur Ladd, of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, the first who fell under the attack of the mob in the memorable passage through Baltimore, April 19, 1861. His is reputed to have been the first bloodshed of the Rebellion.

STRAIGHT to his heart the bullet crushed;
Down from his breast the red blood gushed,
And o'er his face a glory rushed.
A sudden spasm shook his frame,
And in his ears there went and came
A sound as of devouring flame.
Which in a moment ceased, and then
The great light clasped his brows again,
So that they shone like Stephen's when
Saul stood apart a little space
And shook with shuddering awe to trace
God's splendors settling o'er his face.

Thus, like a king, erect in pride,
Raising clean hands toward heaven, he cried,
"All hail the Stars and Stripes!" and died.
Died grandly. But before he fell
(O blessedness ineffable!)
Vision apocalyptical
Was granted to him, and his eyes,
All radiant with glad surprise,
Looked forward thro' the centuries,
And saw the seeds which sages cast
In the world's soil in cycles past,
Spring up and blossom at the last;
Saw how the souls of men had grown,
And where the scythes of Truth had mown
Clear space for Liberty's white throne;
Saw how, by sorrow tried and proved,
The blackening stains had been removed
Forever from the land he loved;
Saw Treason crushed and Freedom crowned,
And clamorous Faction, gagged and bound,
Gasping its life out on the ground.
* * * * * * *
With far-off vision gazing clear
Beyond this gloomy atmosphere
Which shuts us out with doubt and fear,
He marking how her high increase
Ran greatening in perpetual lease
Through balmy years of odorous peace,
Greeted in one transcendent cry
Of intense, passionate ecstasy,
The sight which thrilled him utterly;
Saluting, with most proud disdain
Of murder and of mortal pain,
The vision which shall be again!
So, lifted with prophetic pride,
Raised conquering hands to heaven and cried,
"All hail the Stars and Stripes!" and died.

BETHEL.

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

The affair at Big Bethel, Va., near Fortress Monroe, occurred June 10, 1861, between a small Federal force and a Confederate battery. The Unionists were repulsed, losing among the killed Major Theodore Winthrop, a young soldier of rare accomplishments and literary as well as martial skill.

WE mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be stormed;
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command, but our colonel's low word,—
"Column! Forward!"

And out, through the mist and the murk of the moon,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our colonel came up from the shore,
"Column! Forward!"

Through green-tasseled cornfields our columns were thrown,
And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were mown;
While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the plain,
That our blood might be planted for Liberty's grain,—
"Column! Forward!"

Oh! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,
But their rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours;
And the sunshine of June, sprinkling gold on the corn,
Hath no harvest that ripeneth like BETHEL'S red morn,—
"Column! Forward!"

Then our heroes, like bridegrooms, with lisp and with breath
Drank the first kiss of Danger, and clasped her in death;
And the heart of brave Winthrop grew mute with his lyre,
When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in fire,—
"Column! Forward!

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name,
And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame;
For the gold of the Pen and the steel of the Sword
Write his deeds—in his blood—on the land he adored,—
"Column! Forward!"

And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air,
And the flowers and the grass-blades his memory upbear;
While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves,
With the corn-tassels whispers, and sings in the sheaves,—
"Column! Forward!"

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

MRS. C. A. WARFIELD.

July 21, 1861. This is a Confederate view of it.

THEY have met at last, as storm-clouds
Meet in heaven,
And the Northmen back and bleeding
Have been driven;
And their thunder has been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks, with terror thrilled,
Rent and riven.

Like the leaves of Vallambrosa
They are lying,
In the midnight and the moonlight
Dead or dying;
Like those leaves before the gale
Fled their legions, wild and pale,
While the host that made them quail
Stood defying!

When in the morning sunlight
Flags were flaunted,
And "vengeance on the rebels"
Proudly vaunted,
They little dreamed that night
Would close upon their flight,
And the victor of the fight
Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
In our passes;
Light be the earth above them,
Green the grasses.
Long shall Northmen rue the day
When in battle's wild affray
They met the South's array
At Manassas.

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

ANONYMOUS.

February 16, 1862. The Illinois regiments were numerous in General Grant's army, and some of the heaviest fighting in the battle before Donelson fell upon them.

O GALES that dash th' Atlantic's swell
Along our rocky shores,
Whose thunders diapason well
New England's glad hurrahs—
Bear to the prairies of the West
The echoes of our joy,
The prayer that springs in every breast,—
"God bless thee, Illinois!"

O awful hours, when grape and shell
Tore through th' unflinching line;
"Stand firm, remove the men who fell,
Close up, and wait the sign."
It came at last—"Now, lads, the steel!"
The rushing hosts deploy;
"Charge, boys!"—the broken traitors reel,—
Huzza for Illinois!

In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
The living torrent bars;
It leaps the wall, the fort is won,
Up goes the Stripes and Stars.
Thy proudest mother's eyelids fill,
As dares her gallant boy,
And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill
Yearn to thee, Illinois!

THE CUMBERLAND AND THE MERRIMAC.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

On the 8th of March, 1862, the Cumberland, a fine vessel of the fleet lying off Fortress Monroe, was rammed and sunk by the rebel ironclad Virginia (formerly the Federal Merrimac). The Congress was captured and burnt. The next day a little vessel-of-war of a kind before unknown in naval service, called the Monitor, engaged and drove back the Virginia, finally forcing her destruction.

IN Hampton Roads the airs of March were bland,
Peace on the deck and in the fortress sleeping,
Till, in the look-out of the Cumberland,
The sailor, with his well-poised glass in hand,
Descried the iron island downward creeping.

A sudden wonder seized on land and bay,
And Tumult, with her train, was there to follow;
For still the stranger kept its seaward way,
Looking a great leviathan blowing spray,
Seeking with steady course his ocean wallow.

And still it came, and largened on the sight,
A floating monster, ugly and gigantic;
In shape a wave with long and shelving height,
As if a mighty billow, heaved at night,
Should turn to iron in the mid-Atlantic.

Then ship and fortress gazed with anxious stare,
Until the Cumberland's cannon silence breaking,
Thundered its guardian challenge, "Who comes there?"
But, like a rock-flung echo in the air,
The shot rebounded, no impression making.

Then roared a broadside. Though directed well,
On, like a nightmare, moved the shape defiant;
The tempest of our pounding shot and shell
Crumbled to harmless nothing, thickly fell
From off the sounding armor of the giant!

Unchecked, still onward through the storm it broke,
With beak directed at the vessel's centre;
Then through the constant cloud of sulphurous smoke
Drove, till it struck the warrior's wall of oak,
Making a gateway for the waves to enter.

Struck and, to note the mischief done, withdrew,
And then, with all a murderer's impatience,
Rushed on again, crushing all her ribs anew,
Cleaving the noble hull well-nigh in two,
And on it sped its fiery imprecations.

Swift through the vessel swept the drowning swell,
With splash and rush, and guilty rise appalling;
While sinking cannon rang their own loud knell.
Then cried the traitor from his sulphurous cell,
"Do you surrender?" Oh, these words were galling!

How spake our captain to his comrades then?
It was a shout from out a soul of splendor,

Echoed from lofty maintop, and again
Between-decks, from the lips of dying men,
"Sink, sink, boys, sink! but never say surrender!"

Down went the ship! Down, down; but never down
Her sacred flag to insolent dictator.
Weep for the patriot heroes, doomed to drown;
Pledge to the sunken Cumberland's renown.
She sank, thank God! unsoiled by foot of traitor!

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.

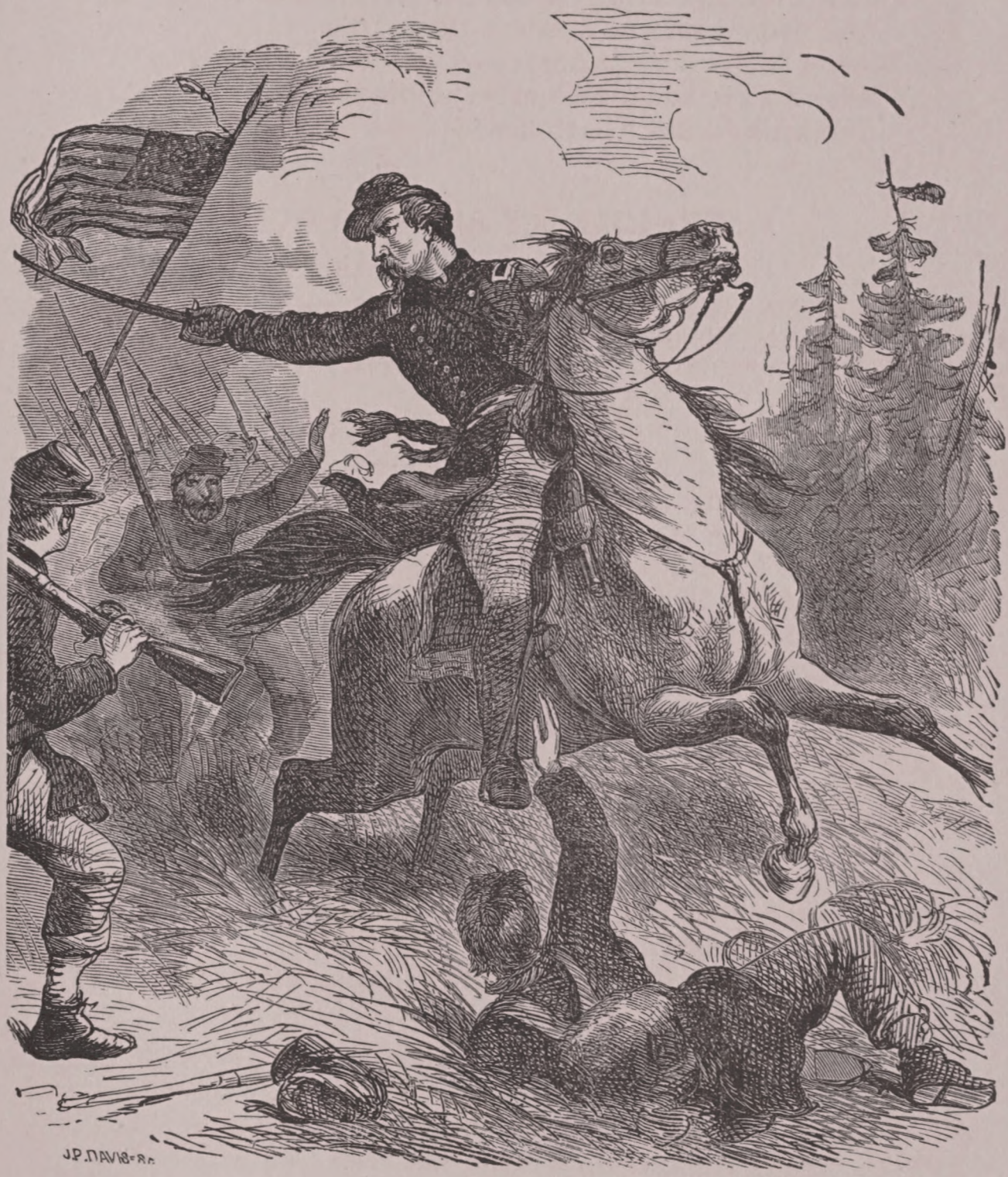
EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, occurred within a few miles of Richmond, near the Chickahominy, May 31 and June 1, 1862. The conduct of the brave General Kearny in this action would alone make it memorable. He afterwards fell at Chantilly, Sept. 1, 1862.

SO that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'T was the day when, with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf-oak and pines;
Where the aim from the thickest was surest and nighest,
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leaped up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,
His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign;
Loud our cheers as we rushed, but his laugh ran the louder,—
"There 's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere, colonel! Forward. 'T is all the same, colonel;
You 'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"



KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is—Forward! along the whole line.

RODES'S BRIGADE CHARGE AT SEVEN PINES.

W. P. C., OF VIRGINIA.

This illustrates the attack of a celebrated brigade of the Confederates, who took the initiative in the battle.

DOWN by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond,
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchral chambers, yet never dismayed,
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond,
Marched the bold soldiers of Rodes's brigade.

See ye the fires and flashings still leaping,
Hear ye the pelting and beating of storm,
See ye the banners of proud Alabama
In front of her columns move steadily on!
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
As it floats through the air 'mid the tumult of sounds,
Hear ye! booming adown the red valley
Carter[1] unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

Twelfth Mississippi, I saw your brave columns
Rush through the channels of living and dead;
Twelfth Alabama, why weep your old war-horse?
He died as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines, ye will tell on the pages of glory
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath the shade,
How the lads of Virginia fought in the red valley,
And fell in the columns of Rodes's brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels,
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain,

1 Captain of a Confederate battery at Seven Pines.

Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers,
  Weep, for they never will come back again!
Weep ye, but know what a halo of glory
  Encircles each chamber of death newly made;
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
  Stands forth on the banners of Rodes's brigade.

Daughters of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers,
  Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave,
Bring ye some emblem of freedom and victory,
  Bring ye some emblem of death and the grave;
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,
  Bring ye exotics that never will fade,
Come to the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond
  And crown the young chieftain who led his brigade.

THE CROSSING AT FREDERICKSBURG.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

December 11, 1862. The main battle occurred two days after, when the army recrossed as soon as possible to the north side of the Rappahannock.

I LAY in my tent at mid-day,
  Too full of pain to die,
When I heard the voice of Burnside,
  And an answering shout reply.
I heard the voice of the General,
  'T was firm, though low and sad;
But the roar that followed his question
  Laughed out till the hills were glad.
"O comrade, open the curtain,
  And see where our men are bound,
For my heart is still in my bosom
  At that terrible, mirthful sound.
And hark what the General orders,
  For I could not catch his words;
And what means that hurry and movement,
  That clash of muskets and swords?"
"Lie still, lie still, my Captain;
  'T is a call for volunteers;
And the noise that vexes your fever
  Is only our soldiers' cheers."

"Where go they?" "Across the river."
  O God! and must I lie still,
While that drum and measured trampling
  Move from me far down the hill?
"How many?" "I judge four hundred."
  Who are they? I 'll know to a man."
"Our own Nineteenth and Twentieth,
  And the Seventh Michigan."
"Oh, to go; but to go with my comrades!
  Tear the curtain away from the hook;
For I 'll see them march down to their glory,
  If I perish by the look!"
They leaped in the rocking shallops,
  Ten offered where one would go;
And the breeze was alive with laughter

Till the boatmen began to row.
Then the shore, where the rebels harbored,
Was fringed with a gush of flame;
And buzzing like bees o'er the water
The swarms of their bullets came.
In silence—how dread and solemn!
With courage—how grand and true!
Steadily, steadily onward
The line of the shallops drew.
Not a whisper! Each man was conscious
He stood in the sight of death;
So he bowed to the awful presence,
And treasured his living breath.
'Twixt death in the air above them,
And death in the waves below,
Through balls and grape and shrapnel
They moved—my God, how slow!
And many a brave, stout fellow,
Who sprang in the boats with mirth,
Ere they made that fatal crossing
Was a load of lifeless earth.
And many a brave, stout fellow,
Whose limbs with strength were rife,
Was torn and crushed and shattered,
A helpless wreck for life.
But yet the boats moved onward;
Through fire and lead they drove,
With the dark, still mass within them,
And the floating stars above.
So loud and near it sounded,
I started at the shout,
As the keels ground on the gravel,
And the eager men burst out.
Cheer after cheer we sent them,
As only armies can,—
Cheers for old Massachusetts,
Cheers for young Michigan!
They formed in line of battle—
Not a man was out of place;
Then with leveled steel they hurled them
Straight in the rebels' face.
"O help me, help me, comrade!
For tears my eyelids drown,
As I see their starry banners
Stream up the smoking town,
And see the noisy workmen
O'er the lengthening bridges run,
And the troops that swarm to cross them
When the rapid work be done.
For the old heat, or a new one,
Flames up in every vein;
And with fever or with passion
I am faint as death again.
If this is death, I care not!
Hear me, men, from rear to van,
One more cheer for Massachusetts,
And one more for Michigan!"

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

[At Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.]

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.
"They 've trapped us, boys!"—
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the Rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate:
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one staid—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There 's one hope still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"—
"Are soldiers, General." "Then,
Charge, Major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said, "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'T is a death salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his specter-call;
But they stir not again: they raise no cheer:
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

In the attack on Port Hudson, below Vicksburg, May 27, 1863.

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land, or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
O, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;

Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.

Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.

O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment.

THE HERO OF FORT WAGNER.

PHŒBE CARY.

General Gilmore's unsuccessful attack on Fort Wagner, near Charleston, was made July 18, 1863. The black regiments, in one of which the subject of this poem was a soldier, greatly distinguished themselves in the assault, where they held the foremost lines.

FORT Wagner! that is the place for us
To remember well, my lad!
For us who were under the guns and know
The bloody work we had.
I should not speak to one so young,
Perhaps, as I do to you;
But you are a soldier's son, my boy,
And you know what soldiers do.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

And when peace comes to our land again,
And your father sits in his home,
You will hear such tales of war as this,
For many a year to come.
We were repulsed from the Fort, you know,
And saw our heroes fall,
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps
Under the frowning wall.
Yet crushed as we were and beaten back,
Our spirits never bowed;
And gallant deeds that day were done
To make a soldier proud.
Brave men were there, for their country's sake,
To spend their latest breath;
But the bravest was one who gave his life
And his body after death.

No greater words than his dying ones
Have been spoken under the sun—
Not even his who brought the news
On the field at Ratisbon.
I was pressing up, to try if yet
Our men might take the place,
And my feet had slipped in his oozing blood
Before I saw his face.
His face—it was as black as the sky o'erhead
With the smoke of the angry guns;
And a gash in his bosom showed the work
Of our country's traitor sons.
"Your pardon, my poor boy," I said;
"I did not see you here;
But I will not hurt you as I pass;
I 'll have a care—no fear!"
He smiled; he had only strength to say
These words, and that was all:
"I 'm done gone, Massa—step on me,
And you can scale the wall!"

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

This remarkable eminence is situated on the south side of the Tennessee river, near Chattanooga, and overlooks one of the grandest views in North America. The so-called "Battle above the Clouds" was fought upon its slopes Nov. 24, 1863.

HISTORIC mount! baptized in flame and blood,
Thy name is as immortal as the rocks
That crown thy thunder-scarred but royal brow.
Thou liftest up thy agéd head in pride
In the cool atmosphere, but higher still
Within the calm and solemn atmosphere
Of an immortal fame. From thy sublime
And awful summit I can gaze afar
Upon innumerous lesser pinnacles,
And oh! my wingéd spirit loves to fly,
Like a strong eagle, 'mid their up-piled crags.
But most on thee, imperial mount, my soul
Is chained as by a spell of power.—I gaze
Where death held erst high carnival. The waves

Of the mysterious death-river moaned;
The tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-roar
Of red-breathed cannon, and the wailing cry
Of myriad victims, filled the air. The smoke
Of battle soared above the charging hosts,
And, when it passed, the grand old flag no more
Waved in the light of heaven. The soil was wet
And miry with the life-blood of the brave,
As with a drenching rain; and yon broad stream,
The noble and majestic Tennessee,
Ran reddened toward the deep.
But thou, O bleak
And rocky mountain, wast the theatre
Of a yet fiercer struggle. On thy height,
Where now I sit, a proud and gallant host,
The chivalry and glory of the South,
Stood up awaiting battle. Sombre clouds,
Floating afar beneath them, shut from view
The stern and silent foe, whose storied flag
Bore on its folds our country's monarch-bird,
Whose talons grasped the thunderbolt. Up, up
Thy rugged sides they came with measured tramp,
Unheralded by bugle, drum, or shout;
And though the clouds closed round them with the gloom
Of double night, they paused not in the march
Till sword and plume and bayonet emerged
Above the spectral shades that circled round
Thy awful breast. Then suddenly a storm
Of flame and lead and iron downward burst
From this tall pinnacle, like winter hail.
Long, fierce, and bloody was the strife,—alas!
The noble flag, our country's hope and pride,
Sank down beneath the surface of the clouds,
As sinks the pennon of a shipwrecked bark
Beneath a stormy sea, and naught was heard
Save the wild cries and moans of stricken men,
And the swift rush of fleeing warriors down
Thy rugged steeps.
But soon the trumpet-voice
Of the bold chieftain of the routed host
Resounded through the atmosphere, and pierced
The clouds that hung around thee. With high words
He quickly summoned his brave soldiery back
To the renewal of the deadly fight;

Again their stern and measured tramp was heard
By the flushed Southrons, as it echoed up
Thy bold, majestic cliffs. Again they burst,
Like spirits of destruction, through the clouds,
And 'mid a thousand hurtling missiles swept
Their foes before them as the whirlwind sweeps
The strong oaks of the forest. Victory
Perched with her sister-eagle on the scorched
And torn and blackened banner.
Awful mount!
The stains of blood have faded from thy rocks;
The cries of mortal agony have ceased
To echo from thy hollow cliffs, the smoke
Of battle long since melted into air,
And yet thou art unchanged. Ay, thou wilt lift
In majesty thy walls above the storm,
Mocking the generations as they pass;
And pilgrims of the far-off centuries
Will sometimes linger in their wanderings,
To ponder, with a deep and sacred awe,
The legend of the fight above the clouds.

THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

REV. THERON BROWN.

BY the banks of Chattanooga, watching with a soldier's heed,
In the chilly autumn morning gallant Grant was on his steed;
For the foe had climbed above him with the banners of their band,
And their cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders—"Howard, Thomas, to the bridge!
One brigade aboard the Dunbar! Storm the heights of Mission Ridge!
On the left the ledges, Sherman, charge and hurl the rebels down!
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout, and the slopes before the town!"

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the traitors where they lay,
On the gleaming Union army marshaled as for muster-day—
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward from the farms,
And they dropped their idle glasses in a hurried rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands surely, swiftly swept the lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb,
And the star-flag of our country soared in smoke o'er Orchard Knob.

Day and night, and day returning, ceaseless shock and ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned along the range,
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled heaven's mist and rain
Till th' ascending squadron vanished from the gazers on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore,
From the roofs of yonder city, anxious eyes the clouds explore;
But no rift amid the darkness shows them fathers, brothers, sons,
Where they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! Charge for God and country! Up! Aha, they rush, they rise
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-clouded skies;
And the battle-field is bloody where a dew-drop never falls,
For a voice of tearless justice for a tearless vengeance calls.

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions: well their foes might be dismayed,
Standing in His mountain temple, 'gainst the terrors of His aid;
And the clouds might fitly echo pæan loud and parting gun
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor host undone.

They have conquered! Thro' the region where our brothers plucked the palm,
Rings the noise in which they won it with the sweetness of a psalm.
And our wounded, sick, and dying hear it in their crowded wards,
And they whisper, "Heaven is with us! Lo, our battle is the Lord's!"

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison hells,
List those guns of cloudland booming glad as freedom's morning bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting, with their cheeks against the bars,
Feel God's breath of hope, and see it playing with the stripes and stars.

Tories, safe in serpent treason, startle as those airy cheers
And that wild, ethereal war-drum fall like doom upon their ears,
And that rush of cloud-borne armies, rolling back a nation's shame,
Frights them with its sound of judgment and its flash of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal sires despondent grown,
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven blown,
And the patriot's children wonder in their simple hearts to know
In the land above the thunder our embattled champions go.

FARRAGUT'S BAY FIGHT.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Admiral Farragut forced his fleet into Mobile harbor August 5, 1864, defeating the rebel fleet and capturing its commander and the ram "Tennessee."

HOW they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the giant ship!
And how the enemy's shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers:—
But ah, the pluck of the crew!
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor;—
There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit.
There were eyes from turfy Shannon,
There were black orbs from palmy Niger,—
But there, alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger.

Right abreast of the fort
In an awful shroud they lay,
Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port;
Scene of glory and dread!
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red,
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead.
So grand the burly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.
Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
Worth all the weary time,
Worth the woe and the peril
To stand in that strait sublime.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

T. B. READ.

From Winchester to the battle of Cedar Creek, where General Early was driving the Union forces, Oct. 19, 1864. This is one of the most famous of the Rebellion poems.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,

Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of fame—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The Confederate cruiser Alabama, which had inflicted great injury upon the commerce of the United States, was sunk by the Federal war-vessel Kearsarge, in command of Captain Winslow, June 19, 1864, off Cherbourg, France, after a spirited action.

IN Cherbourg Roads the pirate lay
One morn in June, like a beast at bay,
Feeling secure in the neutral port,
Under the guns of the Frenchman's fort,—
A thieving vulture, a coward thing,
Sheltered beneath a despot's wing.

But there outside, in the calm, blue bay,
Our ocean eagle, the Kearsarge, lay;
Lay at ease on the Sunday morn,
Holding the corsair ship in scorn;
With captain and crew in the might of their right
Willing to pray, but more eager to fight.

Four bells are struck, and this thing of night,
Like a panther crouching with fierce affright,
Must leap from his cover and, come what may,
Must fight for his life or steal away.
So, out of the port with his braggart air,
With flaunting flags sailed the proud corsair.

The Cherbourg cliffs were all alive
With lookers-on, like a swarming hive;
While compelled to do what he dared not shirk,

The pirate went to his desperate work;
And Europe's tyrants looked on in glee,
As they thought of our Kearsarge sunk in the sea.

But our little bark smiled back at them
A smile of contempt, with that Union gem,
The American banner, far-floating and free,
Proclaiming her champions were out on the sea;
Were out on the sea and abroad on the land,
Determined to win under God's command.

Down came the vulture; our eagle sat still,
Waiting to strike with his ironclad bill;
Convinced by the glow of his glorious cause
He could crumple his foe in the grasp of his claws.

"Clear the decks!" then said Winslow—words measured and slow;
"Point the guns, and prepare for the terrible blow;
And whatever the fate to ourselves may be,
We will sink in the ocean this pest of the sea."

The decks were all cleared and the guns were all manned,
Awaiting to meet this Atlantic brigand;
When lo! roared a broadside; the ship of the thief
Was torn, and wept blood in that moment of grief.

Another! another! another! And still
The broadsides went in with a hearty good will,
Till the pirate reeled wildly, as staggering and drunk,
And down to his own native regions he sunk.

Down, down, forty fathoms beneath the blue wave,
And the hopes of old Europe lie in the same grave;
While Freedom, more firm, stands upon her own sod,
And for heroes like Winslow is shouting, "Thank God!"

THE SONG OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

Sherman's renowned "march to the sea" began from Atlanta Nov. 14, 1864, and closed with the occupation of Savannah Dec. 21.

A PILLAR of fire by night,
A pillar of smoke by day,
Some hours to march—then a halt to
fight,



SUNSET OVER ATLANTA.

And so we hold our way;
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,
As on we hold our way.

Over mountain and plain and stream,
To some bright Atlantic bay,
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,
We hold our festal way;
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,
We hold our checkless way!

There is terror wherever we come,
There is terror and wild dismay
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum
Announce us on the way;
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum
Beating time to our onward way.

Never unlimber a gun
For those villainous lines in gray,
Draw sabres, and at 'em upon the run,
'T is thus we clear our way;
Draw sabres, and soon you will see them run,
As we hold our conquering way.

The loyal, who long have been dumb,
Are loud in their cheers to-day;
And the old men out on their crutches come,
To see us hold on our way;
And the old men out on their crutches come,
To bless us on our way.

Around us in rear and flanks,
Their futile squadrons play,
With a sixty-mile front of steady ranks,
We hold our checkless way;
With a sixty-mile front of serried ranks,
Our banner clears the way.

Hear the spattering fire that starts
From the woods and copses gray;
There is just enough fighting to quicken our hearts,
As we frolic along the way!
There is just enough fighting to warm our hearts,
As we rattle along our way.

Upon different roads, abreast,
The heads of our columns gay,
With fluttering flags, all forward pressed,
Hold on their conquering way;
With fluttering flags to victory pressed,
We hold our glorious way.

Ah, traitors! who bragged so bold
In the sad war's early day,
Did nothing predict you should ever behold
The Old Flag come this way?
Did nothing predict you should yet behold
Our banner come back this way?

By Heaven! 't is a gala march,
'T is a picnic, or a play;
Of all our long war 't is the crowning arch,
Hip, hip! for Sherman's way!
Of all our long war this crowns the arch—
For Sherman and Grant, hurrah!

THE SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

FLORENCE ANDERSON.

At Appomattox Court-house, April 9, 1865. A Southern view.

HAVE we wept till our eyes were dim with tears,
Have we borne the sorrows of four long years,
Only to meet this sight?
O merciful God! can it really be
This downfall awaits our gallant Lee
And the cause we counted right?

Have we known this bitter, bitter pain,
Have all our dear ones died in vain?
Has God forsaken quite?
Is this the answer to every prayer,
This anguish of untold despair,
This spirit-scathing blight?

Heart-broken we kneel on the bloody sod,
We hide from the wrath of our angry God,
Who bows us in the dust.
We heed not the sneer of the insolent foe,
But that thou, O God! shouldst forsake us so,
In whom was our only trust!

Even strong men weep—the men who stand
Fast in defense of our native land—
These gallant hearts and brave;
They wept not the souls who fighting fell,
For the hero's death became them well,
And they feared not the hero's grave.

They have marched through long and stormy nights,
They have borne the brunt of a hundred fights,
And their courage never failed;
Hunger and cold, and the summer heat,
They have felt on the march and the long retreat;
Yet their brave hearts never quailed.

Now all these hardships seem real bliss,
Compared with the grief of a scene like this,—
This speechless, this wordless woe;
That Lee, at the head of his faithful band,
The flower and pride of our Southern land,
Must yield to the hateful foe.

The conquered foe of a hundred fields—
The foe that, conquering, the laurel yields
Lee's sad, stern brow to grace;
For he, with the pain of defeat in his heart,
Will bear in history the nobler part,
And fill the loftier place.

Scatter the dust on each bowéd head,
Happy, thrice happy the honored dead,
Who sleep their last, long sleep;
For we who live in the coming years,
Beholding days ghastly with phantom fears,—
What can we do but weep?

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia April 16, 1862, and in the Territories June 19 of the same year. January 1, 1863, the proclamation of President Lincoln freed all slaves in the rebel States. The Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, abolishing slavery throughout the Union, passed the Senate April 8, 1864, and the House of Representatives January 31, 1865. Its ratification by the requisite number of States was officially proclaimed Dec. 18, 1865, which is the date of the death of slavery in the United States.

O THOU great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
And look with stony eye on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er;
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament.
Fields, where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs

Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
  Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
  And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
  And they who filled its judgment-seats, obeyed
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate.
    Fierce men at thy right hand,
    With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;
  And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and, in blank dismay,
  Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;
While meaner cowards, mingling with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
  The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride;
  Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.
    And they who quailed but now
    Before thy lowering brow
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
  And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
  Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
  Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
  Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;
    Thy inner lair became
    The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
  Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
  A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

Go then, accursed of God, and take thy place
With baleful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting pest, and nameless crime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay,
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt,—
Death at the stake to those that held them not.
Lo, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.
There, 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Born in obscurity and poverty February 12, 1809, in Hardin Co., Ky., died President of the United States, by the shot of the assassin John Wilkes Booth, April 15, 1865. The following beautiful lines are an extract from the Commemoration Ode, pronounced at Harvard College by Mr. Lowell, in memory of the dead of the war.

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And can not make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Respecting as by rote:

For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, if Europe fronting mornward still
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and can not wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,



THE CHICAGO FIRE, 1871

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
A new birth of our new soil, the first American.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The battle of the Little Big Horn, in Montana, in which General Custer and his entire command were cut off, occurred July 2, 1876.

IN that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roared down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face;
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with the yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and riverside
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire:
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face in his flight
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the year of a Hundred Years.

CHICAGO.

EDWARD RENAUD.

October 8th, 9th, and 10th, 1871. Seventy-three miles of streets, or 2,124 acres of ground, were burned over, with a loss of 17,450 buildings and $200,000,000 in property.

About two hundred human lives were also sacrificed, and 98,500 persons were driven from their homes.

NIGHT sank upon the city,
O'er river, lake, and plain—
Over the mart and palace—
Hiding the want and pain.
But o'er the sleeping multitude
No kindly veil was drawn,
Hiding the fearful waking—
Hiding the dreary dawn.

Sudden the flames burst, roaring
'Mid clash and clang of bell,
Fanned by the fierce tornado,
A surging, fiery hell,
Into whose seething bosom
Crash spire, and roof, and wall,—
While high the lurid firmament
Hangs like a purple pall!

Under the burning bridges
The flaming vessels sail
Over a molten river,
Driven before the gale.
What shrieks of awful anguish,
What groans of deep despair,
Rose to that firmament of brass,
Rending the scorching air!

From fiery night to morning,
From flaming dawn to night,
Rolled the resistless tide of fire
In roaring waves of might;
Till from the pitying heavens
Poured down the blessèd rain,
And a dark pall of misery
Sank on the blackened plain!

Fallen is the queenly city!
Her palaces and towers,
Her pillared porticoes of pride
Sink in a few short hours;
While all her mourning multitude—
Naked, unhoused, unfed—
Strive through the depths of dumb despair,
Weeping, to find their dead!

O sad and mournful sister,
Clad in thy widow's weeds—
What shall we say to comfort thee?
How shall we help thy needs?
With sackcloth girt about thee,
Ashes upon thy head,
Lo! we will house thy little ones,
Clothed shall they be, and fed!

See! all thy sister cities
Stretch forth their eager hands,
Filled with the bread of blessing,
While from the distant lands
Swiftly the lightning flashes,
Under the surging seas,
From Albion's isle the message
Of gentle charities!

These are the ties that bind us
As brethren true and tried,
Though sounding seas may part us,
Or war-clouds dark divide;
One only aim we follow,
One guerdon great we prize,
Healing the heart's deep sorrows
Wiping the weeping eyes!

Still shall the great twin nations,
Three thousand miles apart,
Learning the same sweet lesson,
Beat with a kindred heart!
Still shall the flags of Freedom
Cover our cruel scars—
The symbol cross of England
Blent with the Stripes and Stars!

A DIRGE.

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

Gen. James A. Garfield was born in Orange, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831, and became twentieth President of the United States March 4, 1881. July 2 next following he was shot down in the Washington railway depot by Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, and died September 19. His remains were entombed one week after, with imposing ceremonies, in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio. No other event of the kind, except the assassination of President Lincoln, made such a profound sensation throughout the civilized world.

TOLL,—
Aye, toll, ye mournful bells,
A world-wide passing knell;
Toll for a hero's soul.

Drape,
And sadly drop the flag
Half-mast o'er land and sea,
And bind each door with crape.

Weep,—
Ye stricken people, weep
Around the hallowed bier
Of Garfield's silent sleep.

Great,—
Sublimely great and pure,
Was this, our chosen chief,
In battle or debate.

Love,—
Whole-souled, deep love was his,
For Country, Home, and Truth,
Like to that love above

Write,
Amid the stars and stripes,—
Write high his worthy name;
'T will make the stars more bright.

Praise,—
Yes, praise the Lord on high
For all he was to us,
While heavenward we gaze.

Well,—
"He doeth all things well;"
For age to distant age
His name and fame shall tell.

Fears,—
No, not one fear for him,
Nor for our smitten land,
Tho' flood-like fall our tears.

Toll,—
Yes, toll, ye mournful bells,
And roll, ye muffled drums,
Farewell, O noble soul,
Farewell.

Detroit Evening News.

PETER COOPER: PRIVATE CITIZEN.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Peter Cooper was born in New York City February 12, 1790, and after an unusually protracted life of usefulness, honor, and great business success, died in the same city April 4, 1883. He was founder of the Cooper Institute, and otherwise one of the foremost benefactors and philanthropists of the age.

GIVE honor and love forevermore
To this great man gone to rest;

Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

So, whether to wander the stars or to rest
Forever hushed and dumb,
He gave with a zest, and he gave his best,
And deserves the best to come.



MEXICO.

MONTEREY.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

The battle of Monterey was the first important action upon the soil of Mexico, after the opening of the war between that country and the United States. It was waged Sept. 21 and 22, 1846, between General Taylor's force of 6,500 and a garrison of 10,000 Mexicans, under Ampudia, occupying strong fortifications, which were stormed on the 22d, when the battle was continued from square to square. On the 24th Ampudia surrendered the city and garrison.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We were not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us have not confessed
He 'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

THE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

REV. J. G. LYONS.

A Mexican woman was observed during the battle, busily carrying water and food to the wounded of both armies, and binding up their hurts. A shot, probably accidental, struck her, and she fell dead while returning with fresh supplies to the field.

THE strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And, pealing through that mortal fray,
Flashed the strong battery's vengeful gun;

Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood, in toil and danger first,
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found a pale and stricken foe,
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parched and fevered lips;
When, thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot and flaming shell
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she, the good and gentle, fell.

They laid her in her narrow bed—
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed and tears were shed
Above her lowly resting-place.
Ay! Glory's crimson worshipers
Wept over her unkindly fall,
For deeds of mercy such as hers
Subdue the heart and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease;
They heed alike our praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair or gay,
Was she who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey.

BUENA VISTA.

ALBERT PIKE.

On the 23d and 24th of February, 1847, General Taylor, with 5,200 men, defeated Santa Anna, commanding about 20,000, with a loss of nearly 2,000, the former losing 746. Taylor's excellent artillery service was chiefly effective in winning the victory. The battle was fought at the village of Buena Vista ("Fine View"), in the Mexican State of Coahuila, on the San Juan.

FROM the Rio Grandé's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again—
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide:
Where the enemy came singing, like the Mississippi's flood;
And the reaper Death was busy, with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast:
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands,—yea, with more than four to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!

Upon them with your squadrons, May!—Out leaps the flaming steel!
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain.—Now to the left to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair:

For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring,—
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, brave artillery! Bold dragoons!—Steady, my men, and calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the hail?
We 'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale.
Lo!—their battery is silenced now; our iron hail still showers;
They falter, halt, retreat!—Hurrah! the glorious day is ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries—his strong reserve moves on;—
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won;
Now for your wives and children stand! Steady, my braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight! as you never fought before.

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely!—McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the astonished air.
The lancers are upon them, too!—the foe swarms ten to one—
Hardin is slain—McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

Still suddenly the cannon roared—but died away at last:
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast,
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver shield,
And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field;—
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna fled.

MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke, and younger brother of the Emperor of Austria, was but thirty-one years of age when he was induced to accept the crown of Mexico, which an assembly of Mexican notables, dominated by French bayonets, attempted to erect as an empire. He entered the City of Mexico in June, 1864, and maintained himself against Juarez and his followers, who were struggling for independence, until the night of May 14, 1867, when one of his generals betrayed him at Queretaro. He, with Generals Miramon and Mejia, was tried by court-martial, and the three were shot on the 19th of July. His remains were taken to Europe, where his widow, "poor Carlotta," still lives, but almost bereft of her reason, which was wrecked by her efforts with European monarchs in his behalf.

THE scion of immemorial lines,
August with histories hoary,
Whose grand, imperial heirship shines
With the starriest names of story,—
Stands doomed to die:—and the grenadiers
In serried and silent column,
Their pitiless eyes half dazed with tears,
Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young Emperor lifts his brow,—
It never has shown so regal;
Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
No blazing coronet binds his head,
No ermined purple is round him;
But his manhood's majesty instead
With royaller rank has crowned him.

An instant's space he is caught away
To Schönbrunn's peaceful bowers;
There 's a lightning-dazzle of boyhood's day;
Vienna's glittering towers
Flash back with a mocking, blinding glare;
To barter such princely splendor,
For wrecked ambition and stark despair,
Betrayal and base surrender!

Wild, infinite, taunting memories thrill
His soul to its molten center;
Remorses that madden him clamor still,
But he will not let them enter.
The groveling traffic of time all done,
He would have the temple lonely,
Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
Aglow with a light elysian,
The mullioned windows of Miramar
Loom out on his tortured vision;
He looks on its gray abeles again;
He is treading its pleachèd alleys;
He is guiding his darling's slackened rein,
As they scorn the dimpled valleys.

He can gaze his last on the earth and sky,—
Step forth to his doom, nor shiver,—
Eternity from his steadfast eye,
And never a muscle quiver:
But love's heart-rackings, despairs, and tears
Wrench the fixed lips asunder;
"My poor Carlotta!"—Now, grenadiers,
Your volley may belch its thunder!

SOUTH AMERICA.

THE SPANISH CONQUESTS IN AMERICA.

FRANCES BROWN.

Within twenty years after the discovery of the New World, armed conquest for Spain began. Cuba was seized and colonized in 1511; the Isthmus two years after; Mexico in 1519; Peru, 1531–36; and other South American countries in rapid succession. Although this poem has reference to a part of North America as well, it is more convenient to insert it here.

WHENCE came those glorious shadows?—Say,
Ye far and nameless tombs!
Ye silent cities, lost to-day
Amid the forest glooms!
Is there no echo in the glades
Whose massive foliage never fades,—
No voice among the pathless shades,
To tell of glory gone?
Gone from faint memory's fading dreams,
From shepherd's tales and poet's themes;
And yet the bright, eternal streams
Unwasted still roll on,—
Majestic as they rolled before
A sail had sought or found the shore.

But by those mighty rivers then
What peaceful nations met,
Among the race of mortal men
Unnamed, unnumbered yet!
And cities rose and temples shone,
And power and splendor graced the throne,
And autumn's riches, freely strown,
Repaid the peasant's pains;
For homes of love and shrines of prayer
And fields of storied fame were there,
And smiling landscapes freshly fair,—
The haunts of happy swains,—
And many a wide and trackless wild,
Where roved the farmer's tameless child.

* * * * * * *

Shades of Columbia's perished host!
How shall a stranger tell
The deeds that glorified your coast,
Before its warriors fell?
Where sleeps thy mountain muse, Peru?
And Chili's matchless hills of dew,
Had they no harp to freedom true,
No bard of native fire,
To sing his country's ancient fame,
And keep the brightness of her name
Unfading as the worshiped flame?—
The wealth of such a lyre
Outvalues all the blood-bought ore
That e'er Iberia's galleons bore.

Iberia, on thine ancient crown
The blood of nations lies,
With power to weigh thy glory down,
With voice to pierce the skies!
For, written with an iron pen
Upon the memories of men,
The deeds that marked thy conquest then
Forevermore remain:—
And still the saddest of the tale
Is Afric's wild and weary wail,—

Though prelates spread the slaver's sail,[1]
And forged the negro's chain:
The curse of trampled liberty
Forever clings to thine and thee!
* * * * * * *

Bright were the spears and brave the hearts
That held those early fields,—
And vain against their poisoned darts
Were Europe's knightly shields;
But say, is that the lightning's flash
That smites the warriors, as they dash
Upon their foes?—The mountain ash
Ne'er shed its shrivelled leaves
So fast before the winter's breath,
As fall their crowds by hill and heath,
Where fast the ancient reaper Death
Mows down the mortal sheaves!

For still, where nations win or yield,
Death is the victor of the field!

They fall as fell the perished brave
For whom no wreaths have sprung,
Who sank in silence to the grave
Unstoried and unsung.
In vain Peru renews her darts,—
In vain La Plata plies her arts,—
And Chili[2] sends her dauntless hearts,
That would not bow, but bleed.
Ah! wherefore fails the righteous cause?
Oh! must the sword that Freedom draws,
When arming for her holiest laws,
Be found a broken reed?
Woe for the nations!—it was so
With Montezuma's Mexico!

1 A bishop is said to have suggested to the Emperor Charles the Fifth the necessity of introducing negro slaves into his American colonies.
2 The natives of Chili long resisted the Spaniards, and it is said could never be subdued.

BALBOA.

J. BUCHANAN READ.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was one of the Spanish conquerors of the sixteenth century, renowned by their discoveries and achievements in the New World. He joined an expedition to Darien in 1510, but had to hide himself in a cask on shipboard to escape from his creditors; became chief of the colony, conquered much new territory for Spain, and, Sept. 25, 1513, from a mountain summit on the Isthmus, was the first of Europeans to behold the great Pacific Sea. He was beheaded at Santa Maria four years after, on an accusation of meditated rebellion.

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf
Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar
The Indian's golden ore.
And hid among the freighted casks,
Where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men,
Three hundred years ago!

But when the fading town and land
Had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face,
And not a fear had he!
"What villain thou?" Fernandez cried,
"And wherefore serve us so?"
"To be thy follower," he replied
Three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face,
A courage firm and bold,

His words fell on his comrades' hearts
  Like precious drops of gold.
They saw not his ambitious soul;
  He spoke it not—for lo!
He stood among the common ranks
  Three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay
  At golden Darien,
A murmur, born of discontent,
  Grew loud among the men:
And with the word there came the act;
  And with the sudden blow
They raised Balboa from the ranks
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath
  The banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul,
  As he had grasped the sword:
He saw the mountain's fair blue height,
  Whence golden waters flow;
Then with his men he scaled the crags,
  Three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled brakes,
  The rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned darts
  From many an ambush shed.
He gained the turret crag alone—
  And wept to see below
An ocean, boundless and unknown,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height
  The banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still
  As still he grasped his sword.
Then down he rushed with all his men,
  As headlong rivers flow,
And plunged breast deep into the sea,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head
  The conquering flag of Spain,
He waved his gleaming sword, and smote
  The waters of the main:
For Rome! for Leon! and Castile!
  Thrice gave the cleaving blow;
And thus Balboa claimed the sea
  Three hundred years ago.

TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

In April, 1819, an expedition to aid in the suppression of the revolutionists in Spanish America set sail from Spain. The dispersion and failure of this expedition furnished the occasion for this sonnet.

REJOICE, ye heroes! Freedom's old ally,
Unchanging Nature, who hath seen the powers
Of thousand tyrannies decline like flowers,
Your triumph aids with eldest sympathy:—
The breeze hath swept again the stormy sky
That wooed Athenian waves with tenderest kiss,
And breathed, in glorious rage, o'er Salamis!
Leaguing with deathless chiefs, whose spirits high
Shared in its freedom—now from long repose

It wakes to dash unmastered Ocean's foam
O'er the proud navies of your tyrant foes;
Nor shall it cease in ancient might to roam
Until it hath borne your contest's glorious close
To every breast where freedom finds a home.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bolivar, styled "El Liberador," or the Liberator, was a native South American, born at Caracas July 25, 1783, of a noble and rich family. He was the chief instrument in effecting the freedom of Venezuela, New Grenada, and Peru from the Spanish yoke. Bolivia, formed from the upper provinces of Peru, is named from him. He died at San Pedro in December, 1830. Bolivar is sometimes called "the Washington of the New World."

A DIRGE is wailing from the Gulf of storm-vexed Mexico,
To where through Pampas solitudes the mighty rivers flow;
The dark Sierras hear the sound, and from each mountain rift,
Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful summits lift.
Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly upon heaven,
And Chimborazo's shattered peak the upper sky has riven—
From mount to mount, from wave to wave, a wild and long lament,
A sob that shakes like her earthquakes the startled continent!

A light dies out, a life is sped—the hero at whose word
The nations started as from sleep and girded on the sword,
The victor of a hundred fields where blood was poured like rain,
And Freedom's loosened avalanche hurled down the hosts of Spain.
The eagle soul on Junin's slope who showed his shouting men
A grander sight than Balboa saw from wave-washed Darien.
As from the snows with battle red died out the sinking sun,
And broad and vast beneath him lay a world for freedom won.

How died that victor? In the field with banners o'er him thrown,
With trumpets to his failing ear by charging squadrons blown,
With scattered foemen flying fast and fearfully before him,
With shouts of triumph swelling round, and brave men bending o'er him?
Not on his fields of victory, nor in his council hall,
The worn and sorrowing leader heard the inevitable call.
Alone he perished in the land he saved from Slavery's ban,
Maligned and doubted and denied, a broken-hearted man!

Now let the New World's banners droop above the fallen chief,
And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be wet with tears of grief!—
For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for friendship hatred grown,

Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and priestly mass atone?—
Better to leave unmourned the dead than wrong men while they live;
What if the strong man failed or erred, could not his own forgive?
O people freed by him, repent above your hero's bier;
The sole resource of late remorse is now his tomb to rear!

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Slavery in the Empire of Brazil was abolished by an act of September, 1871, providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. It was the last country in the Western Hemisphere in which enforced human servitude still lingered.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more.
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light!"—Son of the South,
Lift up thy honored head,
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,
But safe shall justice prove;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes his statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure.
Lo! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar
Stretches to thee his hand

Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,
  Wrote freedom on his land.
And he whose grave is holy by our calm
  And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm
  To greet thee with "Well done!"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
  And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
  Her promise half fulfilled.
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,
  No sound thereof hath died;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
  Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
  And far the end may be;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
  Go out and leave thee free.

WEST INDIES.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

François Dominique Toussaint, also called L'Ouverture, was a native of St. Domingo, of slave parentage, born in 1743. From the humblest beginnings he rose to be a general and liberator of great renown. In 1793 he conquered the northern division of St. Domingo for the French Republic, and ruled the entire island by 1801. Bonaparte re-established slavery in the island, which the Republic had abolished. Toussaint resisted, but was compelled to submission and flight by a powerful fleet. He was afterwards treacherously seized, and died at Paris in prison, April 27, 1803.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies;
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

August 1, 1834, by act of the British Parliament, slavery ceased in all the British colonies. A temporary system of apprenticeship was substituted; but this was also abolished in 1838, and the negroes were completely enfranchised. The 1st of August is still celebrated with much enthusiasm as "Emancipation Day."

WHERE laugh the bright Antilles
Amid the Southern main,
Oppression long in pride had ruled
With bloody scourge and chain—
The negro, crushed beneath his hand,
Bent at his cheerless toil,
And poured his unavailing tears
Upon the thirsty soil.

Curses and groans went upward
Continually to God,
And shrieks which vexed the quiet air
Where'er the tyrant trod—
The negro's cup was dregged with tears,
And—darkest, dreariest fate—
His fetters clanked within his soul,
And made it desolate.

Year after year of bondage
The self-same story told
Of guilt, and woe, and severed hearts,
Mothers and children sold,
Hopes crushed, affections blighted, ties
The holiest rent in twain,
And myriad victims flung upon
Thy bloody altar, Gain!

God saw it all!—the record
Was traced before his eye—
And in his own good time he sent
Deliverance from on high!
For the oppression of the poor
He rose, and shook the earth;
His hand unlocked the prison door
And led the captives forth.

Then swelled the choral anthem
Those sunny isles among—
The freedman shouted in his joy,
And songs were on his tongue—
Songs of thanksgiving, bursts of prayer,
On every hill were heard;
The vales were vocal, and the air
With melody was stirred!

Praise to thy name, Jehovah!
Who hath deliverance wrought!—
We view the wonders of thy power
With reverential thought;
We cry to thee in faith, O Lord!
Stretch forth thy helping hand,—
Break the strong fetters of the slave
And spare our guilty land!

ARCTIC REGIONS.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

The saddest of many sad chapters in the history of exploration in the frozen North, is that concerning Sir John Franklin. He was an officer in the British navy, detailed in 1819 to conduct an expedition to Hudson's Bay and the Arctic coast, which lasted three and a half years, and produced valuable results. For this and subsequent explorations in that quarter, he was knighted in 1827, and made D. C. L. by the University of Oxford, among other high honors. He was nearly sixty years old when, in May, 1845, he sailed with the Erebus and Terror, on his last Arctic voyage, from which he never returned, nor any of his companions. At least twenty expeditions of search, at a cost of $5,000,000, were despatched during the next eleven years; but his fate was not definitely ascertained until 1859, when it was found that he died amid the eternal ice and snows June 11, 1847, long after the abandonment of his vessels. The story is most pathetically illustrated by the unwearied devotion, hope, and energy of Lady Franklin, by whose vessel the positive intelligence of his death was finally obtained. He was one of England's boldest and most successful explorers.

"OH, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the Pole
I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
If you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the Frozen Pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
"Half England is wrong if he is right;
Bear off to westward, then!"

"Oh, whither sail you, brave Englishman?"
Cried the little Esquimaux;
"Between your land and the Polar Star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there,"
The little Indian said,
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too;

"A sailor to change from ship to sled
I ween were something new!"

All through the long, long polar day
The vessels westward sped,
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled,—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho, see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said;
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
The crew laughed out in glee.

"Sir John! Sir John! 't is bitter cold;
The scud drives on the breeze;
The ice comes looming from the north;
The very sunbeams freeze!"

The drifting icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

"The summer 's gone, the winter 's come;
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee
Till the thickening waters dashed no more—
'T was ice around, behind, before—
"My God! there is no sea!"

"What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship
To cruise through ice and snow."

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak;
The hard, green ice is strong as death;
I pr'ythee, captain, speak!"

"The night is neither bright nor short;
The stinging breeze is cold;
The ice is not so strong as hope!
The heart of man is bold!"

* * * * * * * *

"Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there—there—there again!
'T is some uneasy iceberg's roar
As he turns in the frozen main."

"Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open to the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers"—
"But when, Sir John; but when?"

"Oh, when shall I see my orphan child—
My Mary that waits for me?
Oh, when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again."
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek—
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold;
The ice grows more and more;

More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"O think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We 'll ever see the land?
'T was cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand!

"T was cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help and home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea!
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come!"

"Oh, whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done:
The truth is found, the secret won,—
We passed the Northern sea!"

* * * * * * * *

Long years went by. Hope died in fear,
But never relented the frost.
Some letters that stood for the brave and dear,
And some oars and bones told the story drear;—
Then we knew what the secret cost!

THE END.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Page

ADDISON, JOSEPH:
The Battle of Blenheim.... 174
A. L. D.:
The Fall of Fort Sumter.... 412
ADOLPHUS, GUSTAVUS:
Battle Song..... 329
ÆSCHYLUS:
The Battle of Salamis..... 70
The Persian Invasion 96
ALBA, TAAFER BEN:
The Battle of Sabla 365
ALEXANDER, MRS. C. F.:
The Burial of Moses..... 17
ANDERSON, FLORENCE:
Surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia..... 434
ANONYMOUS:
Samson 24
The Birth of Jesus Christ.. 130
To the Unknown God..... 141
King Alfred's Will..... 149
Chevy Chase..... 156
Death of Mary Stuart..... 192
The Legend of Barbarossa. 261
William Tell..... ... 277
Garibaldi..... 298
"From Merciless Invaders" 313
Peter the Great..... 332
Borodino..... 335
The Battle of Trenton..... 390
The Battle of King's Mountain 400
Capture of Fort Donelson.. 416
ARISTOPHANES:
The Political Demagogue.. 74
ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ:
The German's Fatherland.. 259
ATHERSTONE, EDWIN:
The Fall of Nineveh..... 48
AUSTIN, ALFRED:
The Last Redoubt..... 354
AYTOUN, W. E.:
The Burial March of Dundee..... 199
The Widow of Glencoe..... 201
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:
Cæsar's Lament over Pompey's Head..... 123
BENNOCH, FRANCIS:
Blackheath. 154
The Covenanters..... 197
BÉRANGER:
The Gauls and Franks..... 241
The Revolution of 1848..... 251

Page

BICKERSTETH, REV. EDW'D:
Nineveh..... 45
Caubul..... 92
Cæsar's Invasion of Britain 146
BISHOP, LEVI:
The Jesuit Missionary..... 372
Battle at the River Raisin.. 405
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART:
Rullion Green..... 200
BOKER, GEORGE H:
Count Candespina's Standard..... 309
The Crossing at Fredericksburg..... 420
The Black Regiment. 423
The Ballad of Sir John Franklin..... 455
BOWLES, WILLIAM L.:
The Battle of Corunna 317
BRADLEY, THOMAS B.:
André's Last Moments..... 398
BRIDGES, SALLIE:
After the Triumph..... 53
BROOKS, REV. CHARLES T.:
Alabama..... 378
The Old Thirteen..... 382
BROOKS, CONSTANTINA E.:
The Battle of Muret..... 311
BROOKS, JAMES G.:
Greece:—1822..... 76
BROWN, FRANCES:
The Spanish Conquests in America 447
BROWN, REV. THERON:
The Battle above the Clouds 427
BROWNELL, H. H.:
Farragut's Bay Fight..... 429
BROWNING, MRS. E. B.:
Garibaldi..... 297
A Tale of Villafranca..... 301
Mother and Poet..... 302
BROWNING, ROBERT:
Hervé Riel..... 226
The French at Ratisbon.... 240
BROWNLEE, H.:
The Cities of Old..... 32
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN:
Italy..... 294
Seventy-six..... 388
Song of Marion's Men..... 399
The Death of Slavery..... 435

Page

BULWER, SIR E. L.:
The Spartan Mother..... 65
The Last Crusader..... 144
BURGESS, BISHOP GEORGE:
Spirit of Rhode Island in 1842..... 408
BURLEIGH, WM. H.:
Emancipation in the West Indies..... .. 453
BURNS, ROBERT:
Bruce's Address at Bannockburn..... 188
The Battle of Killiecrankie. 198
BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH:
Emancipation of the Serfs. 342
The Fountain of Youth.... 370
BYRON, LORD:
Song of Saul upon his Last Battle 26
Destruction of Jerusalem.. 30
Destruction of Sennacherib 46
Vision of Belshazzar..... 51
The Death of Mago (after Petrarch)..... 59
Rome 102
The Battle of Waterloo 242
Napoleon's Farewell..... 245
Venice 287
The Siege of Rome..... 295
CALVERT, GEORGE H.:
Bunker Hill..... 387
Reuben James 405
CAMPBELL, THOMAS:
Song of the Greeks..... 77
The Battle of Navarino..... 80
Wat Tyler to the King..... 155
The Battle of Bannockburn 187
Hohenlinden..... 267
Battle of the Baltic..... 325
The Downfall of Poland.... 346
CARLETON, WILL:
The Little Black-eyed Rebel 395
CARY, PHŒBE:
Garibaldi in Piedmont 299
John Brown 410
The Hero of Fort Wagner.. 424
CHAPMAN, GEORGE W:
The Mutiny of the Sepoys. 359
CHARLTON, ROBERT M.:
The Death of Jasper..... 397
CHILD, MRS.:
Marius at Carthage..... 118
CLARK, HENRY A.:
The Fall of Yorktown..... 402

Page

COLERIDGE, S. T.:
Destruction of the Bastile.. 231
Barrere's Speech on the Fall of Robespierre..... 235
Mahomet..... 365

COLLINS, WILLIAM:
Molly Pitcher at Yorktown. 393

CONANT, REV. T. J., D. D.:
Song of Deborah and Barak 20

COOK, ELIZA:
Washington..... 403

COWPER, WILLIAM:
Boadicea..... 147

C. P.:
Palmyra..... 53
Kaiser Wilhelm..... 275
Magdala..... 366

DALE, REV. THOMAS:
Regulus before the Senate. 116
The Raising of Lazarus.... 135

DANIEL, WM. S.:
The Dirge of Nicholas..... 341

DAVIS, THOMAS:
The Surprise of Cremona.. 211
Fontenoy 230

DELAVIGNE, CASIMIR:
The Varsovienne: Polish War Song..... 348

DE L'ISLE, ROUGET:
Roland at Roncesvalles.... 218
The Marseilles Hymn..... 237

DE VERE, SIR AUBREY:
The Arch of Titus..... 126
Diocletian at Salona..... 127
The Barons at Runnimede. 154
A Ballad of Athlone..... 210
Sonnets on Columbus..... 369

DOANE, BISHOP GEORGE W.:
The Spartans Nobly Kept their Oath..... 68

DRAYTON, MICHAEL:
The Ballad of Agincourt... 220

DRYDEN, JOHN:
Alexander's Feast..... 93

DU BOCAGE, M. M. B.:
The Fall of Goa..... 321

DUFFIELD, REV. S. W.:
Hastings..... 152

DUFFIELD, D. BETHUNE:
A Dirge..... 441

DUGANNE, A. J. H.:
Bethel..... 414

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO:
The Concord Hymn..... 386

Page

ENGLISH, T. DUNN:
Betty Zane..... 381

EVALD, JOHANNES:
King Christian. 324

EVERETT, EDWARD:
Alaric the Visigoth. 128

FINCH, FRANCES M.:
Nathan Hale..... 391

FOLLEN, ADOLF LUDWIG:
Blücher's Ball..... 269

FOXCROFT, FRANK:
Jericho..... 18

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL:
Independence..... 389

FRENEAU, PHILIP:
An Ancient Prophecy..... 383
Arnold's Departure..... 398
To the Memory of the Dead at Eutaw..... 400
The Hessian Debarkation.. 403

GERMAN, FROM THE:
The Hussites before Naumburg 263
The Battle of Prague..... 265

GEROK, KARL:
The Steeds of Gravelotte... 274

GLEIM, J. W. L.:
Song after Prague..... 266

GLOVER, RICHARD:
Leonidas to the Spartans.. 67

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON:
The Destruction of Magdeburg. 263

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER:
The Taking of Quebec..... 176

GONGORA, LUIS DE:
The Song of Lepanto..... 353

GRAY, THOMAS:
The Triumphs of Owen.... 215

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE:
Marco Bozzaris..... 78
Red Jacket..... 378

HALPINE, CHARLES G.:
The Song of Sherman's Army 432

HARTE, F. BRET:
Caldwell of Springfield..... 394

HEBER, BISHOP:
Passage of the Red Sea.... 15
Palestine..... 31

HEINE, HEINRICH:
Belshazzar..... 50
The Two Grenadiers..... 244

Page

HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA:
The Spartans' March..... 66
The Tombs of Platæa..... 72
Taliesin's Prophecy..... 215
Pocahontas 373
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers..... 375

HERBERT, WILLIAM:
The Death of Tilly..... 264

HERKLOTS:
After the Battle of Leipsic. 270

HERVEY, T. K.:
Cleopatra on the Cydnus .. 39

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO:
Monterey..... 443

HOLMES, DR. O. W.:
Old Ironsides..... 407

HOMER:
Quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles..... 84
Combat of Hector and Achilles..... 88

HORACE:
Nereus's Prophecy of the Destruction of Troy..... 82
To the Republic..... 124

HOWE, JULIA WARD:
Battle Hymn of the Republic..... 412

HUMPHREYS, COL. DAVID:
On Disbanding the Army.. 402

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND:
The Captive King..... 188

JAY, REV. WM.:
Mt. Vernon..... 404

JEWSBURY, MARIA JANE:
The Flight of Xerxes 97

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL:
Cardinal Wolsey 160
Charles XII..... 326

JOYCE, ROBERT D.:
The Siege of Limerick 209

KEATS, JOHN:
To Kosciusko..... 347

KEBLE, JOHN:
Stephen's Martyrdom..... 139
The Conversion of Paul.... 140

KING, EDWARD:
Captain Loredan..... 288

KNOX, WILLIAM:
The Curse of Cain..... 12

KÖRNER, CHARLES T.:
Lützow's Wild Chase..... 270

Page

LANDON, LETITIA E.:
Eucles Announcing the Victory of Marathon..... 73
The Covenanters..... 194

LANIER, SIDNEY:
The Battle of Lexington... 385

LATHROP, GEORGE P.:
Keenan's Charge..... 421

LAZARUS, EMMA:
Sic Semper Liberatoribus!. 344

LIPPINCOTT, SARA J. ("GRACE GREENWOOD"):
The Famine of 1847..... 213
Arnold von Winkelried 279
War Song of the Magyars.. 285

LOCKHART, J. G.:
Napoleon at St. Helena.... 246
Lamentation of Don Roderick 306

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.:
King Christian (translation) 324
The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face 439

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL:
Abraham Lincoln..... 437

LYONS, REV. J. G.:
The Martyr of Monterey... 443

LYTLE, GEN. WM. H.:
Antony and Cleopatra..... 42

LUCAN:
Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon 121

MACAULAY, T. B.:
Horatius.. 103
Virginia..... 109
The Cavalier's March to London..... 166
Naseby..... 172
Ivry..... 222
A Song of the Huguenots.. 224
The Armada..... 313

MACLELLAN, ISAAC:
The Death of Napoleon.... 247
The Battle of Eylau..... 268

MAGINN, DR. WM.:
Ulysses at Troy 90

MARTIN, THEODORE:
Napoleon's Midnight Review..... 250

MARVEL, ANDREW:
Blake's Victory..... ... 173

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS:
Prayer 192

McGEE, T. D'ARCY:
The Maccabees..... 29
The Celts..... 206

Page

MEEK, ALEXANDER B.:
Balaklava..... 335

MIJATOVICE, E. L.:
The Battle of Kossovo..... 352

MILLER, JOAQUIN:
In Memoriam..... 254
Peter Cooper: Private Citizen..... 441

MILMAN, REV. H. H.:
Titus before Jerusalem ... 125

MILTON, JOHN:
To Cromwell, Fairfax, and Sir Henry Vane... 169
The Piedmont Massacre... 293

MITCHELL, MRS. M.:
Spartacus to the Gladiators 119

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL:
Rienzi's Address to the Romans..... 292

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH:
The Battle of Prestonpans.. 202

MONTGOMERY, JAMES:
The Battle of Alexandria.. 43
Slavery that Was. 179
The Siege of Famagusta... 353
Vinland..... 368

MORLEY, HENRY:
The Death of Oscar..... 207

MOSER, JULIUS:
Andrew Hofer 284

MULOCH-CRAIK, MRS.:
By the Alma River..... 337

NICHOL, JOHN:
Passage of Hannibal over the Alps..... 58

NORTON, MRS. CAROLINE E.:
Bingen on the Rhine..... 272

OEHLENSCHLAGER, A. G.:
The Bard..... 323

ORNE, MRS. C. F.:
Washington at Princeton.. 392

OXENFORD, JOHN:
The Marseilles Hymn (translation)..... 238

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS T.:
Paulinus and Edwin..... 150
Death in the Forest. 153
Elizabeth at Tilbury..... 162
Trafalgar..... 176
Jeanne d'Arc..... 221
After Cawnpore. 360

PENNSYLVANIA PACKET:
The Boston Tea Party..... 384

Page

PERCIVAL, JAMES G.:
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie..... 406

PERRY, NORA:
Riding Down..... 168

PIERPONT, REV. JOHN:
The Pilgrim Fathers..... 374

PIKE, ALBERT:
Buena Vista..... 444

PRAED, W. M.:
Mars Hill..... 142
Marston Moor..... 171

PRENTICE, GEORGE D.:
Lookout Mountain..... 425

PRESTON, MARGARET J.:
The Hero of the Commune. 252
Maximilian at Queretaro... 445

PROCTOR, BRYAN WALLER ("BARRY CORNWALL"):
Overthrow of Belshazzar.. 52
The Last Day of Tippoo Saib..... 358

PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN:
The Virginia Scaffold..... 411

PROPERTIUS:
The Battle of Actium..... 124

"PROUT, FATHER":
Popular Recollections of Bonaparte..... 249

RALEIGH, FRANCIS E.:
The Recantation of Galileo. 291

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN:
Rome Entered..... 101
The Treaty Elm..... 375
Daniel Boone..... 380
Sheridan's Ride..... 429
Balboa..... 448

REALF, RICHARD:
Apocalypse 413

REDCLIFFE, STRATFORD DE:
The Battle of Isandlana.... 181

RENAUD, EDWARD:
The Last Banquet..... 233
Chicago..... 439

RUSSIAN, FROM THE:
The Storming of Azof..... 333

ST. THEOPHANES:
Adam's Complaint..... 11

SCHNECKENBURGER, MAX:
The Watch on the Rhine... 260

SCOTT, SIR WALTER:
Song of the Hebrew Maid.. 16
The Battle of Flodden Field 188
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu..... 193

	Page
The Norman Horse-shoe	216
The Charge at Waterloo	244
Song of Harold Harfarger	326
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM:	
The Murder of the Princes	159
Wolsey's Fall	161
SIGOURNEY, MRS. L. H.:	
Indian Names	377
SIMONIDES:	
The Inscription at Thermopylæ	70
SINCLAIR, WM.:	
The Battle of Stirling	184
SMITH, HORACE:	
Address to a Mummy	35
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS G.:	
The Tears of Scotland	204
SOPHOCLES:	
The Pursuit by Theseus	62
The Farewell of Ajax	83
SOUTHEY, ROBERT:	
History Commended	10
Destruction of Jerusalem	28
The Battle of Algiers	180
The Death of Wallace	185
St. Bartholomew's Day	225
The Sally of the Cid	307
The Spanish Armada	313
Talavera	319
Torres Vedras	321
The Battle of Pultowa	327
The March to Moscow	334
SPRAGUE, CHARLES:	
The Fourth of July	389
STEDMAN, E. C.:	
Kearny at Seven Pines	418
STEBBINS, SARAH B.:	
In the Coliseum	127
STODDARD, MRS. R. H.:	
On the Campagna	103
STORY, WM. W.:	
Cleopatra	40
SURREY, THE EARL OF:	
Sardanapalus	47
TALFOURD, THOMAS NOON:	
To the South American Patriots	449
TAPPAN, WM. B.:	
The Nativity	130
TAYLOR, BAYARD:	
Tyre	56
A Thousand Years	330
TEGNÉR, BISHOP ESAIAS:	
The Veteran	328
TENNYSON, ALFRED:	
Ulysses	63
Godiva	150
The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet	163
Bonaparte	240
The Charge of the Heavy Brigade	338
The Polish Insurrection—1833	351
Montenegro	357
The Defense of Lucknow	362
TRENCH, RICHARD C.:	
Xerxes at the Hellespont	97
Harmosan	98
Alma	337
VAN DER GOES, J. A.:	
Overthrow of the Turks	257
WALLACE, HORACE BINNEY:	
Return of the Rhine to France	272
WANLESS, ANDREW:	
Craigie Castle	186
WARFIELD, MRS. C. A.:	
The Battle of Bull Run	415
WARTON, THOMAS:	
The Crusade	143
WHITTIER, JOHN G.:	
Le Marais du Cygne	409
Simon Bolivar	450
Freedom in Brazil	451
WILDE, OSCAR:	
Urbs Sacra Æterna	103
Louis Napoleon	256
Italia	295
The Massacre in Bulgaria	356
WEBER, VEIT:	
The Battle of Murten	282
WILLIS, N. P.:	
Jephthah's Daughter	22
David's Lament for Absalom	26
Healing the Leper	131
The Widow of Nain	132
Healing the Daughter of Jairus	134
WOLFE, CHARLES:	
The Burial of Sir John Moore	318
WORDSWORTH, WM.:	
Grecian Mythology	61
The Saxon Conquest	148
Struggle of Britons against Barbarians	148
The Abolition of the Slave Trade	179
The Queen's Landing	191
The Pass of Killiecrankie	198
The Germans at Hockheim	273
The Subjugation of Switzerland	283
The Siege of Vienna	284
The Extinction of the Venetian Republic	290
The French Army in Russia	336
Toussaint L'Ouverture	453
W. P. C.:	
Rodes's Charge at Seven Pines	419
YOUNG, ALEXANDER:	
Parthia	100
Poland	350

GENERAL INDEX.

Abbot of Glouces-ter, 153.
Abercromby, Gen. 44
Absalom, 26.
Abyssinia, 366.
Achilles, 65, 83, 84, 88.
Acre, 143.
Actium, 43, 124.
Adam, 11.
Adams, Sam., 389.
Adolphus, Gustavus, 264, 329, 342.
Adriatic, the, 116, 128, 302, 357.
Ægean sea, 82.
Ægeus, 62.
Afghanistan, 92.
Africa, 96, 118, 123, 256, 366, 447. South A., 254. Africans, 179.
Agamemnon, 63, 84, 91.
Agincourt, battle of, 220, 314.
Agricola, 146.
Ajax, 82, 399.
Alabama, 378, 419. The A., 431.
Alaric, 128, 296.
Alban Mt., 111.
Albigenses, 311.
Albinia, 106.
Albuquerque, 321.
Albyn, 243.
Alcoces, Castle of, 307.
Alexander the Great 92.
Alexander II., 330, 342, 344, 451.
Alexandria, 43.
Alfred, 149.
Alfonso the Great, 321.
Alfred, King, 347.
Algidus, 109.
Algeria, 180, 257, 281. War with, 406. Algerines, 180, 257.
Algeziras, 177.
Ali Pasha, 353.
Alleghany, 377.
Alma, battle of, 337.
Almayne, 223.
Alps, the, 121, 129, 155, 247, 294, 348.
Alsace-Lorraine, 274.
Altai, 330.
Altamor, 219.
Alverche river, 319.
Alvin, 207.
Ambraciot, 124.
America, 224, 447. North A., 447. South A., 447.
Americans, 378.
Amazon, the, 373.
Ampudia, Gen., 443.
Amstel, 258.
Ancona, 302.
Andes, the, 450.
André, Major, 398.
Aneuria, 148.
Anita, 301.
Anjou, 225.
Anne, Queen, 174.
Antilles, the, 370, 453.
Antioch, 261.
Antony, Mark, 39, 41, 54, 82, 124.
Antolinez, 308.
Antwerp, 224.
Apis, 36.
Apollo, 61, 63, 84, 90.
Appennines, the, 294.
Appenzel, 223.
Appian Way, 103.
Appius Claudius, 109
Appomattox C. H., 434.
Arabia, 16, 365; Arabs, 53, 118.
Aragon, 312; king of, 409.
Arbela, 288.
Arcadia, 66.
Arctic Regions, 455.
Ardennes, 243.
Arethuse, 181.
Argo, the, 379.
Argus, 63.
Aricia, 104.
Aristides, 72.
Armada, the, 162, 177, 313.
Armenia, 54.
Arno, the, 294.
Arnold, Benedict, 398
Aras, 235.
Arsacidæ, 100.
Arta, Gulf of, 124.
Arvon, 215.
Asak, 333.
Ascanius, 122.
Ashton, Mass., 385.
Asia, 82, 92, 288; A. Minor, 82, 84.
Aspasia, 75.
Aspromonte, 298.
Assumpink, 392.
Assyria, 45 seq.
Astley, 171.
Astrakhan, 343.
Astur, 104.
Ate, 297.
Athens, 62, 75, 80, 141, 148.
Athlone, 210.
Athole, 198.
Athos, 96.
Atlanta, 432.
Atlantic, the, 368, 433, 451.
Atreus, 84.
Augereau, 334.
Augustus, 118, 124.
Attica, 62, 70.
Attila, 241.
Aunus, 106.
Aurelian, 53.
Aurigny, Isle of, 314.
Ausonia, 122.
Austerlitz, 341.
Australasia, 373.
Austria, 259, 277, 284, seq., 287, 299, 301, 322, 346, 350; Emperor of, 445; Austrians, 175, 212, 230, 240, 248, 267, 279, 284, 298, 300; War of A. Succession, 230.
Avernus, Mt., 107.
Ayamonte, 177.
Aznar, 312.
Azof, 333.
Azores, 163, 198.

Baal, 52.
Babylon, 28, 32, 45, 50, 93, 139; Babylonia, 50.
Bactriana, 353.
Baffin's Bay, 455.
Bahamas, 370.
Bajazet, 352; B. II., 288.
Balaklava, battle of, 340, 338.
Balboa, 448, 450.
Balkans, the, 348.
Baltic, the, 259, 270, 331, 352; battle of, 325.
Baltimore, attack in, 413.
Bannockburn, battle of, 184, 187, 347.
Barak, 20.
Barbarossa, 261.
Barbary, 257.
Barclay, Com., 406.
Barrere, 235.
Bashan, 57.
Bashi-bazouks, 356.
Bastile, 231.
Battle above the Clouds, 425, 427.
Bavaria, 175, 259.
Bavarians, 175.
Beachy Head, 314.
Beaulieu, 315.
Beaumont, 221.
Bedford, Mass., 385.
Belgium, 230, 242; Belgians, 232.
Belshazzar, 50–52.
Belvoir, 315.
Berkshire, 149.
Berlin, 275; Treaty of, 352.
Bermuez, 307.
Berne, 280.
Berry, Gen., 418.
Berserkir, 261.
Berwick, 314, 360.
Big Bethel, 414.
Bible History, 11 seq., 46.
Bimini, 370.
Bingen, 271.
Birney, Gen., 418.
Biscay, Bay of, 317.
Bismarck, 262, 276.
Bissell, Col., 445.
Bivar, 308.
Blackheath, 154, 315.
Blake, Admiral, 173.
Blenheim, battle of, 174.
Blondel, 143.
Blücher, 269.
Boadicea, 147.
Bœotia, 72.
Bohemia, 215, 314.
Boleslas, 352.
Boleyn, Anne, 160.
Bolivar, Simon, 450.
Bolivia, 450.
Bombay, 360.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 43, 240 seq., 245–50, 268, 270, 287, 290, 317, 321, 334–5, 379, 453; Napoleon III., 251.
Boone, Daniel, 380.
Booth, J. Wilkes, 437
Borodino, battle of, 335.
Boston, 384–5; Tea Party, 384.
Bouillé, 237, 239.
Bourbon, Constable de, 295.
Boyne, battle of the, 208.
Bozzaris, Marco, 78.
Brazil, 451.
Breadalbane, 199.
Breed's Hill, 388.
Brennus, 297.
Breslau, 270.
Briseis, 84.
Brissot, 236.
Bristol, 315.
Britain, 146, 148, 207, 215; British, 80, 203, 240, 244, 319, 358, 366, 383–5, 413; Britons, 146–7, 215; B. Colonies, 179, 181, 453; B. Navy, 455.
Brooke, 163.
Brown, John, 410–1.
Brown of Concord, 386.
Bruce, Robert, 187–8, 347.
Brunswick, 242.
Brussels, 242.
Brutus, 102, 293–4.
Brymer, 203.
Bucellas, 322.
Bucentaur, the, 288.
Buena Vista, battle of, 444.
Bulgarian Massacres, 356.
Bull Run battle, 415.
Bunker Hill, 387, 416.
Burgos, 307.
Burgoyne, Gen., 383, 387.
Burke, 212.
Burnside, Gen., 420.
Busaco, 322.
Byzantium, 93, 289, 326.

Cade, Jack, 154.
Cadiz, 177.
Caeilte, 207.
Caerphili, 216.
Cæsar, 42, 101, 121, 127, 146, 148, 314, 404–5; the Cæsars, 33, 129; Cæsarion, 42.
Caffraria, 373.
"Carlotta, Poor," 445
Cain, 12.
Caius, 115.
Calabria, 128.
Calchas, 85.
Caldwell, Parson, 394
California, 373, 411.
Calmucks, 241, 340.
Calvary, 138, 143.
Cambria, 148, 186, 215–6.
Cambyses, 36.
Camerons, 243.
Cameronians, 194, 199.
Campagna, 113.
Campania, 106.
Campbell, 401; Sir Colin, 362.
Campio-Formio, 287.
Candespina, Count, 309.
Cannæ, 59.
Caprera, 297.
Capua, 113, 119.
Caracas, 450.
Caractacus, 148.

Carcassone, 312.
Cardigan, Earl of, 338
Cariban, 208.
Caribbean Sea, 179.
Carlisle, 315, 385.
Carmel, 143.
Carolina, 163.
Carrel, Sir Charles, 159.
Carron Water, 197.
Carter, Capt., 419.
Carthage, 58 seq., 166–8.
Caspian, the, 342.
Cassidi, 211.
Castile, 307, 309, 449.
Castro, 321.
Catholics, 209, 223, 263, 311. C. League, 329.
Cato, 10, 118.
Caubul, 92.
Cavignari, Sir Louis, 92.
Cavaliers, 166, 169.
Cavalli, 304.
Cavendish, 163.
Cawnpore Massacre 350, 360.
Cecil, 163.
Cedar Creek, battle of, 426.
Cephrenes, 35.
Ceres, 62.
Cesarea, 403.
Chæronea, 93.
Chaldeans, 51–2.
Champ-Aubert, 349.
Champs Elysees, 251
Chancellorsville, battle of, 421.
Chantilly, 418.
Charlemagne, 218.
Charleston, S.C., 397, 412, 424.
Charles I., 172; II., 154, 169; V., 231, 353, 448; IX., 225; XII., 326, 328; Archduke C., 240; C. Edward, 202: C. the Bold, 282; C. of Lorraine, 265.
Charter Oak, 383.
Charter, the Great, 154.
Chattanooga, 425, 427
Chelstow, Baron of, 218.
Chelmsford, Mass., 385.
Cheops, 35.
Chersonesus, 75, 340.
Chesapeake, 383.
Cheviots, 189.
Chevy Chase, 156.
Chicago Fire, 439.
Chickahominy, 418.
Chili, 373, 447.
Chimborazo, 450.
China, 373, 385.
Chiselhurst, 254.
Chouteau's Trading-post, 409.
Christ, 130 seq.
Christian, 406; King C., 324; C. IX., 324.
Christianity, 150 seq.
Chryseis, 84.
Cicero, 102.
Cid, the, 307.
Cipango, 370.
Circassians, 342.
Cithæron, 66.
Cities of the Plain, 13.
Clamorgan, 216.
Clare, 216; Lord C., 231.
Clarkson, Thomas, 179.
Claudius, 112.
Clavers, 198.
Clay, Col., 445.
Cleopatra, 39, 40, 42, 54, 55, 82, 124.
Cleveland, O., 401, 441.
Clifton, 315.
Clinton, Sir H., 387, 394.
Clio, 10.
Closeburn, 197.
Clusium, 104.
Clydesdale, 200.
Clytemnestra, 86.
Coahuila, 444.
Codrington, Sir Edward, 80.
Coghill, 183.
Coligni, 223, 225.
Coliseum, the, 126–7.
Collingwood, 177.
Colonies, American, 384.
Columbus, 368, 370–2
Column of July, 232
Commonwealth, English, 166, 169, 194.
Commune, the, 252.
Como, 294, 298.
Cona, 202.
Concord, 385–6, 389.
Confederates, 412 seq.
Congo, the, 373.
Congress, 416.
Connecticut, 377, 382
Conrad, 262.
Constantinople, 128, 288.
Constitution, Frigate, 407.
Cooper, Peter, 441; C. Institute, 441.
Cope, Sir John, 202
Copenhagen, battle of, 325.
Cordilleras, 450.
Corinth, 353.
Cornwallis, 383, 392, 401.
Corunna, 315; battle of, 317.
Cosa, 106.
Cossacks, 241, 268, 340, 348.
Cossus, 116.
Cotopaxi, 450.
Council of Ten, 290.
Courland, 342.
Covenant, the, 194; Solemn League and C., 194; Covenanters, 194, 197-8, 199.
Coventry, 150, 168.
Craigie Castle, 186.
Cranbourne, 314.
Crassus, 123.
Crecy, 162, 220.
Cremona, 211.
Cressingham, 184.
Crete, 143.
Crichope, 197.
Crimean War, 333, 337, 341.
Crispus, 111.
Croisic, 229.
Cromwell, Oliver, 122, 169, 171, 294.
Crucifixion, the, 133.
Crusades, the, 143.
Crustumerium, 104.
Crysa, 85.
Cuba, 447.
Culloden, 203–4.
Custer, Gen., 439.
Cumberland, Duke of, 204, 230; Mts., 427; River, 416.
Cumhaill, 207.
Curtis, Gen., 409.
Cyclades, 125.
Cyprus, 143, 353.
Cyrus, 50.
Czar, the White, 333, 344.

Dagon, temple of, 24.
D'Albert, Constable, 220.
Dalmatia, 127.
Dalziel, 200.
Damascus, 140, 143.
Damfreville, 226.
Damgan, 100.
Daniel, 51.
Danube, the, 248.
D'Arc, Jeanne, 221.
Dardanus, 89.
Darin-step, the, 186.
Darius, 94.
Darwen, river, 170.
Darwin, 315.
D'Aumale, 223.
David, 26, 130, 137.
Davoust, 268.
De Barri, 230.
Deborah, 20.
Decemvirs, the, 109.
Delaware, 382; the D., 376.
Delhi, 359.
Delos, 124.
Demagogue, Athenian, 74.
De Medici, Catherine 225.
Denmark, 323, 326; Danes, 149, 154, 323–5, 328; Danish bards, 323.
Detroit, 372.
Diana, 61, 63.
Diaz, Ruy, 307.
Dido, 35.
Dighton, 160.
Dillon, 212.
Diomed, 83.
District of Columbia 435.
Domremy, 221.
Don, the, 268, 333.
Donald, 243.
Dongola, 178.
Don John of Austria 353.
"Dorian reed," 66.
Dorr, Thomas W, 408
Douglas, Earl, 156.
Drake, Sir Francis, 163.
Drogheda, 209.
Druids, 141, 147, 206.
Dublin, 209.
Dubeek, 209.
Dumfriesshire, 197.
Dunbar Field, 170.
Dundee, Earl of, 198–9, 201.
Dunedin, 201.
Durrisdeer, 197.
Dunscore, 197.
Dutch, the, 180, 210, 230, 257.
Dwina, the, 330, 342.
Dye, the river, 186.

Eadbald, 150.
Early, Gen., 429.
Ealswithe, 149.
Earth, the, 82.
Eastern Empire, 326.
East India Co., 384.
Ebro, 348.
Echo, 258.
Eddystone, 314.
Edgecumbe, 314.
Edict of Restitution, 263.
Edinburgh, 194.
Edom, 349.
Edward I., 144, 184, 186; II., 188; IV., 160; V., 160.
Edwin, King, 150.
Egbert, 148.
Egmont, 223.
Egypt, 15, 35 seq., 47, 54, 124, 240, 248, 254, 288, 354, 366; Egyptians, 86, 141.
Ericeyra, 322.
Eirin, 215.
Elbe, 265.
Elizabeth, Queen, 162
Elsinore, 240.
Ely, 315.
Emancipation, 179.
Emanuel, Victor, 294, 298, 301, 305.
Empires, Ancient, 32 seq.
Engaddi, 143.
England, 43, 143, 194, 198, 203, 220, 313, 315, 319, 322, 337, 359, 366, 384, 439, 455; English, 92, 185, 187, 204, 209, 220, 222, 225, 230, 245, 257, 325, 340, 360.
Epirus, 78.
Erebus, 455.
Eric the Red, 368.
Erin, 206, 208, 213.
Erpingham, 221.
Erskine, 392.
Esarhaddon, 47.
Esquimaux, 455.
Ethelburga, 150.
Ethiopia, 366, 373.
Etna, 294, 370.
Etruria, 104; Nine Gods of, 104; Etruscans, 104.
Eucles, 73.
Eugene, Prince, 211.
Eugenius, 128.
Eumolpus, 62.
Eure, river, 222.
Europe, 288, 437, 445, 447; Eastern, 337; Europeans, 366, 368.
Eurotas, 66.
Eutaw Springs, battle of, 399, 400.
Euxine, the, 331.
Evan, 243.
Exmouth, Lord, 180.
Eylau, battle of, 247, 268.
Eyloff, 280.

Fabius, 116.
Fairfax, Baron, 169, 171–2.
Fair Oaks, battle of, 418.
Falerii, 106.
Famagusta, siege of, 353.
Famine of 1847, 213.
Fañez, Alvar, 307; Minaja F., 307.
Fanhope, 221.
Fariz, King, 309.
Farragut, Adm., 429.
Fenians, 206–7.
Ferdinand, 312.
Ferguson, Col., 401.
Fernandez, 448.

Ferrers, 221.
Finland, 342–3.
Finn, 206.
Finnbheoil, 207.
Flanders, 236; Flemish, 223.
Florida, 370.
Flodden Field, battle of, 162, 189.
Florence, 225, 301.
Flores, 163.
Fontenoy, 230.
Fort Donelson, 416; Sumter, 412; Wagner, 424; Fortress Monroe, 414, 416.
Forrest, 160.
Forum, the, 101, 109 seq.
Fountain of Youth, 370.
France, 43, 155, 174, 176, 218, 273–6, 299, 301, 312, 334, 337, 348, 404; Republic of, 453; Franks, 267.269,341; French 80, 175–6, 209, 211, 267–71, 284, 313, 317, 319, 321, 334–6, 340, 349, 372, 445; Franco-German War, 1870, 274.
Franklin, Sir John, 455; Lady, 455.
Frederick Charles, 276: the Great, 265–6; William II., 275.
Fredericksburg, battle of, 420.
Freehold, N. J., 393.
Frenchtown, Mich., 405.
Freneau, Philip, 383.
Friedberg, 212.
Friedrichshall, 326.
Frith of Clyde, 146; of Forth, 146, 185, 199.
Frobisher, 163.
Froissart, 156.
Furies, the, 94.
Furius, 115.
Fundsberg, 295.

Gabhra, battle of, 207
Gaels, the, 203.
Gaeta, 302.
Gage, Gen., 383, 385. 387.
Galicia, 316.
Galileo, 291.
Ganges, 360–1.
Garcia, Golin, 308.
Garda, 294.
Gardiner, 203.
Garfield, 441.
Garibaldi, 297 seq.
Garonne, the, 312.
Garry, river, 198, 200
Gaudalete, battle of, 306.
Gaul, 122, 146, 262; Gauls, 58, 147, 206, 241, 273.
Gaunt, 315.
Genoa, 314, 353.
George III., 333, 395.
Georgia, 382; Georgians, 342.
Germany, 259, 329; Germans, 252, 284, 295.
Gersau, 280.
Gesler, 277, 280.
Gideon, 240, 329.
Gilmore, Gen., 424.
Ginkel, 209.
Girty, Simon, 381.
Gitaut, Marquis, 233
Glaris, 280.
Glencoe, 201.
Glenlyon, 202.
Gneisenau, 269.
Goa, 321.
Godfrey, 144–5.
Godwin, 150.
Goldberg, 269.
Gonzalez, Gomez, 309
Goths, 102–3, 128, 312, 324, 327.
Gracchus, 294.
Granu, 206.
Grant, Gen., 416, 427, 433.
Gravelotte, battle of, 262, 274.
Gravina, 177.
Greece, 10, 45, 61, 96–7, 119, 124; Greeks, 82, 93, 110, 141, 357; Greek Church, 357.
Greene, Gen., 390, 393, 401, 408.
Greenland, 368.
Gregory, Pope, 150.
Grenville, Sir Richard, 163,
Gréve, 227.
Greys, the, 339.
Griffith, Ap-Cynan, 215.
Grimani, Adm., 288.
Guadalquiver, the, 311.
Guelders, 223.
Guiteau, C. J., 441.
Gustavus II., 329.
Gustioz, Munio, 308.
Guynett, 215.

Hades, 90.
Hadley, Mass., 386.
Hadrian, 30.
Hale, Nathan, 391.
Hamilcar Barca, 58 seq.
Hamilton, Capt., 409.
Hampden, 384.
Hampstead, 315.
Hampton Roads, 414, 416.
Hancock, 389.
Hannibal, 58.
Hanno, 111.
Hanover, 384.
Happy Isles, 65.
Hapsburg, 416.
Hardin, Col., 445.
Hardy, 178.
Harfarger, Harold, 326.
Harmosan, 98.
Harold, 152.
Harper's Ferry, 410.
Harringtons of Concord, 386.
Harvard College, 437
Hasdrubal, 59.
Hassan, 118.
Hastings, 152.
Havelock, Gen., 362.
Hawkins, 163.
Hecatompylos, 100.
Hector, 84, 88, 296.
Heights of Abraham, 176.
Helen of Troy, 82, 95.
Helon, 131.
Helicon, 78.
Hellespont, the, 96–7.
Helvetia, 279.
Hengest, 148.
Henry, Fort, 381; King, 145; IV., 188, 222, 272; V., 154, 188, 220; VII., 160; VIII., 160.
Herbert, 236.
Herjulfson, Bjarne, 368.
Herminius, 105.
Herodotus, 96.
Hesper, 88.
Hessians, 360, 394–5, 403.
Hezekiah, 46.
Highlanders, 202, 204, 364.
Hindostan, 359.
Hiram, 56.
History commended 10.
Hochheim, 273.
Höchstadt, 175.
Hofer, Andrew, 284.
Hogue, 226.
Hohenlinden, 267.
Hohenzollern, 262.
Holland, 230 seq.
Holy Sepulchre, 145.
Homer, 404.
Hooker, Gen., 427.
Horace, 398.
Horatius, 103.
Horsa, 148.
Howard, Gen., 427.
Howard, Lord, 387.
Hudson's Bay, 455.
Huguenots, 223, 225.
Humbledown, 159.
Hungary, 285; Huns, 267; Hungarians, 285; Insurrection in, 341.
Hussites, the, 263, 265.
Hyades, the, 63.
Hyphasis, 92.

Iberia, 321.
Iceland, 373.
Iceni, the, 147.
Icilius, 112.
Ida, Mt., 77, 82.
Idumeans, 219.
Iliad, the, 84.
Illinois soldiers, 416.
Illyria, 128.
Ilva, 106.
Independence, Declaration of, 382, 389.
India, 92, 96, 321, 358 seq.
Indian Ocean, 368.
Indians, 141, 370, 405, 448; Indian Names 377.
Inniskillens, 339.
Innsbrück, 204.
Inquisition, the, 163, 317.
Ireland, 206; Irish, 208, 211–3, 230, 403; Irish Brigade, 211, 230.
Isandlana, battle of, 181.
Iselberg, 284.
Iser, 267.
Islam, 357, 365, 368.
Israel, 126, 130, 136.
Isis, 36, 43.
Isthmus of Darien, 447–8, 450.
Italy, 58–9, 248, 250, 287, 312.
Ithaca, 63.
Ivan, 332.
Ivry, 222.

Jackson, Gen. T. J., 421.
Jacobites, 198.
Jael, 22.
Jairus, 134, 137.
James I., 188; II., 201, 208, 210; III., 198; IV., 189; Reuben, 406.
Jameson, Gen., 418.
Janiculum, 104.
Japan 373.
Jasper, Sergeant, 397
Jauer, 269.
Jehoiakim, 28.
Jena, 248, 263, 268, 349
Jephthah, 22; his daughter, 22.
Jeremiah, 28.
Jericho, 18.
Jerusalem, 33, 45, 125, 137–8, 144–5, 337; destroyed, 28, 30.
Jesuits, the, 372.
Jews, the, 133; Jewish History, 15 seq.
Joab, 26, 27.
John, Archduke, 267; King, 154.
Joseph, King, 319; Adm. Willem, 257.
Joshua, 19.
Jourdan, 319.
Juarez, President, 445.
Judah, 28, 46, 51, 130.
Judea, 130.
Juels, Nils, 324.
July, Fourth of, 389.
Jumna, 360.
Junin, Mt., 450.
Juno, 85, 109.
Junot, 321, 334.
Jupiter, 62, 76, 85, 88, 399, (Jove) 93, 122.

Kacelyevo, 354.
Kalli, the, 340–1.
Kamburg, 263.
Kansas, 409–10.
Kasbek, 330.
Katzbach, 269.
Kause, 220.
Kearny, Gen., 418.
Kearsarge, the, 431.
Kedar, 56.
Kedron, 125, 144.
Keenan, Major, 428.
Keir, 197.
Kent, 150, 315, 408.
Kentucky, 377, 380, 429, 430; Kentuckians, 405.
Kildean, 185.
Killiecrankie, battle of, 198, 199.
King's Mountain, battle of, 401.
Koran, the, 98.
Kosciusko, 342, 347–8.
Kossovo, battle of, 352.
Kossuth, Louis, 285.
Koyunjik, 46.
Knowlton, 388.
Knox, Gen., 394.
Knyphausen, 395.
Kremlin, the, 348.
Kyffhäuser, 261.

Lachish, 46.
Ladd, Private Arthur, 413.
Ladoga, 343.
Laertes, 90.
Lafayette, Gen., 402.
Lag, 197.
Lahore, 359.
Lake Erie, battle of, 406.
Lake View Cemetery, 441.
Lamartine, 251.

Lamb,Sir David,159.
Lamborne, 149.
Landen, battle of, 210.
Langdale, 171.
Languedoc, 312.
Lannes, Marshal,240
La Plata, the, 448.
Lara, Count of, 309.
Lartius,Spurius,105.
Latin Church, 337.
Latin Gate, 115.
Laud, Abp., 167.
Lausulus, 106.
Lawrence, Sir John, 362.
Lazar, 352.
Lazarus, 135.
League, Wars of the, 223.
Lebanon, 57, 143.
Lech, 264.
Lee, Gen., 343, 434.
Leicester, Monastery of, 160.
Leif the Lucky, 368.
Leipsic, 265; battle of, 270.
Lenthall, 167, 172.
Lentulus, 121.
Leofric, 150.
Leon, 307, 449; Cœur de, 379; Ponce de, 370.
Leonidas, 10, 67, 69, 341.
Leopold, King, 213; Duke of Austria, 279.
Lepanto, battle of, 353.
Leslie, 200.
Leuctra, 76, 347.
Leven, 200; Earl of, 171.
Lexington,battle of, 385, 389.
Leyva, 162.
Libnah, 46.
Libya, 117, 122, 254.
Licinius, 109, 111.
Limerick, 231; siege of, 209.
Lincoln, Eng., 315; Mass., 385; President, 375, 435, 437, 441.
Liris, 294.
Lisbon, 321.
Little Big Horn,battle of the, 439.
Littleton, Mass., 386.
Livonia, 342.
Llewellyn, 186.
Lochiel, 200, 243.
Lochlin, 207, 215.
Locris, 67.
Lodi, 247.
Lombardy, 284.
London,154, 162, 166; Tower of, 160, 315.
Longinus, 53.
Longleat, 314.
Lookout Mt., 425.
Loredan, Capt., 288.
Lorraine, 223, 225.
Louis,230, 235; XIV., 224; Napoleon, 254–6; Philippe,251
Louisa, 276.
Louvre, 229.
Lucan, Earl of, 210; Lord, 340.
Lucas, 371.
Lucerne, 224, 280: lake of, 279.
Lucknow, 359; defense of, 362.
Lucomo, 107.
Lucretia, 110, 112.
Luna, 106: Lord of, 312.
Lunéville, 267.
Luther, 329.
Lützen,battle of 329.
Lützow, 270.
Lymessus, 84.
Lynn, 314.

MacArt, 208.
Maccabees, the, 29.
Macdonalds, 200–1.
MacDonnell, 212.
Macedonia, 92 seq., 351.
Maciejowice, battle of, 347.
Mackay, 198.
Mac Luy, 207.
Madrid, 317.
Mæcenas, 124.
Mafra, 322.
Magdala, 366.
Magdeburg, 263, 265.
Magellan, Straits of, 368.
Magians, 51.
Magna Charta, 154.
Mago, 59.
Magus, 199.
Magyars, 285.
Mahomet, 77, 79, 98, 356, 365; Mahometans, 358.
Main, river, 273.
Maine, 411, 444.
Malabar, 321.
Malays, 321.
Malta, 353,
Malvern, 315.
Mamelukes, 43, 288, 354.
Mamilius, 104.
Manassas, battle of, 415.
Manhattan, 403.
Mantua, 212, 284.
Marais du Cygne,le, 409.
Marathon,73, 96, 347.
Marcus, 111.
Mardonius, 72.
Marengo,248, 268, 349
Maria Theresa, 267.
Mariana, 319.
Marion, Gen., 399.
Marius, 118.
Markers, 266.
Mark, Lion of St., 288.
Marlborough, Duke of, 174.
Mars, 62; Hill, 142.
Marseilles, 237.
Marston Moor, 171.
Maryland, 382.
Massachusetts, 169, 368, 377, 420–1; Bay, 382; Sixth Regiment, 413.
Massena, 322.
Maximian, 128.
Maximilian, 224, 445.
Maxwell, Lord, 159.
Mawhood, 392.
May, Capt., 444.
Mayenne, Duke of, 222–3.
Mayflower, the, 374.
Mecca, 365.
Medes and Persians, 45, 51–4.
Medina, 365.
Mediterranean, the, 302.
Meerut, 359.
Mehemet Ali, 354.
Mejia, Gen., 445.
Melvill, 183.
Memnon, 35, 36.
Memnonium, 35.
Memphis, 348.
Menai, 216.
Mendip, 314.
Menelaus, 82, 87, 90.
Mercer, Gen., 392.
Merci, Count, 212.
Mercia, 150.
Merion, 83.
Merrimac, the, 416.
Mesopotamia, 53.
Messilina, 33.
Metella, Cecilia, 103.
Metempsychosis, 40.
Metz, 262.
Meuse, river, 221.
Mexico,341,373,443–4, 447; City of, 445; Gulf of, 450; Mexicans, 443.
Michigan, 420.
Milan, 211, 262.
Milford Bay, 314.
Miller, Col., 445.
Miltiades, 73.
Milton, John, 294.
Minerva, 76, 399.
Miramar, 446.
Miramon, Gen., 445.
Mission Ridge, 427.
Mississippi, the, 419, 444.
Missolonghi, 411.
Missouri, 377, 409.
Mizraim, 15.
Moab, 17.
Mobile Bay, battle of, 429.
Mohammed II., 288.
Moses, 15, 37, 251.
Moloch, 437.
Mona, 215.
Monadnock, 377.
Monckton, 394.
Moncontour, 225.
Mongolia, 330.
Monitor, the, 416.
Monmouth,393; Monmouthshire, 216.
Monroe, 386, 405.
Montana, 439.
Montcalm, 176.
Montenegro, 357.
Monterey, battle of, 443.
Montezuma, 443.
Montfort, Simon de, 311.
Montgomery, Sir Hugh, 158.
Montichique, 322.
Montrose, 193.
Moore, Sir John, 317–8.
Moors,122, 181, 257-8, 307.
Moreau, 267.
Morgan, Gen., 394.
Morgarten, 280.
Moriah, Mt., 138.
Moscow, 327, 334–5, 351.
Moslems, 78, 81, 98, 141, 306, 406.
Mosul, 45, 50.
Moultrie, Fort, 397 399.
Mount Vernon, 405.
"Mountain,the,"235
Mummy, 35.
Munich, 268.
Munioz, Felez, 308; Martin, 3 8.
Muræna, 111.
Murat, 268.
Muret, battle of, 311.
Murray, Sir Charles, 159.
Murten,battle of,287
Muses, the, 78.
Myrmidons, 87.
Mysore, 358.
Mythology,Grecian, 61.

Nabonadius, 50.
Naiads, 61, 73.
Nain, 132.
Nana Sahib, 360.
Nantes, Edict of,224.
Nar, 106.
Narragansett Bay, 408.
Narva, 328.
Naseby, battle of, 169, 172.
Nassau, 273.
National Guard of France, 252.
Naumburg, 263.
Navarino, 80.
Navarre, 222.
Nayre, 321.
Nazareth, 452.
Nebuchadnezzar,28
Negroes in the War, 423, 425.
Nelson, Adm., 176, 325.
Nequinum, 106.
Nereus, 82, 106, 258.
Nero, 101, 149.
Nestor, 82, 85.
Netherlands,the, 257 seq.
Neva, the, 343, 451.
Neville, 216.
Newburgh,N.Y.,402.
Newcastle, 191.
New England, 416.
New France, 373.
New Granada, 450.
New Hampshire, 382
New Jersey, 382.
New York, 382, 391; City, 297.402–3,441.
Niagara, 377.
Nice, 297.
Nicholas I., 341.
Niger, the, 429.
Nikon, 330.
Nile, 250, 325: Blue, 366; battle of, 43.
Nimrod, 45.
Nineveh, 32, 45–8; Ninevites, 141.
Ninus, 46.
Niobe, 102.
Nithsdale, 197.
Nolan, Capt., 341.
Normans, 152, 215–6; Norsemen, 326; Northmen, 149, 368
Northampton, 72.
North Berwick Law, 203.
North Carolina, 382.
Northern Virginia, Army of, 434.
North, Lord, 389.
North Pole, 455.
North, the, 412 seq.
Northumberland, Earl of, 156.
Northumbria(Deira) 150.
North Wales, 215.
Norway, 326; and Sweden, 326.
Notre Dame, 249.
Novgorod, 330.
Numidia, 119.

O'Brien, 231.
Octavia, 43.

Ocuns, 106.
Odenatus, 53.
Odin, 103, 326, 403.
Odo, Bishop, 152.
Odyssey, the, 63.
Œa, 62.
"Œdipus at Colonus," 62.
Œta, 69.
Ogerton, Sir John, 159.
Ohio, 441; the, 377, 382.
Oldbridge, 208.
Olea, 309.
"Old Ironsides,"407.
Olives, Mt. of, 157.
O'Mahony, 212.
Ontario, 377.
Orange, O., 441.
Orcades, the, 163.
Orchard Knob, 427.
Oreads, the, 61.
Oregon, 373.
Orfano, 300.
Orleans, 236.
Orsini, 293.
Orus, 36.
Oscar, 207.
Osiris, 36, 43.
Ossian, 206.
Ostia, 104.
Othello, 287.
Othman, 332.
Otterbourne, 156; battle of, 186.
Oude, 362.
Outram, 364.
Owen, 215.
Oxford. University of, 455.

Pacific Ocean, 448, 368.
Palatine Mt.,108, 116, 129.
Palermo, 297-8.
Palestine, 31, 44, 46, 143-5.
Pallas, 62-3, 66, 82.
Pallavicini, 293.
Palmyra, 33, 53 seq.
Pan, 62.
Pandours, 266.
Papal States, 353.
Pappenheim, 263.
Paraguay, 373.
Paris of Troy, 82, 90.
Paris, 222, 225, 229, 237, 247, 249. 256, 262, 349; Castle of, 231.
Parker of Concord, 386.
Parliament, British, 213, 453.
Parma,Duke of, 313.
Parr, Catherine, 160.
Parthia, 100; Parthians, 401.
Pas-de-Calais, 220.
Patkul, 328.
Patroclus, 89.
Paul, 141-2, 413; V., 410.
Paulinus, 150.
Pausanias, 72.
Pedro II., 311.
Peeping Tom, 150, 152.
Peloponesian War, 80.
Penates, 297.
Penelope, 63.
Peninsular War, 321.
Pennsylvania, 382, 422.
Penn, Wm., 375, 383.
Pericles, 75.
Perry, Commodore, 406.
Persepolis, 93, 139.
Persia, 92-4; Persians, 50, 67 seq., 76, 100, 141.
Perth, 188.
Peru, 447, 450.
Peters, 172.
Peter the Great, 327, 332-3; the Hermit, 145.
Petion, 236.
Pharoah, 35, 37, 254.
Pharisees, 138-9.
Pharsalia, 123.
Philadelphia,375,395.
Philip,King, 224, 408; II., 313; V.,10, 177; of Macedon, 93.
Philistia, 24; Philistines, 26.
Phœbus, 124.
Phœbus's Bay, 124.
Phœnicia, 56 seq.
Phthia, 87.
Piast, 351.
Picardy, 314.
Picus, 106.
Piedmont, 293, 299; Piedmontese, 294, 299.
Piercy, Earl, 156.
Pierra, 289.
Pilgrims, 374-5.
Pincian Hill, 115.
Pisa, 291.
Pitcher, Molly, 393.
Pitcur, 198.
Pocahontas, 373.
Poitiers, 220.
Poland, 326, 342, 346; Poles, 269, 328; Polish Insurrection, 341.
Polyphemus, 370.
Pomerania, 259; Pomeranians,266, 352
Pomeroy, Gen., 386.
Pompey, 12, 13; Pillar, 35.
Pontus, 82.
Pope,the,103,292,301.
Po, river, 211,247,294.
Porsenna, 104.
Port Hudson, 423.
Porter of Concord, 386.
Porto, 322; Rico,370.
Portugal, 321 seq.
Prague, 265, 341, 349, 370; battle of, 265.
Presbyterians, 194.
Prescott, Gen., 385, 388.
Prestonpans, battle of, 202.
Priam, 82, 84, 89, 297.
Pride, Gen., 171.
Princeton, battle of, 392.
Procopius or Prokop 263.
Proctor, Gen., 405.
Protestants, 293, 329.
Provence, 313.
Prussia, 259, 326, 346, 350; Prussians,241, 248, 265, 268-9.
Plagues of Egypt,37.
Platæa, 72, 79.
Pleasanton, Gen.,422
Plinlimmon, 148.
Plutarch, 437.
Plymouth Bay, 314; Rock, 416; Sound, 227.
Ptolemy,Auletes,39; Dionysus, 39.
Pultowa, battle of, 327.
Punjaub, 92, 359.
Puritans, 166.
Put-in Bay, 406.
Putnam, Gen., 388.
Pym, John, 167.
Pyramids, 254; battle of, 43.
Pyrenees, 58, 325, 312, 321.

Quebec, 176.
Queretaro, 445.
Quinctius, 112.
Quirimus, 124.
Quirites, 112.

Raby,Sir Ralph, 159.
Rachel, 179.
Rain-in-the-Face,439
Raisin River, 405.
Ralegh, Sir Walter, 163, 383.
Ramilies, 340.
Rance, 226.
Rappahannock, the, 377, 420.
Ratcliffe, Sir Robt., 159.
Ratisbon, 240.
Ravenna, 121.
Ray, Lord, 230.
Read of Concord,388
Rebellion, Dorr's, 408; Southern, 413.
Recalde, 162.
Red Jacket, 378.
Red Republicans, 251, 254.
Red Sea,passage of, 15.
Regensburg, 240.
Regulus, 116.
Reinach,Sire de, 280.
Remus, 36, 296-7.
Renè of Lorraine, 282.
Republic, French, 251-2.
Restoration, 169.
Revere, Paul, 385.
Revolution, French, 232-7; American, 347, 383 seq.
Rhea, 62.
Rhine, the, 58, 259, 262, 271-6
Rhode Island, 360, 382, 408.
Rhone, the, 312.
Rhymes,Centennial, 395.
Rialto, the, 288.
Richard, Duke of York, 160; Lionheart, 143, 145; II., 155; III., 160.
Richmond,Va.,418-9, 428; Hill, 315.
Riel, Hervé, 226.
Rienzi, 292.
Rio Grande, the, 444.
Robespiere, 235.
Rochelle) 223.
Roderic, 215.
Roderick, Don, 306.
Rodes, Gen., 419.
Roland, 153, 218, 236.
Rome, 33, 43, 46, 101 seq., 124, 136, 139, 170, 225, 292-3, 295, 316, 404; Romans, 58, 132, 137-9, 146-7, 270-2, 292; Roman triumph, 53.
Romish Church, 291, 449.
Romulus, 121, 297.
Roncesvalles,218,341
Roon, 276.
Rosenburg, 270.
Rosny, Lord of, 224.
Rouen, 222.
Roumelia, 352.
Roundheads,166, 169
Rubicon, 121.
Rullion Green, 200.
Runnimede, 154.
Rupert, Prince, 171.
Rurik, 270, 330.
Russia, 244, 330 seq., 346, 350,354; South, 327, 333; Russians, 80, 241, 248, 268-70, 328, 333, 350, 354.
Rutledge, Gov., 397.
Rymny, 2661

Saale, river, 263.
Sabæa. 56.
Sabla, battle of, 365.
Saint Antoine, 230; Bartholomew's Day, 224-5; Genevieve,224; Helena, 246-7, 251, 269; James, 213; Louis, 144, 340; Malo, 226; Michael Mt., 314; Ruth, 211.
Saladin, 143.
Salamis, 70, 98, 449.
Salmoneus, 258.
Salona, 127.
Saltillo, 444.
Salvador, Alvar, 308.
Sancho III., 307.
San Domingo, 448, 453.
Sangamon, the, 452.
San Juan, the, 444; Pedro, 450.
Santa Anna, Gen., 444; S. Croce, Cathedral, 291; Marquis of, 313; Cruz, Bay of, 173; Maria, 448.
Santee river, 400.
Saracens, 56, 144, 218, 261.
Saragossa, 312-3.
Sardanapalus, 46-7.
Sardinia, 299, 337; Sardinians, 181.
Sargon, 46.
Sarmatia, 347.
Sarsfield,Patrick,210
Sassanidæ, 100.
Satyrs, the, 62.
Saul, 26.
Savannah, 397, 432.
Savio, Laura, 302.
Savoy, Duke of, 294.
Saxe, Marshal, 230.
Saxons,148,231,241-3.
Saxony, 263; Upper, 267.
Scævola, 112.
Scarlett, Lord, 338.
Scaur, 197.
Schamyl Bey, 342.
Schehallion, 199.
Schönbrunn, 446.
Schwerin, Count, 265-6.
Scipios, the, 59, 102; S. Africanus, 118.
Scone, 187-8.
Scotland, 155, 184 seq., 351 seq.; Scots, 180; Scottish raids, 156.
Scythians, 129.
Sebastian, 319.
Sebastopol, 338.
Sedan, 262, 275.

Seidlitz, 265.
Seins, 106.
Seine, the, 220, 223, 251.
Seleucidæ, 100.
Selim I., 56.
Semiramis, 46.
Sempach, battle of, 279.
Senecas, 378.
Senlac, 158.
Sennacherib, 46.
Sepoys, mutiny of, 359.
Sepulveda, 309.
Serfs, the, 342.
Serlo, 153.
Servia, 352.
Servius, 112.
Seton Woods, 203.
Seven Pines, battle of, 418–9.
Seven Years' War, 265.
Severn, the, 216.
Sevier, Col., 401.
Seville, 164.
Sextius, 109, 111.
Sextus, 105.
Shannon, the, 209–10, 429.
Sharon, 144.
Sharp, Abp., 199.
Sheba, Queen of, 366–7.
Shelby, Col., 401.
Shenir, 57.
Shepherd, Col., 381.
Sheridan, Gen., 429.
Sherman, Gen., 427, 431.
Schomberg, Duke, 208.
Shylock, 288.
Siberia, 336, 342.
Sicily, 123, 128.
Sidney, Algernon, 384; Sir Philip, 10.
Sidon, 56.
Sidonia, 162.
Sierras, the, 450.
Simonides, 67.
Sioux, the, 439.
Sisera, 21.
Sitting Bull, 439.
Skiddaw, 315.
Skippon, 171, 173, 315
Slavery, 409, 435, 450, 453; slave trade, 179.
Smith, Capt. John, 373.
Sobieski, John, 284, 352.
Sodom, 13.
Solidor, 227.
Solomon, 35, 53, 56.
Soult, Marshal, 322.
South Carolina, 382.
South, the, 412, 419–20, 426.
Spain, 59, 162, 173–6, 218, 248, 306 seq., 321, 353, 370, 447–9; Spanish America, 449; Spaniards, 295; Spanish Conquests, 447.
Spalato, 127.
Sparta, 65, 67, 72, 82; Spartans, 65–8, 73, 76, 80, 120, 408.
Spartacus, 119, 123.
Sphynx, 254.
Springfield, battle of, 394.
Stark, Gen., 388.
Stephen, 139; the Martyr, 413.
Sthenelus, 83.
Stirling, 184; battle of, 184.
Stonehenge, 314.
Strafford, Earl, 167.
Strasburg, 237.
Straw, Jack, 155.
Striguil, Earl of, 216.
Styria, 259.
Suetonius, 147.
Suffolk, 221.
Sulla, 118, 123.
Sullivan, Gen., 390.
Superior, Lake, 411.
Surrey, 315.
Sussex, 152.
Sutlej, the, 92.
Sutrium, 104.
Swabia, 259.
Sweden, 264, 326; Swedes, 327–9.
Switzerland, 248, 259, 277.
Syria, 53, 247, 261.

Tabor, Mt., 348.
Tadmor, 53–4.
Tagus, the, 319, 322.
Taillefer, 153.
Talavera, 319, 322.
Taliesin, 215.
Talymalfra, 216.
Tamer, 314.
Tana, 333.
Tanais, 333.
Tarpeian Rock, 104.
Tarrytown, N. Y., 398
Tarshish, 56.
Tarsus, 261.
Tartars, 268, 321, 336, 352.
Tarquin, 104, 111–2.
Tavira, 177.
Taylor, Gen., 443.
Telamon, 83.
Telegonus, 63.
Telemachus, 64.
Tell, William, 277, 347.
Temple, the, 126; Bar, 173.
Teneriffe, 173.
Tennessee, 455; river, 425, 429.
Terek, the, 330.
Terra del Fuego, 368.
Territories, the, 435.
Teucer, 82, 84.
Teviot, 200.
Thais, 93.
Thames, 154, 162, 315; battle of the, 406.
Thebes, 84; Thebans, 62, 93.
Thessaly, 67–8, 128.
Theodore, King, 366.
Theodosius, 128.
Theophanes, St., 11.
Thermopylæ, 67 seq, 76, 341.
Theseus, 62.
Thirteen, the Old, 382
Thirty Years' War, 263.
Tholsel, 209.
Thomas, Gen., 427.
Thor, 323.
Thrace, 96, 119, 128, 352.
Thrasymenus, 294.
Thucydides, 66.
Thuiskon, 270.
Thuringia, 262.
Tiber, the, 102, 108, 110, 120, 294–6.
Tiberius, 10.
Tifernum, 106.
Tigris, 45.
Tilbury, 162.
Tilly, Gen., 263–4.
Tippoo Saib, 358.
Titus, 30, 125–6; Arch of, 126.
Tividale, 157.
Toledo, Spain, 319.
Tordenskiold, 324.
Torres Vedras, 321.
Tortugas, the, 370.
Toulouse, 312; siege of, 311.
Tourville, 227.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, 453.
Trafalgar, 176, 240.
Trajan, 53.
Treaty Elm, 375.
Trent, 161, 315.
Trenton, battle of, 390.
Tribunes, Roman, 109, 115.
Troad, the, 82.
Troy, 63, 82 seq., 95, 296, 399; Trojans, 82.
Tunis, 116–7.
Turkey, 327, 337, 353 seq.; Turks, 76, 68, 80, 257, 284, 288, 333, 342, 352–3, 406.
Turin, 285, 303
Tyler, Wat, 154–5.
Tynron, 197.
Tyre, 32, 56, 143.
Tyrol, the, 259, 284, 299; Tyrolese, 284.
Tyrell, Sir James, 160.
Tyrrell, 153.
Tweed, the, 157.

Ulysses, 63, 82–3, 90.
Umbria, 106, 275.
United States, 180, 213, 367 seq., 443.
Ural Mts., 330, 343.
Urgo, 106.
Uri, 225.
Urien, 148.
Ustiana, 212.
Uthyr, 215.

Valencia, 307.
Valhalla, 326, 451.
Vallambrosa, 415.
Valois, 225.
Vane, Sir Henry, 169
Varangians, 326.
Varese, 298.
Variago-Ross, 330.
Vaudemont, Prince 212.
Veneti, 146.
Venezuela, 450.
Venice, 287 seq., 302, 305, 353.
Venus, 82.
Verbenna, 104.
Vergniaud, 236.
Vespasian, 127, 146.
Victor, 319.
Vienna, 213, 267, 284, 446.
Villafranca, 301.
Villemon, 312.
Villeneuve, 177.
Villeroy, Marshal, 211.
Vimiera, 321.
Vinland, 367.
Vionville, 262.
Virgil, 102.
Virginia of Rome, 109; V., U. S., 377, 382, 410, 416, 419, 429.
Virginius, 109.
Vishnu, 359.
Visigoths, 128, 306.
Vladimir, 330.
Volero, 111.
Volga, the, 330, 342.
Volscians, the, 109, 114.
Volscinium, 106.
Vorska, 327.
Vosges, 221.
Von Moltke, 262, 276.

Wachuset Mt., 377.
Waldenses, 293.
Waldstetten, 280.
Wales, 215, 315; Welsh, 216.
Wallace, Wm, 184–5, 188.
Wallenstein, 329.
Wantage, 149.
Warren, 388.
Warsaw, 342, 346, 350
Warwick, 221.
Washington, George 383, 388, 390-3, 402-4.
Waterloo, 242–4.
Watts's Hymns, 395.
Wayne, Gen., 393.
Wellington, Duke of, 317, 319, 321.
Wessel, Peder, 324.
Wessex, 148–9.
West Indies, 483 seq.
Westminster Abbey 397; Confession, 194.
Westphalia, 259.
West, the, 416, 437.
Wheeling, Va., 381.
Whitehall, 315.
Wickham, 149.
William the Conqueror, 152, 275; of Orange, 208, 259; and Mary, 201; III., 213; Rufus, 153.
Williams, Col., 401.
Willoughby, 221.
Wilmount, 209.
Winchester, 153, 429.
Winchester, Gen., 405
Winslow, Capt., 431.
Winkelried, Arnold von, 279.
Winston, Col., 401.
Winthrop, Major, 414
Witherington, 157.
Wolfe, Gen., 176.
Wolsey, Cardinal, 160–1.
Worcester, 170.
Wörth, 262.
Wrekinton, 315.
Wyandots, 381.

Xerxes, 67, 69–70, 96–7.

Yaroslav, 330.
Yellowstone, the, 439
York, 168, 171; Duke of, 220.
Yorkshire, 171.
Yorktown, fall of, 402
Zamoysky, 352.
Zane, Betty, 381.
Zane's Trace, 381.
Zanesville, 381.
Zenobia, 53.
Zephyrs, the, 61.
Zion, 137–8, 144.
Zug, 280.
Zulus, 181; Zululand, 181; Zulu War, 254.
Zuyder Zee, 230.

649

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